WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Line's Busy

Beginning

MONEY FOR NOTHING

A Rollicking New Serial by **P. G. WODEHOUSE**

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Science contributes its finest materials to these masterpieces

Here is the most expensive series of pens and pencils in the world—and we are convinced that they are the most beautiful. De Luxe! The deep luster of real pearl is strikingly combined with the brilliancy of jet-radite, to make still more distinctive the Lifetime° pen and the Lifetime pencil. Materials, the finest of materials, have made Sheaffer products great. For instance, Waspalumin, one of the most costly of commercial alloys, is generously used in both these superlative writing instruments. Non-corrosive and tenacious! It gives long life, as radite gives beauty.

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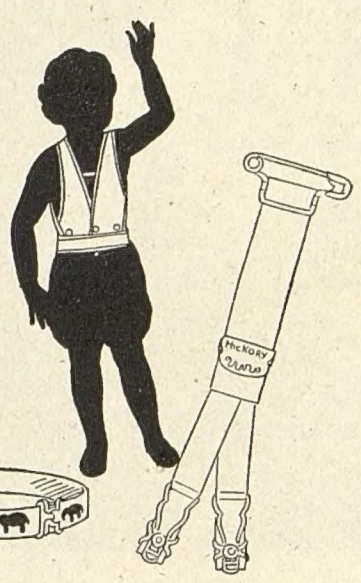
HICKORY PRODUCTS

In Special Offerings This Month

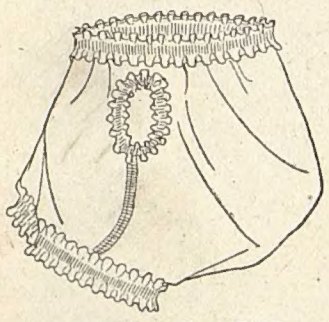


Children's Hickory Garters

They've been the favorite garters for so many years because "they are made stronger to last longer" . . . Hickory Garters keep their stretch and pep . . . always feel secure and comfortable. And the cushion clasp prevents tearing. The pair, 25c up.

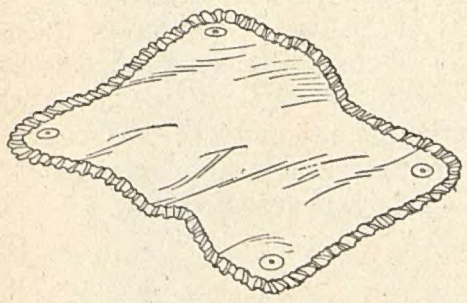
Sock Garters, in pretty summer colors, 10c the pair and up.

Hickory Underwaists wear well and wash wonderfully. Quick to get into, easy and comfortable. Unbreakable bone buttons firmly taped on. All the popular styles. As low as 50c.



FULL BACK

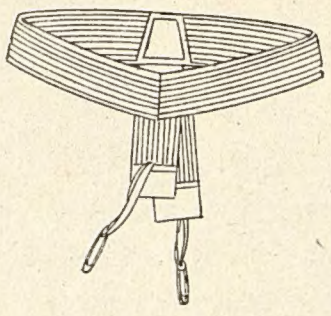
Hickory Baby Pants—New—different—better! The shaped seat and bottom avoids irritation, tightening, tearing and discomfort. A boon for babies. Cool ventilated sides; shirred at waist and knees; extra grade rubber. In wanted sizes and colors, 25c up.



Hickory Crib Sheets

protect Baby's downy bed and keep it fresh and sweet. Extra grade rubber that washes and wears well. Size 27x36 inches, as low as 75c.

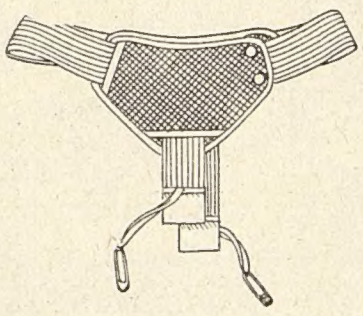
The Ounce of Protection that sets your mind at ease



The Belts That Never Bind

Very soft and comfortable. This is the Hickory All-Elastic model of gentle, non-binding bandage elastic. Elastic pendants and firm pinning tabs. Slip-on style—no fastening. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large. As low as 25c. Satin trimmed, 50c.

The Shadowskirt that also wrinkleproofs! Wear this little rubber paneled pettiskirt under your sheer summer frocks. It shadowproofs absolutely and keeps your skirt from mussing and wrinkling. Cool lingerie fabric and light, fine rubber. Flesh color, as low as 75c.



Hickory Mesh Shield Belt

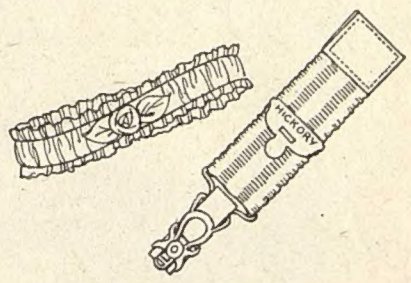
A favorite fabric belt. Comfortable shield portions of soft mesh. Elastic only at the sides. Front closing with pearl buttons—easy to put on and take off. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large size. As low as 50c.

The Step-in that adds no bulk! You can wear this Hickory protector under the straightest, slimmest skirt, or under knickers. Skillfully placed rubber panel for adequate protection; cool lingerie fabric for summer comfort. Medium or large size, flesh color only, $1. Others, 50c up.

Hickory Tea Aprons

Every season there are new ones, and every time they get prettier. New colors! New ideas in frills and flowers. New ways for every girl to look pretty "around the house". Hickory rubber tea aprons make lovely party prizes. 50c up.

Hickory Rubber Household Aprons, in more practical colors, and coverall size, 75c up.



Hickory Garters

You want a colorful pair of shirred ribbon garters to blend with each of your summer outfits—and Hickory knows in advance what colors the summer mode will introduce. See the various styles—for sports wear and fluffy dresses. The pair, 25c up.

Hickory So-on Garters, to refresh a worn girdle or corselette, the pair, 25c up.

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by the yard, for your sewing. The same live rubber used in Children's Hickory Garters. Keeps its stretch through many tubbings—often outlasting the garment into which it is sewn. Use it in all your sewing to save time and expense. All widths, black and white, by the yard. Or in handy 12-yard reels.

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A. STEIN & COMPANY

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By actual count!

88% of all men
50% of the women
complain they have thin hair

A SHORT TIME AGO we asked more than 1300 people about their hair. Most of them were young, not yet gray-haired. Yet all but a very few of the men said they were losing their hair, or were already bald. (Many before they were twenty!) And half of the women complained their hair was thin—unbecomingly so.

Baldness and falling hair aren't a sign of age. They're a sign that your scalp needs attention. Regular treatment to stimulate circulation and restore the natural oil. You can easily give yourself such treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. This famous preparation provides the oil that overcomes unnatural dryness and tightness of the scalp. Get rid of dandruff and make for a healthy condition.

Here is the approved way to give yourself a scalp massage. Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp in each parting. With the finger tips, work the scalp gently with a rotary motion.

Soon it will relax its tightness, move back and forth easily. You'll feel your whole scalp tingle with new circulation, bringing new life and health to your hair.

Leave the tonic on for a few hours so it can thoroughly penetrate the open pores. Then follow with your regular shampoo.

Give yourself this treatment faithfully and you'll be rewarded for your efforts. Hair that is abundant and full of vitality makes a world of difference in your looks.

Repeat this treatment as often as you shampoo your hair. If your hair is especially dry, give yourself an extra massage between shampoos with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Then brush the hair vigorously. This will distribute the oil through the hair itself and bring out a lovely sheen and lustre.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 1928

Men especially suffer from dry scalp and hair—forerunners of baldness—because they wash their hair so often. Besides regular massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to stimulate healthy growth, use it daily as a slicker. It makes dry hair manageable and gives your head a sleek, well-groomed look.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is on sale at all the better drug stores. In bottles with shaker tops that make it easy to use. Just try it.
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Vaseline
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HAIR TONIC

JUNE 16, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

JUNE BRIDES

An army of brides is advancing through the doors of the churches and county buildings this day, this week, and this month. It is June, the time of veils and orange blossoms and old shoes.

We presume that most of these radiant ladies, being young and in the period of full bloom, are in love—and, being in love, they are in illusion.

They think their lives are passing into a period of change. Through these doors they will walk into a mundane heaven, where all is milk and honey. They are always going to be in love.

He will always be as nice as he is now. He will be helpless and adoring. When she frowns he will be abashed and abased, and when she smiles the sun will come back.

And yet, cold statistics say that one American marriage in every seven ends in divorce. Absolutely up-to-date figures, if they were available, probably would say one in six. That is the trend of things.

So many, it is to be expected, will part in hatred or at least dislike.

And of the rest, who do not separate officially, a great many will separate in spirit. They may be kept together by conventions, lack of enough money to live apart, children, habit, common sense; but the rapture will be gone.

Only an almost infinitesimal percentage will remain lovers all through their lives. There are such, of course; how many do you know?

Well, we realize this, but we seldom anticipate it. Such is the human quality of hope that most of us, when we are married, expect to remain lovers. It is a gallant venture.

On the whole, we believe marriage for love is best. It does give some days, or months, or years, of enchantment, and that is more than can be said for most institutions on earth.

When we enter a second marriage it is not so hectic as the first. We are a little older, a little cooler, a little wiser.

We still do expect happiness—perhaps even some return of youth's delirium—but we know that it is neither automatic nor miraculous. We must like the same things, or pretend that we do. We must be tactful and considerate, smile, and learn when to be silent. There are so many barriers and hurdles, and it takes most of us so many years to get past them into contentment.

This is necessarily an inconclusive editorial. We should like to get somewhere with it, but how can we? Life itself is inconclusive—hope, grief, joy, pain, birth, marriage. There appears to be no complete solution for it except death.

Two celebrated pieces of advice have been given to those about to commit matrimony.

One is—"Don't."

For those who do not choose to take that, we recommend the other one—"Remember to keep two little bears in your house: bear and forbear."

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June 16, 1928

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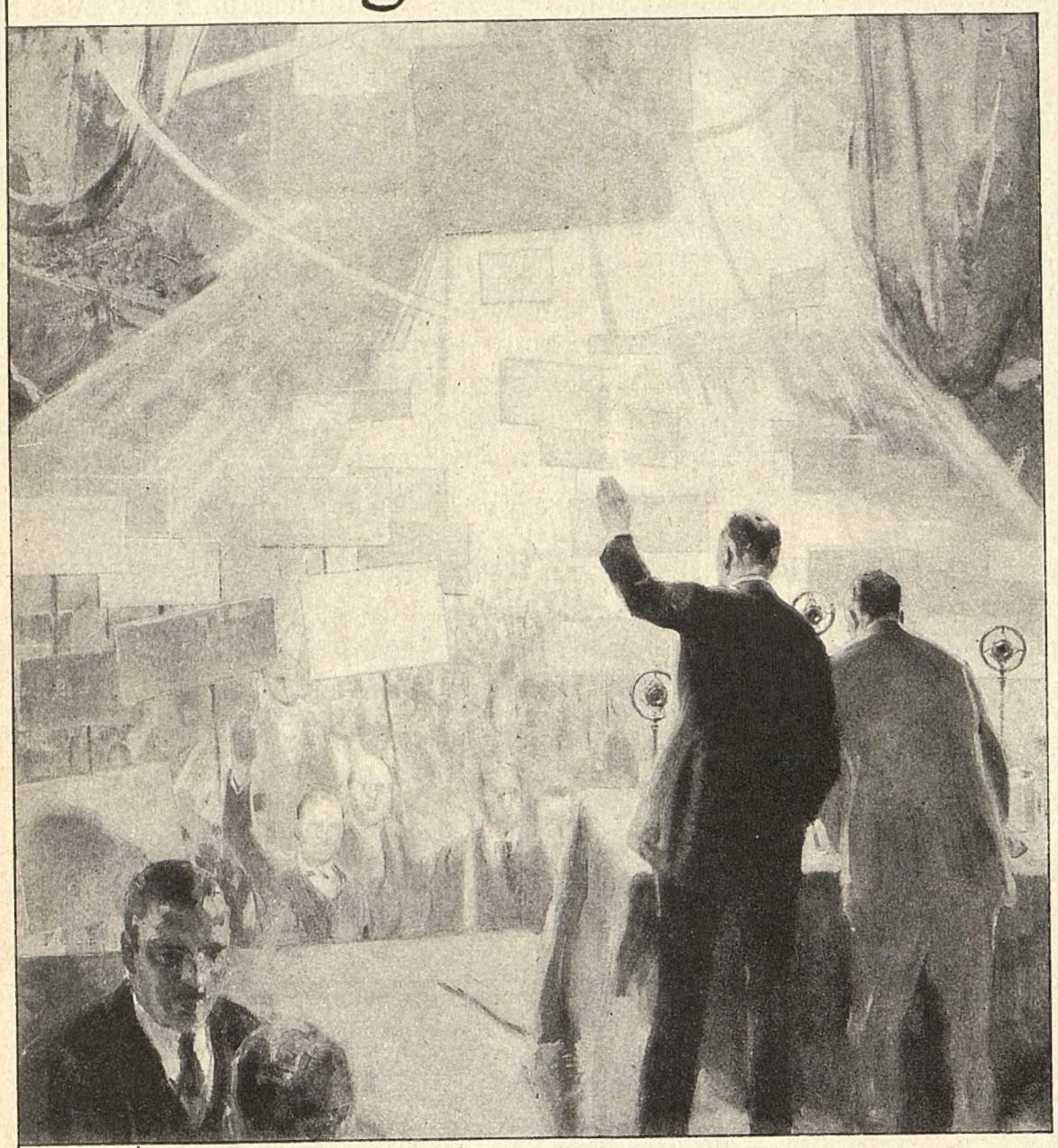

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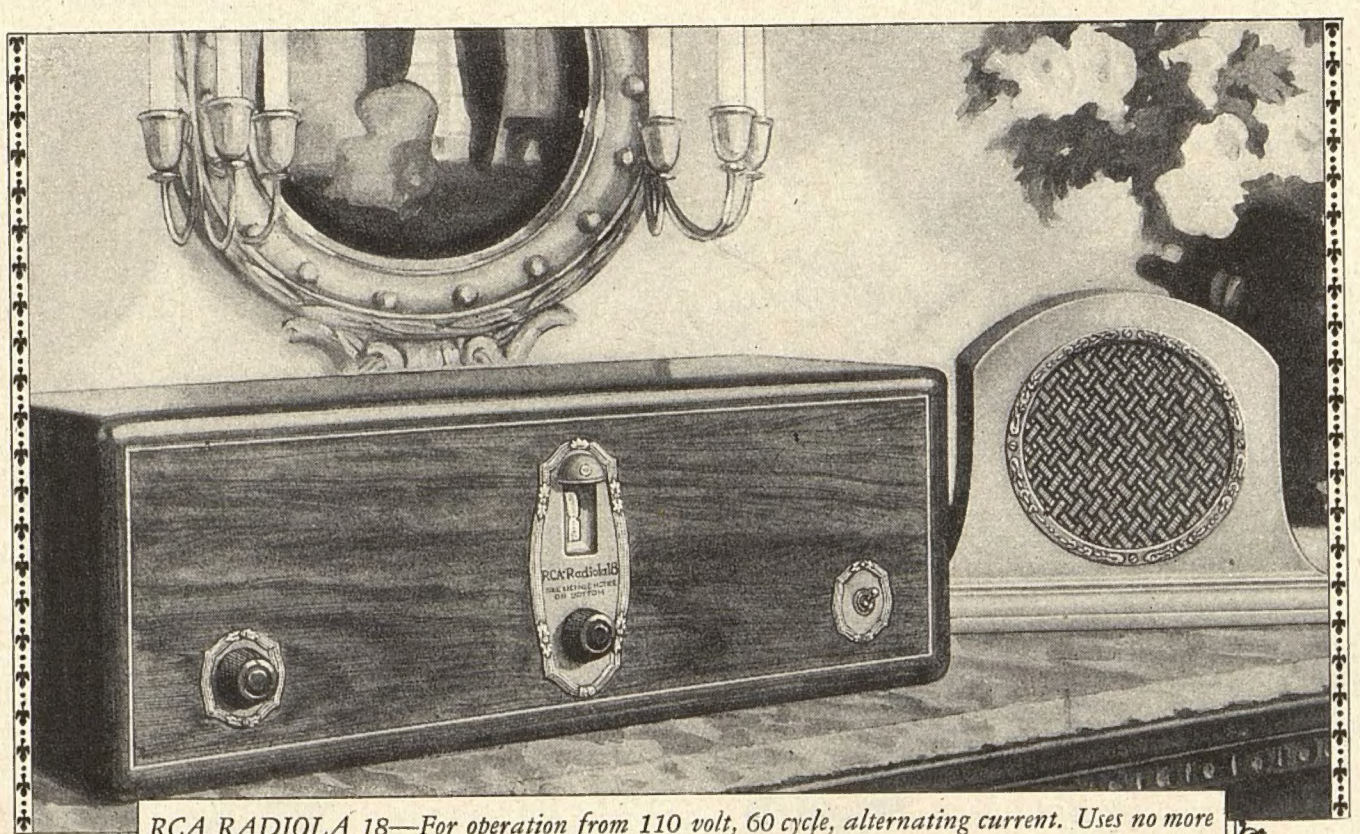

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IT was just as she had got a preliminary grip on the Colonel's left trouser leg that John arrived at the front.

Beginning

Money for Nothing

A Joyous Tale of Crooks and Lovers

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

(Reading time: 25 mins. 30 secs.)

THE picturesque village of Rudge-in-the-Vale dozed in the summer sunshine. Along its narrow High Street the only signs of life visible were a cat stropping its backbone against the Jubilee Watering Trough, some flies doing deep-breathing exercises on the hot windowsills, and a little group of serious thinkers who, propped up against the wall of the Carmody Arms, were waiting for that establishment to open.

At no time is there ever much doing in Rudge's main thoroughfare, but the hour at which a stranger entering it is least likely to suffer the illusion that he has strayed into Broadway, Piccadilly, or the Rue de Rivoli is at 2 o'clock on a warm afternoon in July.

You will find Rudge-in-the-Vale, if you search carefully, in that pleasant section of rural England where the gray stone of Gloucestershire gives place to Worcestershire's old red brick.

Quiet—in fact, almost unconscious—it nestles beside the tiny river Skirme and lets the world go by, somnolently content with its Norman church, its eleven public houses, its pop.—to quote the Automobile Guide—of 3,541, and its only effort in the direction of modern progress, the emporium of Chas. Bywater, Chemist.

Chas. Bywater is a live wire. He takes no afternoon siesta, but works while others sleep. Rudge as a whole is inclined, after luncheon, to go into the back room, put a handkerchief over its face, and take things easy for a bit. But not Chas. Bywater.

At the moment when this story begins, he was all bustle and activity and had just finished selling to Colonel Meredith Wyvern a bottle of Brophy's Paramount Elixir (said to be good for gnat bites).

Having concluded his purchase, Colonel Wyvern would have preferred to leave. But Mr. Bywater was a man who liked to sweeten trade with pleasant conversation. Moreover, this was the first time the Colonel had been inside his shop since that sensational affair up at the Hall two weeks ago; and Chas. Bywater, who held the unofficial position of chief gossip monger to the village, was aching to get to the bottom of that.

With the bare outline of the story he was, of course, familiar. Rudge Hall, seat of the Carmody family for so many generations, contained in its fine old park a number of trees which had been planted somewhere about the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This meant that every now and then one of them would be found to have become a wabbly menace to the passer-by, so that experts had to be sent for to reduce it, with a charge of dynamite, to a harmless stump.

Well, two weeks before, it seemed, they had blown up one of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page seven]

Hall's Elizabethan oaks, and as near as a toucher, Rudge learned, had blown up Colonel Wyvern and Mr. Carmody with it. The two friends had come walking by just as the experts set fire to the train, and had had a very narrow escape.

Thus far the story was common property in the village, and had been discussed nightly in the eleven taprooms of its eleven public houses. But Chas. Bywater, with his trained nose for news and that sixth sense which had so often enabled him to ferret out the story behind the story when things happened in the upper world of the nobility and gentry, could not help feeling that there was more in it than this. He decided to give his customer the opportunity of confiding in him.

"Warm day, Colonel," he observed.

"Ur," grunted Colonel Wyvern.

"Glass going up, I see."

"Ur."

"May be in for a spell of fine weather at last."

"Ur."

"Glad to see you looking so well, Colonel, after your little accident," said Chas. Bywater, coming out into the open.

It had been Colonel Wyvern's intention, for he was a man of testy habit, to inquire of Mr. Bywater why the devil he couldn't wrap a bottle of Brophy's Elixir in brown paper and put a bit of string round it without taking the whole afternoon over the task. But at these words he abandoned this project.

Turning a bright mauve and allowing his luxuriant eyebrows to meet across the top of his nose, he subjected the other to a fearful glare.

"Little accident?" he said. "Little accident?"

"I was alluding—"

"Little accident!"

"I merely—"

"If by 'little accident,'" said Colonel Wyvern in a thick, throaty voice, "you mean my miraculous escape from death when that fat thug up at the Hall did his very best to murder me, I should be obliged if you would choose your expressions more carefully. Little accident! Good God!"

FEW things in this world are more painful than the realization that an estrangement has occurred between two old friends who for years have jogged amiably along together through life, sharing each other's joys and sorrows and holding the same views on religion, politics, cigars, wine, and the decadence of the younger generation; and Mr. Bywater's reaction, on hearing Colonel Wyvern describe Mr. Lester Carmody of Rudge Hall, until two short weeks ago his closest crony, as a fat thug, should have been one of sober sadness.

Such, however, was not the case. Rather was he filled with an unholy exultation. All along he had maintained that there was more in that Hall business than had become officially known, and he stood there with his ears flapping, waiting for details.

These followed immediately and in great profusion; and Mr. Bywater, as he drank them in, began to realize that his companion had certain solid grounds for feeling a little annoyed.

For when, as Colonel Wyvern very sensibly argued, you have been a man's friend for twenty years, and are walking with him in his park and hear warning shouts and look up and realize that a charge of dynamite is shortly about to go off in your immediate neighborhood, you expect a man who is a man to be a man.

You do not expect him to grab you round the waist and thrust you swiftly in between himself and the point of danger, so that, when the explosion takes place, you get the full force of it and he escapes without so much as a singed eyebrow.

"Quite," said Mr. Bywater, hitching up his ears another inch.

Colonel Wyvern continued. Whether, if in a condition to give the matter careful thought, he would have selected Chas. Bywater as a confidant, one cannot say. But he was not in such a condition. The stoppered bottle does not care whose is the hand that removes its cork—all it wants is the chance to fizz; and Colonel Wyvern resembled such a bottle.

Owing to the absence from home of his daughter Patricia, he had had no one handy to act as audience for his grievances; and for two weeks he had been suffering torments. He told Chas. Bywater all.

It was a very vivid picture that he conjured up. Mr. Bywater could see the whole thing as clearly as if he had been present in person—from the blasting gang's first horrified realization that human beings had wandered into the danger zone, to the almost tenser moment when, running up to sort out the tangled heap on the ground, they had observed Colonel Wyvern rise from his seat on Mr. Carmody's face and had heard him start to tell that gentleman precisely what he thought of him.

Privately, Mr. Bywater considered that Mr. Carmody had acted with extraordinary presence of mind and had given the lie to the theory, held by certain critics, that the landed gentry of England are deficient in intelligence. But his sympathies were, of course, with the injured man.

He felt that Colonel Wyvern had been hardly treated and was quite right to be indignant about it. As to whether the other was justified in alluding to his former friend as a jelly-bellied hell hound, that was a matter for his own conscience to decide.

"I'm suing him," concluded Colonel Wyvern, regarding an advertisement of Pringle's Pink Pills with a smoldering eye.

"Quite."

"The only thing in the world that superfatted old Black Hander

cares for is money, and I'll have his last penny out of him if I have to take the case to the House of Lords."

"Quite," said Mr. Bywater.

"I might have been killed. It was a miracle I wasn't. Five thousand pounds is the lowest figure any conscientious jury could put the damages at. And, if there were any justice in England, they'd ship the scoundrel off to pick oakum in a prison cell."

Mr. Bywater made noncommittal noises. Both parties to this unfortunate affair were steady customers of his, and he did not wish to alienate either by taking sides. He hoped the Colonel was not going to ask him for his opinion of the rights of the case.

Colonel Wyvern did not. Having relieved himself with some six minutes of continuous speech, he seemed to have become aware that he had bestowed his confidences a little injudiciously. He coughed and changed the subject.

"Where's that stuff?" he said. "Good God! Isn't it ready yet? Why does it take you fellows three hours to tie a knot in a piece of string?"

"Quite ready, Colonel," said Chas. Bywater hastily. "Here it is. I have put a little loop for the finger, to facilitate carrying."

"Is this stuff really any good?"

"Said to be excellent, Colonel. Thank you, Colonel. Much obliged, Colonel. Good day, Colonel."

Still fermenting at the recollection of his wrongs, Colonel Wyvern strode to the door and, pushing it open with extreme violence, left the shop.

The next moment the peace of the drowsy summer afternoon was shattered by a hideous uproar. Much of this consisted of a high, passionate barking, the remainder being contributed by the voice of a retired military man raised in anger.

Chas. Bywater blenched, and, reaching out a hand toward an upper shelf, brought down, in the order named, a bundle of lint, a bottle of arnica, and one of the half-crown (or large) size pots of Sooth-o, the

MR. CARMODY and colleagues were performing some unpleasant-looking bending and stretching exercises, holding their hands above their heads and swinging painfully from what one may loosely term their waists.

recognized specific for cuts, burns, scratches, nettle stings, and dog bites. He believed in preparedness.

II

WHILE Colonel Wyvern had been pouring his troubles into the twitching ear of Chas. Bywater, there had entered the High Street a young man in golf clothes and an Old Rugbeian tie. This was John Carroll, nephew of Mr. Carmody of the Hall. He had walked down to the village, accompanied by his dog Emily, to buy tobacco: and his objective, therefore, was the same many-sided establishment which was supplying the Colonel with Brophy's Elixir.

For do not be deceived by that "Chemist" after Mr. Bywater's name. It is mere modesty. Some whim leads this great man to describe himself as a chemist, but in reality he goes much deeper than that. Chas. is the Marshall Field of Rudge, and deals in everything, from crystal sets to mousetraps.

There are several places in the village where you can get stuff they call tobacco, but it cannot be considered in the light of pipe joy for the discriminating smoker. To obtain something that will leave a little skin on the roof of the mouth you must go to Mr. Bywater.

John came up the High Street with slow, meditative strides—a large and muscular young man whose pleasant features betrayed at the moment an inward gloom. What with being hopelessly in love, and one thing and another, his soul was in rather a bruised condition these days; and he found himself deriving from the afternoon placidity of Rudge-in-the-Vale a certain balm and consolation. He had sunk into a dreamy trance, when he was abruptly aroused by the horrible noise which had so shaken Chas. Bywater.

The causes which had brought about this disturbance were simple and are easily explained. It was the custom of the dog Emily, on the occasions when John brought her to Rudge to help him buy tobacco, to yield to an uncontrollable eagerness and gallop on ahead to Mr. Bywater's shop—where, with her nose wedged against the door, she would stand, sniffing emotionally, till somebody came and opened it.

She had a morbid passion for cough drops, and experience had taught her that by sitting and ogling Mr. Bywater with her liquid amber eyes she could generally secure two or three.

Today, hurrying on as usual, she had just reached the door and begun to sniff when it suddenly opened and hit her sharply on the nose; and, as she shot back with a yelp of agony, out came Colonel Wyvern carrying his bottle of Brophy.

There is an etiquette in these matters on which all right-minded dogs insist. When people trod on Emily, she expected them immediately to fuss over her; and the same procedure seemed to her to be in order when they hit her on the nose with doors.

Waiting expectantly, therefore, for Colonel Wyvern to do the square thing, she was stunned to find that he apparently had no intention of even apologizing. He was brushing past without a word, and all the woman in Emily rose in revolt against such boorishness.

"Just a minute!" she said dangerously. "Just one minute, if you please. Not so fast, my good man. A word with you, if I may trespass upon your valuable time."

The Colonel, chafing beneath the weight of his wrongs, perceived that they had been added to by a beast of a hairy dog that stood and yapped at him.

"Get out!" he bellowed.

Emily became hysterical.

"Indeed?" she said shrilly. "And who do you think you are, you poor clumsy robot? You come hitting ladies on the nose as if you were the King of England, and, as if that wasn't enough—"

"Go away, sir!"

"Who the devil are you calling 'sir'?" Emily had the twentieth century girl's freedom of speech and breadth of vocabulary. "It's people like you that cause all this modern unrest and industrial strife. I know your sort well. Robbers and oppressors! And let me tell you another thing—"

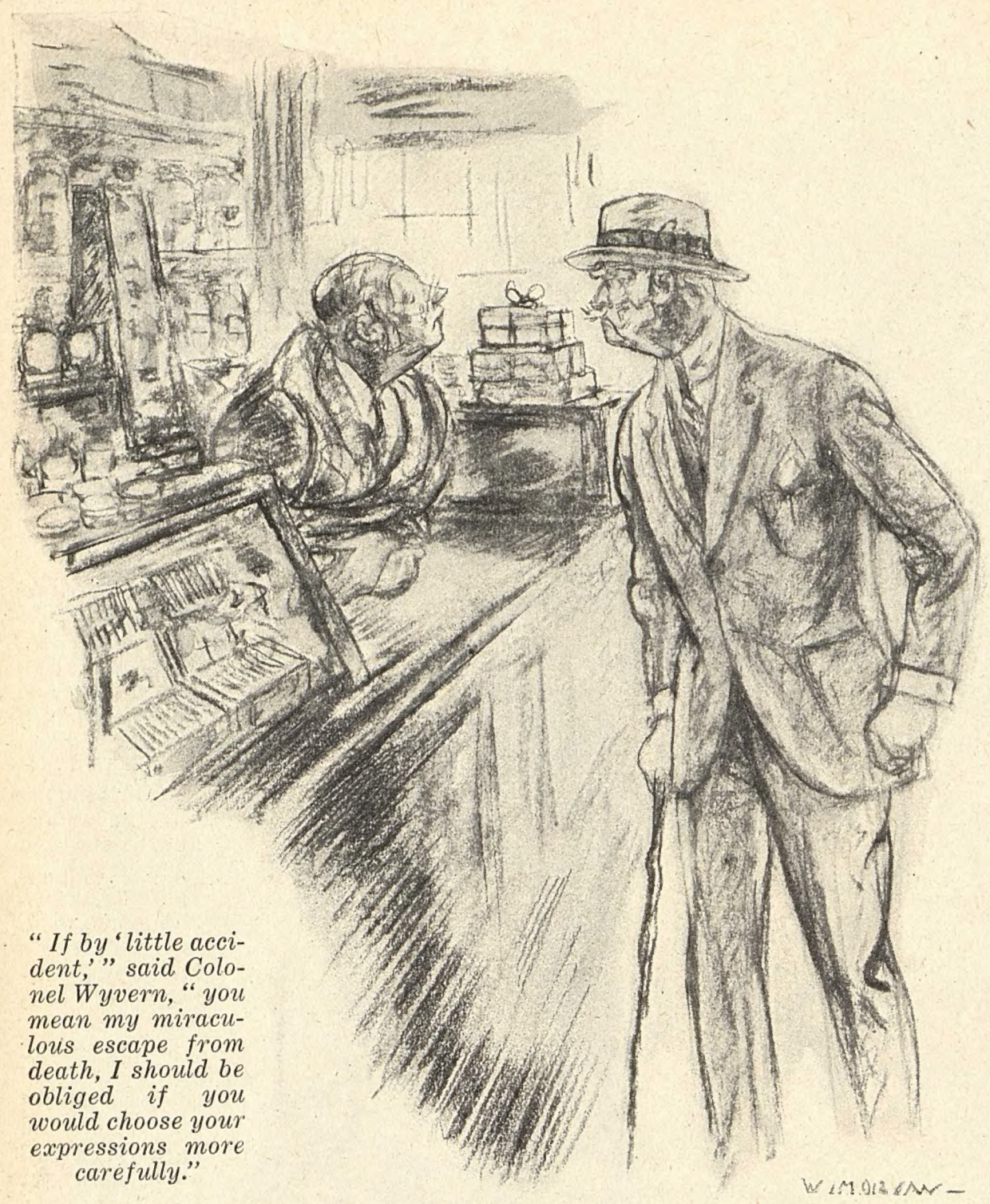
At this point the Colonel very injudiciously aimed a kick at Emily.

IT was not much of a kick, and it came nowhere near her, but it sufficed. Realizing the futility of words, Emily decided on action. And it was just as she had got a preliminary grip on the Colonel's left trouser leg that John arrived at the front.

"Emily!" roared John, shocked to the core of his being.

He had excellent lungs, and he used them to the last ounce of their power. A young man who sees the father of the girl he loves being swallowed alive by a Welsh terrier does not spare his voice. The word

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"If by 'little accident,'" said Colonel Wyvern, "you mean my miraculous escape from death, I should be obliged if you would choose your expressions more carefully."

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page nine]

came out of him like the note of the last trump. And Colonel Wyvern, leaping spasmodically, dropped his bottle of Brophy.

It fell on the pavement and exploded. And Emily, who could do her bit in a rough-and-tumble, but barred bombs, tucked her tail between her legs and vanished. A faint, sleepy cheering from outside the Carmody Arms announced that she had passed that "home from home" and was going well.

John continued to be agitated. You would not have supposed, to look at Colonel Wyvern, that he could have had an attractive daughter; but such was the case, and John's manner was as concerned and ingratiating as that of most young men in the presence of the fathers of attractive daughters.

"I'm so sorry, Colonel! I do hope you're not hurt, Colonel."

The injured man, maintaining an icy silence, raked him with an eye before which sergeant majors had once drooped like withered roses, and walked into the shop. The anxious face of Chas. Bywater loomed up over the counter. John hovered in the background.

"I want another bottle of that stuff," said the Colonel shortly.

"I'm awfully sorry," said John.

"I dropped the other outside. I was attacked by a savage dog."

"I'm frightfully sorry."

"People ought not to have these pests running loose and not under proper control."

"I'm fearfully sorry."

"A menace to the community and a nuisance to everybody," said Colonel Wyvern.

"Quite," said Mr. Bywater.

CONVERSATION languished. Chas. Bywater, realizing that this was no moment for lingering lovingly over brown paper and toying dreamily with string, lowered the record for wrapping a bottle of Brophy's Paramount Elixir.

Colonel Wyvern snatched it and stalked out. And John, who had opened the door for him and had not been thanked, tottered back to the counter and in a low voice expressed a wish for two ounces of the Special Mixture.

"Quite," said Mr. Bywater. "In one moment, Mr. John."

With the passing of Colonel Wyvern a cloud seemed to have rolled away from the chemist's world. He was his old, charmingly chatty self again. He gave John his tobacco, and, detaining him by the simple means of not handing over his change, surrendered himself to the joys of conversation.

"The Colonel appears a little upset, sir."

"Have you got my change?" said John.

"It seems to me he hasn't been the same man since that unfortunate episode up at the Hall. Not at all the same sunny gentleman."

"Have you got my change?"

"A very unfortunate episode, that," sighed Mr. Bywater.

"My change?"

"I could see, the moment he walked in here, that he was not himself. Shaken. Something in the way he looked at one. I said to myself, 'The Colonel's shaken!'"

John, who had had such recent experience of the way Colonel Wyvern looked at one, agreed. He then asked if he might have his change.

"No doubt he misses Miss Wyvern," said Chas. Bywater, ignoring the request with an indulgent smile. "When a man's had a shock like the Colonel's had—when he's shaken, if you understand what I mean—he likes to have his loved ones around him. Stands to reason," said Mr. Bywater.

John had been anxious to leave, but he was so constituted that he could not tear himself away from anyone who had touched on the subject of Patricia Wyvern. He edged a little nearer the counter.

"Well, she'll be home again soon," said Chas. Bywater. "Tomorrow, I understand."

A powerful current of electricity seemed to pass through John's body. Pat Wyvern had been away so long that he had fallen into a sort of dull apathy in which he wondered sometimes if he would ever see her again.

"*What?*"

"Yes, sir. She returned from France yesterday. She had a good crossing. She is at the Lincoln Hotel, Curzon Street, London. She thinks of taking the three o'clock train tomorrow. She is in excellent health."

It did not occur to John to question the accuracy of the other's information, nor to be surprised at its minuteness of detail. Mr. Bywater, he was aware, had a daughter in the post office.

"Tomorrow!" he gasped.

"Yes, sir. Tomorrow."

"Give me my change," said John.

He yearned to be off. He wanted air and space in which he could ponder over this wonderful news.

"No doubt," said Mr. Bywater, "she—"

"Give me my change!" said John.

Chas. Bywater, happening to catch his eye, did so.

III

TO reach Rudge Hall from the door of Chas. Bywater's shop, you go up the High Street, turn sharp to the left down River Lane, cross the stone bridge that spans the slow flowing Skirme as it potters past on its way to join the Severn, carry on along the road till you come to the gates of Colonel Wyvern's nice little house, and then climb a stile and take to the fields. And presently you are in the park and can see through the trees the tall chimneys and red walls of the ancient home of the Carmodys. The scene, when they are not touching off dynamite there under the noses of retired military officers, is one of quiet peace. For John it had always held a peculiar magic.

In the fourteen years which had passed since the Wyverns had first come to settle in Rudge, Pat had contrived, so far as he was concerned, to impress her personality ineffaceably on the landscape. Almost every inch of it was in some way associated with her. Stumps on which she had sat and swung her brown-stockinged legs; trees beneath which she had taken shelter with him from summer storms; gates on which she had climbed, fields across which she had raced, and thorny bushes which she had urged him to penetrate in search of birds' eggs—they met his eye on every side. The very air seemed to be alive with her laughter. And not even the recollection that that laughter had generally been directed at himself was able to diminish, for John, the glamour of this mile of fairyland.

Halfway across the park, Emily rejoined him with a defensive where-on-earth-did-you-disappear-to manner, and they moved on in company till they rounded the corner of the house and came to the stable yard.

John had a couple of rooms over the stables, and thither he made his way, leaving Emily to fuss round Bolt, the chauffeur, who was washing the Dex-Mayo.

Arrived in his sitting room, he sank into a deck chair and filled his pipe with Mr. Bywater's Special Mixture. Then, putting his feet up on the table, he stared hard and earnestly at the photograph of Pat which stood on the mantelpiece.

It was a pretty face that he was looking at—one whose charm not even a fashionable modern photographer, of the type that prefers to depict his sitters in a gray fog with most of their features hidden from view, could altogether obscure. In the eyes, a little slanting, there was a Pucklike look, and the curving lips hinted demurely at amusing secrets. The nose had that appealing yet provocative air which slight tiptiltedness gives. It seemed to challenge and at the same time to withdraw.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

The nation's best-liked beans in new perfection-Campbell's!

No other beans have ever approached Campbell's in popularity. Beans can be cooked in different ways. The public is given a wide choice. Great claims are made for each of the different methods of preparation. But year after year, Campbell's Beans out-sell all others—*by far*. Splendid Quality. Exclusive Flavor. Now these famous beans are newly perfected! Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender. Flavored through and through with Campbell's irresistible tomato sauce. Once tasted—always selected!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

No Wardrobe is complete without 4 Belt Sets

2 for Business Wear
1 for Sports Wear
1 for Formal Wear

We say 4 because that number represents the minimum for any man who is careful about his dress. Some men have six or eight. For example, the man who has two or more business suits needs at least two Belts. He knows the importance of carrying out a definite color scheme—and how much a belt of harmonizing color adds to the appearance of his suit. Each occasion—each suit—calls for an appropriate Belt Set. We show on this page correct examples for business, sports or formal wear. At your Department Store or Haberdasher's you will find many more. In choosing your 4 you can suit your individual taste. But make sure of one thing—insist on the name "HICKOK." It is your guarantee of the utmost in style and value.

THE GIFT FOR FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 17

HICKOK

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

New York *Chicago* *Los Angeles* *Toronto*

FOR BUSINESS WEAR—Belt of full grain gray calf, lizard grain, with cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set complete $5.00
Belt and Buckle $3.50

FOR BUSINESS WEAR—Belt of full grain cocoa brown bridle cowhide. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Set complete $3.00
Belt and Buckle $2.00

FOR SPORTS WEAR—Belt of full grain cowhide bridle with moire stripe. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate with bronze stripe. Belt and Buckle $2.00. Set complete $3.00

FOR FORMAL WEAR—Heavy stitched belt of hand boarded calf with full grain cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Belt and Buckle $4.00. Set complete $6.00

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

This was the latest of the Pat photographs, and she had given it to him three months ago, just before she left to go and stay with friends at Le Touquet. And now she was coming home.

John Carroll was one of these solid persons who do not waver in their loyalties. He had always been in love with Pat, and he always would be, though he would have had to admit that she gave him very little encouragement.

There had been a period when, he being fifteen and she ten, Pat had lavished on him all the worship of a small girl for a big boy who can wiggle his ears and is not afraid of cows. But since then her attitude had changed. Her manner toward him nowadays alternated between that of a nurse toward a child who is not quite right in the head and that of the owner of a clumsy but rather likable dog.

Nevertheless, he loved her. And she was coming home!

John sat up suddenly. He was a slow thinker, and only now did it occur to him that with this infernal feud going on between his Uncle Lester and the old Colonel, she would probably look on him as in the enemy's camp and refuse to see or speak to him.

The thought chilled him to the marrow. Something, he felt, must be done—and swiftly.

He must go up to London this afternoon, tell her the facts, and throw himself on her clemency. If he could convince her that he was wholeheartedly pro-Colonel and regarded his Uncle Lester as the logical successor to Dr. Crippen and the brides-in-the-bath murderer, things might straighten themselves.

Once the brain gets working, there is no knowing where it will stop. The very next instant there had come to John Carroll a thought so new and breath taking that he uttered an audible gasp.

Why shouldn't he ask Pat to marry him?

JOHN sat tingling from head to foot. The scales seemed to have fallen from his eyes, and he saw clearly where he might quite conceivably have been making a grave blunder all these years. Deeply as he had always loved Pat, he had never—now he came to think of it—told her so. And in this sort of situation the spoken word is quite apt to make all the difference.

Perhaps that was why she laughed at him so frequently—because she was entertained by the spectacle of a man obviously in love with her refraining year after year from making any verbal comment on the state of his emotions.

Resolution poured over John in a strengthening flood. He looked at his watch. It was nearly 3. If he got the two-seater and started at once, he could be in London by 7, in nice time to take her to dinner somewhere. He hurried down the stairs and out into the stable yard.

"Shove that car out of the way, Bolt," said John, eluding Emily, who, wet to the last hair, was endeavoring to climb up him. "I want to get the two-seater."

"Two-seater, sir?"

"Yes. I'm going to London."

"It's not there, Mr. John," said the chauffeur, with the gloomy satisfaction which he usually reserved for telling his employer that the battery had run down.

"Not there? What do you mean?"

"Mr. Hugo took it, sir, an hour ago. He told me he was going over to see Mr. Carmody at Healthward Ho. Said he had important business and knew you wouldn't object."

The stable yard reeled before John. Not for the first time in his life, he cursed his light-hearted cousin. "Knew you wouldn't object"! It was just the fat-headed sort of thing Hugo would have said.

Putting his feet up on the table, he stared hard and earnestly at the photograph of Pat which stood on the mantelpiece.

IV

THERE is something about those repellent words, Healthward Ho, that has a familiar ring. You feel that you have heard them before. And then you remember. They have figured in letters to the daily papers from time to time:

THE STRAIN OF MODERN LIFE

To the Editor, The Times.

SIR:

In connection with the recent correspondence in your columns on the strain of modern life, I wonder if any of your readers are aware that there exists in the county of Worcestershire an establishment expressly designed to correct this strain.

At Healthward Ho (formerly Graveney Court), under the auspices of the well known American physician and physical culture expert, Dr. Alexander Twist, it is possible for those who have allowed the demands of modern life to tax their physique too greatly to recuperate in ideal surroundings, and by means of early hours, wholesome exercise, and Spartan fare to build up once more their debilitated tissues.

It is the boast of Dr. Twist that he makes new men for old. I am, sir,

Yrs. etc.,

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

To the Editor, Daily Mail.

SIR:

The correspondence in your columns on the above subject calls to mind a remark made to me not long ago by Dr. Alexander Twist, the well known American physician and physical culture expert.

"Overeating," said Dr. Twist emphatically, "is the curse of the age."

At Healthward Ho (formerly Graveney Court), his physical culture establishment in Worcestershire, wholesome exercise and Spartan fare are the order of the day, and Dr. Twist has, I understand, worked miracles with the most apparently hopeless cases.

It is the boast of Dr. Twist that he makes new men for old. I am, sir,

Yrs. etc.,

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.

SHOULD THE CHAPERON BE RESTORED?

To the Editor, Daily Express.

SIR:

A far more crying need than that of the chaperon in these modern days is for a supervisor of the middle-aged man who has allowed himself to get "out of shape."

At Healthward Ho (formerly Graveney Court), in Worcestershire, where Dr. Alexander Twist, the well known American physician and physical culture expert, ministers to such cases, wonders have been achieved by means of simple fare and mild, but regular, exercise.

It is the boast of Dr. Twist that he makes new men for old. I am, sir,

Yrs. etc.,

VIGILANT.

THESE letters and many others, though bearing a pleasing variety of signatures, proceeded in fact from a single gifted pen—that of Dr. Twist himself; and among that class of the public which consistently does itself too well when the gong goes, and yet is never wholly free from wistful aspirations toward a better liver, they had created a scattered but quite satisfactory interest in Healthward Ho.

Now, on this summer afternoon, he was enabled to look down from his study window at a group of no fewer than eleven clients, skipping with skipping ropes under the eye of his able and conscientious assistant, ex-Sergeant Major Flannery.

Sherlock Holmes — and even, on one of his bright days, *Doctor Watson*—could have told at a glance which of those muffled figures was Mr. Flannery. He was the only one who went in instead of out at the waistline. All the others were well up in the class of man whom Julius Cæsar once expressed a desire to have about him. And pre-eminent among them in stoutness, dampness, and general misery was Mr. Lester Carmody of Rudge Hall.

His distress, unlike that of his fellow sufferers, was mental as well

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page thirteen]

as physical. He was allowing his mind, for the hundredth time, to dwell on the paralyzing cost of these hygienic proceedings.

Thirty guineas a week, thought Mr. Carmody as he bounded up and down. Four pound ten a day. Three shillings and ninepence an hour. Three solid farthings a minute. To meditate on these figures was like turning a sword in his heart. For Lester Carmody loved money as he loved nothing else in this world except a good dinner.

Dr. Twist turned from the window. A maid had appeared, bearing a card on a salver.

"Show him in," said Dr. Twist, having examined this. And presently there entered a lissom young man in a gray flannel suit.

"Dr. Twist?"

"Yes, sir."

The newcomer seemed a little surprised. It was as if he had been expecting something rather more impressive, and was wondering why, if the proprietor of Healthward Ho had the ability which he claimed to make new men for old, he had not taken the opportunity of effecting some alterations in himself. For Dr. Twist was a small man, and weedy. He had a snub nose and an expression of furtive slyness. And he wore a waxed mustache.

However, all this was not the visitor's business. If a man wishes to wax his mustache, it is a matter between himself and his God.

"My name's Carmody," he said. "Hugo Carmody."

"Yes. I got your card."

"Could I have a word with my uncle?"

"Sure, if you don't mind waiting a minute. Right now," explained Dr. Twist, with a gesture toward the window, "he's occupied."

Hugo moved to the window, looked out, and started violently.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed.

HE gaped down at the group below. Mr. Carmody and colleagues had now discarded the skipping ropes and were performing some unpleasant-looking bending and stretching exercises, holding their hands above their heads and swinging painfully from what one may loosely term their waists. It was a spectacle well calculated to astonish any nephew.

"How long has he got to go on like that?" asked Hugo, awed.

Dr. Twist looked at his watch.

"They'll be quitting soon now. Then a cold shower and rubdown, and they'll be through till lunch."

"Cold shower?"

"Yes."

"You mean to say you make my Uncle Lester take cold shower baths?"

"That's right."

"Good God!"

A look of respect came into Hugo's face as he gazed upon this master of men. Anybody who, in addition to making him tie himself in knots under a blazing sun, could lure Uncle Lester within ten yards of a cold shower bath was entitled to credit.

"I suppose, after all this," he said, "they do themselves pretty well at lunch?"

"They have a lean mutton chop apiece, with green vegetables and dry toast."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

"And to drink?"

"Just water."

"Followed, of course, by a spot of port?"

"Certainly not."

"You mean—literally—no port?"

"Not a drop. If your old man had gone easier on the port, he'd not have needed to come to Healthward Ho."

"I say," said Hugo, "did you invent that name?"

"Sure. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just thought I'd ask."

"Say, while I think of it," said Dr. Twist, "have you any cigarettes?"

"Oh, rather." Hugo produced a bulging case. "Turkish this side, Virginian that."

"Not for me. I was only going to say that, when you meet your uncle, just bear in mind he isn't allowed tobacco."

"Not allowed— You mean to say you tie Uncle Lester into a lover's knot, shoot him under a cold shower, push a lean chop into him accompanied by water, and then don't even let the poor old devil get his lips round a single gasper?"

"That's right."

"Well, all I can say is," said Hugo, "it's no life for a refined Nordic."

Dazed by the information he had received, he began to potter aimlessly about the room. He was not particularly fond of his uncle: Mr. Carmody Senior's practice of giving him no allowance and keeping him imprisoned all the year round at Rudge would alone have been enough to check anything in the nature of tenderness. But he did not think he deserved quite all that seemed to be coming to him at Healthward Ho.

He mused upon his uncle. A complex character. A man with Lester Carmody's loathing for expenditure ought by rights to have been a simple liver, existing off hot milk and triturated sawdust, like an American millionaire. That Fate should have given him, together with his prudence in money matters, a recklessness as regarded the pleasures of the table seemed ironic.

"I see they've quit," said Dr. Twist, with a glance out of the window. "If you want to have a word with your uncle, you could do it now. No bad news, I hope?"

"If there is, I'm the one that's going to get it. Between you and me," said Hugo, who had no secrets from his fellow men, "I've come to try to touch him for a bit of money."

"Is that so?" said Dr. Twist, interested.

Anything to do with money always interested the well known American physician and physical culture expert.

"Yes," said Hugo. "Five hundred quid, to be exact."

He spoke a little despondently; for, having arrived at the window again, he was in a position now to take a good look at his uncle. And so forbidding had bodily toil and mental disturbance rendered the latter's expression that he found the fresh young hopes with which he had started out on this expedition rapidly ebbing away.

IF Mr. Carmody were to burst—and he looked as if he might do so at any moment—he, Hugo, being his nearest of kin, would inherit; but, failing that, there seemed to be no cash in sight whatever.

"Though when I say 'touch,'" he went on, "I don't mean quite that. The stuff is really mine. My father left me a few thousand, you see, but most injudiciously made Uncle Lester my trustee; and I'm not allowed to get at the capital without the old blighter's consent. And now a pal of mine in London has written, offering me a half share in a new night club which he's starting if I will put up five hundred pounds."

"I see."

"And what I ask myself," said Hugo, "is, will Uncle Lester part? That's what I ask myself. I can't say I'm betting on it."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Dr. Twist. "But don't you try to bribe him with cigarettes."

"Do what?"

"Bribe him with cigarettes. After they have been taking the treatment for a while, most of these birds would give their soul for a coffin nail."

Hugo started. He had not thought of this; but, now that it had been called to his attention, he saw that it was most certainly an idea.

"And don't keep him standing around longer than you can help. He ought to get under that shower as soon as possible."

Hugo had an idea.

"I suppose I couldn't tell him that, owing to my pleading and persuasion, you've consented to let him off a cold shower today?"

"No, sir."

"It would help," urged Hugo. "It might just sway the issue, as it were."

"Sorry. He must have his shower. When a man's been exercising and has got himself into a perfect lather of sweat—"

"Keep it clean," said Hugo coldly. "There is no need to stress the physical side. Oh, very well, then; I suppose I shall have to trust to tact and charm of manner. But I wish to goodness I hadn't got to spring business matters on him on top of what seems to have been a slightly hectic morning."

He shot his cuffs, pulled down his waistcoat, and walked with a resolute step out of the room. He was about to try to get into the ribs of a man who for a lifetime had been saving up to be a miser, and who, even apart from this trait in his character, held the subversive view that the less money young men had, the better for them.

Hugo was a gay optimist, cheerful of soul and a mighty singer in the bathtub; but he could not feel very sanguine. However, the Carmodys were a bulldog breed. He decided to have a pop at it.

The result of Hugo's efforts to dig money out of his uncle started him on a whimsical venture. Follow him in next week's Liberty.

The most poignantly human tragedy in the history of the movies

WALLACE REID

A drama of flaming youth and a chronicle of great days in Hollywood

Watch for

The Life Story of

WALLACE REID

by the writer who knew him best

Adela Rogers St. Johns

Beginning in Next Week's Liberty

Punch!--Power!

REALISM . . . vivid reproduction—true as life itself! The very smack of wet leather comes with ringside clearness from the electric Sparton. You will be thrilled by its amazing ability to bring you the world's most delightful entertainment. The deep, resonant voice of Sparton has won universal preference.

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SPARTON RADIO

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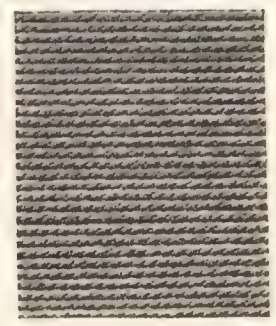


FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
Sales Division - - Chicopee Falls, Mass.

The Execution PICTURE of Mrs. Snyder

How and Why It Was Taken

An Article by

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 18 minutes 35 seconds.)

I WAS one of the witnesses at the execution of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. I was there with eighteen newspaper reporters as the official guests of Warden Lewis E. Lawes in conformity with the statute which provides that for each person executed there shall be twelve witnesses—two physicians and ten other persons. These ten are usually reporters invited by the warden to cover the story in important electrocutions.

For this double execution of Mrs. Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, her accomplice in the murder of Albert Snyder, her husband, Mr. Lawes had selected twenty newspaper men from some 125 applications filed with him by editors and news services.

And they were sent there for the sole purpose of watching the lightning strike Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray and immediately thereafter writing in every minute detail the picture they had watched. Men of long experience in observing the daily panorama of human emotions and reporting it for the millions of readers of their newspapers, they had been chosen by their editors and the warden as the best equipped reporters for this extraordinary assignment. Whatever the picture they witnessed might turn out to be, that was the thing to be written about for the waiting world of newspaper readers.

Now, it had occurred to Harvey Deuell, city editor of the New York *Daily News*, just as it undoubtedly had occurred to many other city editors, that a photograph of what took place in the death house would certainly be the best picture—more impersonal, more accurate, a far more truthful account of the execution, than the best story written by the best reporter present.

That few pictures had ever been taken of a legal electrocution, and, especially, that no picture had ever been taken of the execution by electricity of a woman, was true, and such a picture might or might not be in taste, but there could be no question whatever that such a picture would be the only *altogether truthful* report of her death. And if its grim realism served to further and enhance the only purpose of any execution—the hope that it might prove a deterrent to potential murderers—then it would be even more justified.

The small camera, concealed by the trouser leg of the operator, was worked by the plunger in his pocket.

So, early in December, after the exact date of Mrs. Snyder's death had been fixed, Deuell and Theodore Dalton, picture editor of the *News*, and George Schmidt, manager of the photographic studio of that newspaper, began to discuss ways and means of obtaining such a picture.

It must, obviously, be done surreptitiously, because the very novelty of the experiment condemned such an idea in the mind of the warden; and it must be done successfully, because failure is the one unpardonable sin in a newspaper assignment.

A few paragraphs ago I said that "I was there with eighteen reporters." That makes nineteen; whereas Mr. Lawes had invited twenty. Well, there were twenty of us there, but one of us was not a reporter: he was a newspaper photographer borrowed for the occasion from the Chicago *Tribune*.

To insure both surreptitiousness and success, Deuell decided against any New York City photographer, because he would be recognized both by the reporters, who have often worked on stories with local photographers, and by the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Illness

sudden, alarming — No one knows when it may come through eating food from the DANGER ZONE

© 1928., D. F. R. Corp.

PREVENTABLE! This is the verdict of health authorities regarding many of those queer digestional upsets experienced by almost every family.

For it has been found that these illnesses are frequently caused by food in which bacterial poisons have developed *because of improper refrigeration.*

Certain kinds of malignant bacteria give absolutely no warning of their presence. The best known of these is B. *Enteritidis.* This germ, which has caused more food poisoning than any other — sometimes with fatal results — seldom alters the taste, smell or appearance of foods in any way!

How to be Safe

These germs get into foods despite the greatest care. And unless kept in temperatures that safely check *al* bacterial growth, they soon reac dangerous numbers.

To be safe, perishables should b kept invariably below 50°. For abov 50° is a Danger Zone in which bac teria multiply by leaps and bounds Authorities are well aware of this

Yet in a recent issue of Popula Science Monthly, a physician write that food in *nine out of ten familie is being kept in such a way as to be menace to their health.* The facts abou refrigeration have simply not bee known.

To keep foods out of the Dange Zone, there must be a source of col which is extreme and never-failing — which develops, *instantly*, intense ne cold to conquer the heat which creep constantly through even the bes

THE REMARKABLE NEW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

other cameramen, who were escorted outside the prison gates four hours before the time set for the executions.

The New York *News* borrowed me from the staff of LIBERTY to cover the story for that paper, and obtained an invitation for Thomas Howard to cover it for the Chicago *Tribune*. Howard was the photographer who took the picture of Ruth Snyder seated in the electric chair while the volts and amperes raced through her expiring body.

And here is the way in which the photograph was taken:

EARLY in 1925 a man, his identity forgotten by the present staff, walked into the studio of the New York *News* and offered a small camera for sale. It was examined with interest as a curiosity. It was two inches wide, three inches high, and three inches deep. The plate size was two and five-sixteenths by one and three-quarter inches. Called a Goerz camera, it was equipped with a Goerz-Dogmar lens whose focal length is sixty-two millimeters, approximately two and one-third inches.

The compur shutter, between the front and rear lenses, works from one second to one-three hundredths of a second. The camera apparently was made in Berlin, though there is nothing on it to indicate its inventor or its origin. The man who fetched it in wanted $26.95 for it.

Now, the world is filled with two kinds of persons, those who want their pictures in the paper and those who want them kept out! For the purpose of foiling the latter class the studio manager purchased the little camera, because it can be concealed in a cupped palm, its truthful, unbiased little lens eying the reluctant subject between two fingers.

The tiny camera had been used several times during the three years it lay around the *News* studio, but mostly unsuccessfully. It was only when put to the supreme test in the death room at Sing Sing that it came through triumphantly. This, in no small measure, was due to the chap who manipulated it that night, as you shall see.

When Deuell and Schmidt and Dalton conferred on the Snyder picture, many expedients for introducing the camera into the prison were examined. At first it was planned to attach it to the photographer's chest and make a small slit in his vest. But this plan was discarded after numerous tests, because it was found that even the beating of the heart, to say nothing of respiration, blurred the picture.

A specially constructed plate held the camera rigidly to the operator's ankle.

Nobody seemed to know how much light there would be in the execution room; where the photographer would manage to find a seat; how far the chair would be from the camera; where the prison attendants would be standing; how long Ruth Snyder would be in the clutch of the straps. In short, every plan must necessarily confront the unknown.

After many other experiments, with the camera attached to different parts of the body, it was decided to fasten it to the photographer's ankle. An aluminum anklet was then made. It was fixed immovably to the little camera with screws, and a buckle and fiber strap were provided to keep it in place on the ankle.

A cable release thirty-six inches long ran up the trouser leg to the left front pocket, being fastened there with a safety pin. The plunger to work the shutter could be operated by the photographer's hand in his pocket. Wide, bell-bottom trousers were purchased to conceal the camera.

Lieutenant Tom Howard had just been promoted from the studio of the Chicago *Tribune* to be the manager of the Pacific and Atlantic Photo Studio in Washington, D.C. While Deuell was wondering whom he could get to run the risk of taking such a picture, Howard wandered into the office on his way to his new job.

Deuell greeted him with a shout of welcome, for he was acquainted with the young man's record. Tom had been a cabaret dancer in Chicago, Tampa, Jacksonville, and Detroit. He had also appeared in vaudeville. Tiring of this life, he had gone to work in the office of the auditor of the Chicago surface lines.

One day, shortly after America got into the World War, Tom was standing in the Chicago Loop watching a recruiting parade. Reilly's Bucks, the famous 149th Field Artillery, had a band in this parade, and one musician carried a banner on which were inscribed these words: "In Paris by September 10, 1917."

"Well, well," quoth young Howard. "I'll be twenty-one years old on September 11. Where better could I celebrate my birthday?"

SO he enlisted forthwith, and received a congratulatory letter from Leonard A. Busby, president of the traction company, because Tom was the first youth from his department to offer to do his bit. With Battery B, Private Howard went with the 149th to the Forty-second (Rainbow) Division and on to France, where he passed through all the major and minor engagements of that celebrated outfit.

His particular job was telephone linesman;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

insulated walls. This is the exact principle on which the Remarkable New Allison electric refrigerator operates.

Actually, the Allison has a source of cold that is far, far more intense than has hitherto been thought necessary. This source is so never-failing that the temperature in the Allison is *always* below 50°, with an average of 45°.

An automatic thermostat regulates this cold. When the temperature inside begins to rise, the thermostat instantly starts the cold-producing unit—and down goes the temperature. A smooth-running compressor — as simple in its rotary motion as an electric fan—supplies this intense cold.

The Allison's beautiful cabinet, with its super-fine insulation, offers every resistance to heat. This, with the extreme efficiency of the compressor, makes the Allison exceedingly economical to operate. Only a tiny motor is required, running but part of the time.

The Remarkable New Allison has no belts, gears, pulleys or exposed controls—nothing that needs attention. It is oiled once and for all at the factory. A sealed casing encloses the entire unit.

And it makes possible so many tempting delicacies, chilled desserts and salads — and sparkling, dainty ice-cubes for cold drinks.

Is Your Food Safe?

If your food is in the Danger Zone, you should know it at once. It costs nothing to make sure. Don't fail to read the important instructions above, at the right.

Don't delay safeguarding your food. A small initial payment will bring the Allison into your home *now*. Ask your Allison dealer.

Domestic Electric Refrigerator Corp.
Two West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

PLAY SAFE!

All Allison dealers are especially equipped with accurate, standard instruments to help you test your food-keeping equipment. Many families have already taken advantage of this service. We urge you to do the same. No charge or obligation. If you don't know the Allison dealer in your locality, write us and we will gladly give you his name.

The small, highly-efficient Allison rotary compressor and motor are delivered to you installed in the Allison cabinet, ready to plug in for instant use.

ALLISON

"First— Pick Your Oranges"

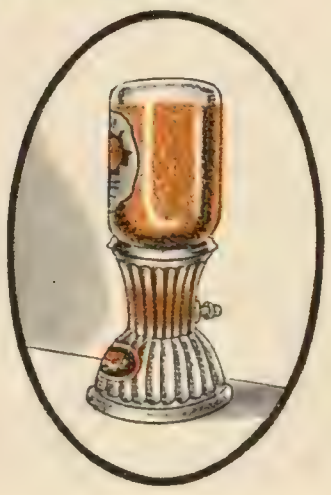
This year the makers of Orange-Crush are using in their product the juice from more than fourteen *million* pounds of fresh, ripe oranges.

Juice of luscious oranges—delicate flavor of their peel—zestful tang of the fruit acid found in oranges, lemons and limes—pure food color—healthful carbonated water—pure cane sugar—these are the things that make Orange-Crush surpassingly delicious.

Wherever bottled drinks are sold, demand Orange-Crush in the patented "Krinkly" bottle. Also at the better fountains *everywhere.*

Orange-Crush

Bottled by your local Orange-Crush bottler in patented "Krinkly" bottles—every bottle carefully sterilized—under exclusive license and direction of the Orange-Crush Company, Chicago. Also at fountains, from the Orange-Crush dispenser.—A wonderfully refreshing drink.



[THE EXECUTION PICTURE OF MRS. SNYDER Continued from page nineteen]

and one of the finest compliments I ever heard paid anybody's fortitude and courage and endurance was paid to Tom Howard by Colonel Noble Brandon Judah, formerly of the 149th and now Ambassador to Cuba, who told me of the numerous times Tom disappeared into no man's land at night to repair the lines shattered by the storm of German shells and machine-gun bullets.

International photo
Warden Lawes of Sing Sing Prison.

On his return from the Army of Occupation in Germany, Howard, who had been gassed in the Argonne, got a job as street-car conductor, so he might be in the open. About five years ago he obtained a position as a Chicago *Tribune* photographer. He then had no knowledge of photography, but lots of nerve; now he has both.

"Will you take a picture of Ruth Snyder in the electric chair?" Deuell asked Howard.

"I'll try," said Tom.

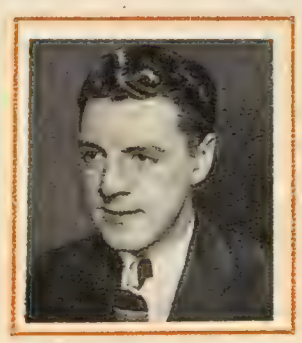
So Schmidt and Dalton and Howard rehearsed and practiced with the little camera until the night of the execution.

International photo
Ruth Snyder, the executed woman.

AT 7 o'clock that night everybody was escorted to the outside prison gate except the invited guests and witnesses. For four hours Tom endured the torture of the camera strap, so tightly had he drawn it to prevent its slipping. The other newspaper men looked curiously at the stranger from Chicago, but I helped avert possible detection by telling Tom to sit quietly apart and hold his head, as if he had a hangover.

A hangover, I regret to say, is not an unfamiliar circumstance in a newspaper reporter's life. So he was regarded with deep sympathy by the other lads and let alone.

I also helped cover him up by pretending that the notes I was writing and sending to the New York *News* staff men outside the prison gates were also being forwarded over the leased wire to the Chicago *Tribune.* This helped Tom ease the agony of that tight strap.



Thomas Howard, who took the picture.

There were numerous notes to be sent out, because lawyers for the condemned pair were running in and out with (literally) eleventh-hour schemes to prevent the execution. State officials were frustrating these schemes. Telephone calls were being made to Albany and to Governor Smith in New York City.

Priests and Protestant preachers were going to and coming from the unhappy prisoners, bringing word of their condition, their last statements. There was much excitement.

All these things were jotted down by the reporters and the slips sent out to the gate, where fellow employees telephoned or telegraphed them to the waiting presses and the waiting millions.

At half-past 10, with the tension tightening about all of us, Warden Lawes summoned us to his private office. When we were gathered about his desk, he spoke a few words on death-chamber comportment, answered a few questions, such as to the actual condition of the doomed pair, what they had eaten, how they looked, what they had said, the order in which they would go to the chair, what disposition would be made of the bodies, whether they had been given opiates (which he denied), and so on.

THEN he spoke as follows—and I give his exact words because they have been misquoted and distorted a thousand times since the famous *Daily News* picture was printed and commented on by a thousand editors:

"Gentlemen, I have been informed that some of you are equipped with watch cameras—that is, cameras concealed in watches.

"Whether this is true or not I do not know, and I shall not have you searched. I wish, however, to inform you that the taking of a picture in the death chamber constitutes an unlawful act. And I trust all of you to do the right thing. Please do not exaggerate what you are about to see.

"I cannot tell you what to write, but I do ask you to do one thing: give your readers an exact picture of what takes place, of what you see."

Well, the only readers who got an exact picture, as the warden wanted, were the readers of the *Daily News* and such affiliated newspapers as printed the picture scoop.

When the warden finished talking to us—and he was laboring under a terrific strain, for he is the outstanding opponent in this country of capital punishment and was about to kill his first female prisoner—he asked us to step outside and sign the official attestation that Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray had been done to death as the taxpayers of New York commanded.

He allowed us to sign this statement before we went into the death chamber, because he knew how eager we were to dash outside to write our stories after it was over. While we were signing this, Tom nudged me and nodded toward three other men.

I do not know who they were, but two of them had large nickel watches in their hands, and these watches contained cameras! Another was carefully shielding his chest against the jostling reporters: he had a little camera strapped to his body! The warden had been correctly warned all right—by some envious reporter.

A few minutes later we followed the warden down a hall, across a veranda, and along a little path that runs between the rosebushes in the yard to the south gate.

Tom was limping beside me, his face white with pain under the cold January stars. We were in the middle of the line, some six pairs ahead of us. It occurred to me, ignorant of what we were to find in the death room, that we were pretty far back, and that if we were forced to sit behind other reporters there'd be no chance to take anything but a picture of their legs beneath their chairs. And I thought of those other cameras.

"Can you run?" I whispered to my crippled companion.

"I guess so. Why?" he asked.

"Come on," I said.

Without further question he followed me as I stepped out of line and darted toward the head of the procession. The other reporters growled curses as we stumbled across the flower beds and slipped in behind the warden. They did not know why we were running, but just growled on general principles.

Howard (center), with Colonel Henry J. Reilly (right), when he was in service with the 149th Field Artillery of the Forty-second Division.

A moment later a group of keepers at the gate turned their flashlights on us. Inside, we went down a graveled path, turned to our right, and came to a low building. In its center was a lighted door.

The first thing we saw as we stepped inside was the chair, standing on the cement floor, its golden-oak arms wide, black straps hanging as tentacles on all sides. A square of thin black rubber surrounded it. Behind it stood the stretcher cart, waiting for the limp bodies.

As the warden and State officials removed their hats and ranged themselves along the wall at the left, I saw that we, the official witnesses, were to find seats in five pews to the right and facing the chair. Without delay Tom and I strode to the front row and sat down, Tom against the wall and with a clear side view of the chair.

WELL, we had done all we could. Tom was guarded against detection on the right by the wall. I could shield his left ankle by draping my overcoat on my right knee. From only one place could the bulging little camera be seen when he lifted his trouser cuff—from the chair itself. But standing along the wall behind the chair, and, it seemed to our nervous consciences, staring straight at Tom's ankle, were three uniformed guards with folded arms and roving eyes!

It is surprising how inaudible a whisper can be and yet be heard.

"Good Lord," whispered Tom, "look at those birds back of the chair!"

I nodded. "Well, it can't be helped," I murmured out of the side of my mouth. "Do you think you can make it?" I inquired anxiously. "Are you going to take a chance?"

"Hell, yes!" said Tom.

One of the curious things about the electrocution was the absence of any human agency. I mean, from the moment we entered until we left nobody said anything, nobody gave any signals, nobody took the initiative. It seemed then, though the thought became more poignantly graphic afterward, that the Imponderables took charge.

The executioner examined the straps, the wires in the conduits, the electrodes. When he finished, the door opened as if by magic and the wailing woman appeared. Hands acting without audible or visible command fastened her in. The current was applied and turned off without instructions by mouth or sign.

It was all so impersonal, so remorseless, so mechanical, so definitely conclusive! It struck me, as a cold wind through a broken pane, that what I was witnessing, that what was taking place, was the epitomized experience of the ages, the answer of society to homicide. It was the will of 10,000,000 taxpayers functioning without apparent human guidance or individual wish.

AS we sat staring at this fatal process, I felt Tom move slightly against my right arm.

"How much longer are they going to keep her there?" he whispered.

"I don't know," I said. "Did you get it?"

"Here it goes now," he replied.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw his lips move as he slowly counted six. Then his left arm relaxed—and I knew he had shot the picture. He withdrew his hand slowly from his pocket, let it steal toward the crease in his trousers at the knee, and attempted to lower the cuff over the camera.

Suddenly he caught his breath and stiffened. I didn't know why till later. His trouser leg had caught on the top of the camera and he couldn't hide it—with three guards staring at us!

Tom Howard, used to crises, thinks quickly. He pretended to be overcome with horror, groaned feebly, and seemed to topple forward. I knew nothing of his dilemma and thought he was fainting. But as he lurched forward in his seat his left hand slid down his leg and clutched at his trouser cuff.

An instant later he had straightened up and was watching the fig-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How JAP ROSE PREVENTS BLEMISHES

DAINTY AS A ROSE

No matter how often you bathe, if your toilet soap does not penetrate the pores and free them from congestion, your skin may develop blemishes. Dainty women keep their complexions clear, their skin as lovely as rose petals with Jap Rose, the transparent pore cleansing soap.

Its satin lather, enriched with refined glycerine and other beneficial oils, leaves the skin tingling with health and cleanliness and bewitchingly flushed with color.

Only a little is needed to whiten sallow, grimy skin or to beautify the hair. Try it.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

JAP ROSE SOAP

ITS TINGLE TELLS OF NEW BEAUTY

"The flavor is roasted in!"

"With this quickening drink, abides sociability, most pleasant in a company of people, and entertaining discussions, and sweet whisperings." —Guillaume Massieu

© 1926, D.-W. Co.

THE old coffee houses were homey places, famous for the quality of the coffee they served. Yet any housewife of today can serve as good or better coffee if she will use White House. More than eighty years of coffee-roasting experience are behind White House Coffee. That appetizing aroma which spreads round a roasting oven is developed in the bean and preserved for your cup by the White House roasting-in process. Try White House and know how delicious *good* coffee tastes. You will also like White House Tea.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY, *Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Portsmouth, Va*

[THE EXECUTION PICTURE OF MRS. SNYDER
Continued from page twenty-one]

ure in the chair. He had lifted the cuff and dropped it over the little camera!

At 11:05 o'clock the electrician pulled out the black handles of the switchboard and leaned against the door jamb of his alcove.

Dr. Charles A. Sweet, prison surgeon, adjusted his stethoscope, stood a moment listening, removed the earpieces, stepped back while his assistant, Dr. Kearney, duplicated his office, and then turned to the white-faced group of reporters.

"I pronounce this woman dead," he said in a dry voice.

Warden Lawes leaned weakly against the wall, his face averted; for, though he has witnessed the execution of more prisoners than any other warden in the world, he has never actually watched one die.

Suddenly the death-corridor door opened again and Judd Gray strode in. He walked stiffly, his knees unbending, goose-stepping gamely to his doom.

I never saw them take Judd Gray from the chair. When Dr. Sweet had told us he was dead, I glanced around, saw that nobody was watching us, and nudged Tom.

"Let's get out of here," I whispered.

He gathered his coat and followed me, trying to conceal the anguish from the camera strap. We walked out of the room before anybody else had moved, and quickly reached the south gate. The gatekeepers let us pass. We began to run across the flower beds.

IN the open, near the warden's office, our automobile stood with racing engine, the driver fondling a jack handle to repel any reporter who tried to board our car, first in line.

The motor roared and we flew at fifty miles an hour the 500 yards to the outer gate, Tom loosening the ankle strap and groaning with relief. There another group of keepers bathed us in their electric torches and motioned us out to where a huge throng parted to let us through. We sped down the road a couple of hundred yards to where one of the *Daily News* wires was installed.

I leaped out and a *News* reporter jumped in with Tom, and they dashed away the thirty-five miles from Ossining to the *News* building on Park Place in New York City. They had a wild ride. When they entered the city limits, followed all the way by a spare car in case anything happened to the first one, the Ossining driver became a bit confused, so Tom and his friend jumped out and into a taxicab.

That cab was too slow, so they left it and climbed into another, which raced through the night, violating all traffic rules and reaching the *News* in less than

P. & A.

The death house at Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, New Yo
The circle marks the execution chamber and the corr
from Ruth Snyder's cell.

an hour from the time Tom left the prison.

There was a breathless hush in the newspaper office, from managing editor's den to the presses far below and the circulation wagons outside, as everyone waited to see what the development of the tiny plate would reveal.

WHEN it was seen that a great picture scoop had been achieved, the staff went into high, and a little later more than a million and a half copies of the *News* with the photograph on the first page were in the hands of eager readers.

Meantime, I had been escorted to a dwelling not far from the prison, where another telegraph wire had been installed. There two operators worked in shifts, taking the story over my shoulder as I typed it. And presently the countless millions of readers who subscribe to the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *News*, and sixty other newspapers throughout the world which take that news service, were reading my report of what I had witnessed.

Which got the true picture of the death of Ruth Snyder? I think that those who studied the photograph which Tom Howard made will carry always in their minds a truer conception of what took place in the death chamber than will those readers who merely read my inadequate chronicle of that ghastly scene.

There has been extended and fulsome talk about the ethics of that picture—both the ethics of taking it when it was forbidden by the warden and the ethics of printing it in a newspaper. On this topic there can manifestly be a wide divergence of honest opinion. There can, likewise, be a lot of unhonest comment.

I have observed that most of the

horror for the conduct of the New York *News* has been expressed by that string of papers which I have reason to believe failed to get a picture with the cameras carried by the reporters whom we forced to sit behind us in the death chamber.

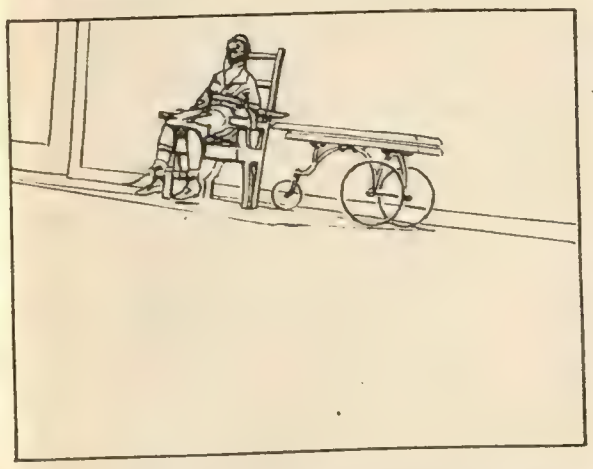
And it seemed curious to me that the New York *Times*, for example, assigned one of its star reporters to the scene and used about 5,000 words of descriptive matter, a great deal of it an incorrect account of what took place.

The New York *Herald-Tribune* fulminated in an editorial against the taking and printing of the picture by the *News*. Yet the *Herald-Tribune* editor sent up its crack staff man and dwelt interminably on a detailed report of the electrocution, elaborating on such facts as the burning of Judd Gray's right leg and Ruth Snyder's scalp.

This cut-out picture shows how the first electrocution picture of a woman was taken.

The New York *News* picture gave a more vivid account of the execution than the *Times* or *Herald-Tribune* stories; but not more vivid than they tried to give in their columns of fine writing.

Every other paper represented printed thousands of words of graphic detail. And yet the curious thing about it is that the very vividness of Howard's photograph is supplied by the imagination of the beholder. The actual size of the unretouched photograph is as follows:



Had it borne another label, such as "Movie comedienne in a dentist's chair," it would have evoked laughter!

I asked the city editor of the New York *News*, Harvey Deuell, his views as to the "ethics" in the premises.

"We planned to get the picture, and we got it," he responded.

"I liked your story of what took place; but I liked much better the picture Tom Howard brought in. In the former you could not help but introduce yourself and the effect on you of what you witnessed.

"Consequently, with all due respect to you, we printed a story of what you saw, or thought you saw. Others saw the thing differently, because their stories disagree with yours and with each other.

"In other words, there were nineteen newspaper men there and nineteen slightly differing stories of what took place.

"What is the reader to believe, even if he credits all of you with good faith in telling your narrative?—because of course each of you reported the thing to the best of his ability.

"But had there been twenty cameras there, operated simultaneously, there would have been twenty identical and absolutely exact accounts of what took place.

"Consequently the readers of the New York *News* got the best story of the electrocution of Ruth Snyder: they got it in Howard's picture."

I TELEPHONED Warden Lawes two months after the executions took place, asking him to see me to discuss the ethics of the matter. I was honestly eager to get the viewpoint of so famous an official, because any opinion of his on such a topic is of manifest importance.

I was worried a bit when I called him, for I remembered with what bitterness he and certain editors had denounced me when they thought I had taken the picture, because it appeared in the *News* with my story, and before they even heard there was such a man as Tom Howard.

The warden was nice enough, for he had since learned the truth of the affair; but I fear he was still chafed a bit and did not care to talk about "ethics," or just why he should, legally or personally, regard himself as qualified to sit as censor on what an editor should or should not print.

At least, he promised to make an appointment with me, and I am still waiting for it. I'd have been glad to incorporate in this article any views he cared to express.

THE END

When your brakes are lined with-

Thermoid

THEY STAY ADJUSTED

When streets are wet
and hills are steep
And traffic lines up
sixty deep—
It's then you thank
your guiding star
That you have Thermoid
on your car.

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

Consult a Thermoid "Brake-anic"

THERMOID

Hydraulic Compressed
BRAKE LINING
All Weather Quality
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

THERMOID RUBBER CO., *Factories and Main Offices* TRENTON, N. J.

Hydraulic Compressed and Interwoven Brake Lining — Transmission Lining
Radiator Hose — Clutch Rings — Universal Joint Discs — Mechanical Rubber Goods

GAS!

The Story of a Faithful Wife's Lover

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by C. H. TAFFS

SHE stretched her arms and smiled a soft little tender smile.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 4 seconds.)

DICK STANLEY'S waking impulse was to thrust his arm underneath his wife's neck and around her shoulders, and to pull her toward him and wake her with a kiss. Her mouth, opened the tiniest bit, invited him. What a sweet child she was—her bosom rising and falling evenly, gently; her brown hair running all over her pillow and all over her neck and shoulders; her long black lashes making shadows of lace beneath her eyes.

He would pull her close to him and kiss her awake, watch her blue eyes open, amused at the manner of their awakening. He would take a strand of her hair in his fingers and yank it a little—and pretend to be surprised to find it real. And then—

And then he remembered. Today she wasn't his wife. All this day she belonged to another man. All this day she would give to him—Bob Ennis.

He lay back and wished he had not awakened. He wished he didn't love her so much, so he wouldn't be hurt so horribly. His hasty movements half aroused her, and she flung one arm across him and her hand went searching as though for his. He thrust both arms quickly above his head to escape its contact, to keep from seizing her little crisscrossed palm and bringing it to his lips.

How beautiful she was! How fragile and innocent! And yet she was going to keep a tryst! In a few moments she would arise and dress and hurry away—to him.

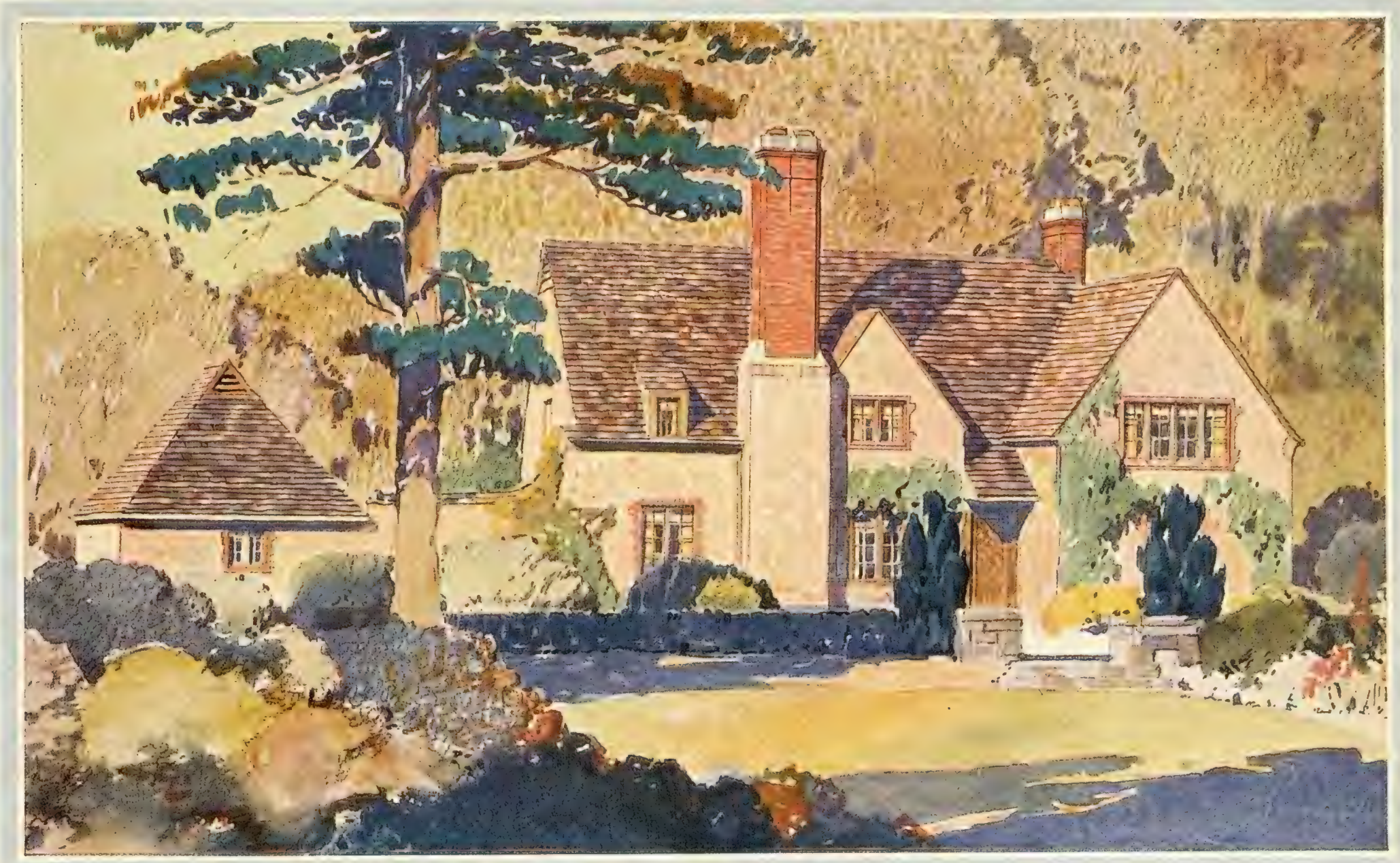
A paragraph he had read, and memorized because it was strange and because it seemed particularly to apply to Jessie and the days she spent with her old sweetheart, went stalking through his mind:

> She was a queen inspecting the regiment of her days; and out of the tattered and tired and drab-gray ranks there had stepped a prince in scarlet and gold, with a shiny sword in his hand, and on his glossy boots spurs that jingled as he walked, making music.

Perhaps she would feel like that today. It would be one day of glory and romance step-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

JOHNS-MANVILLE ASBESTOS SHINGLES ARE FIREPROOF AND PERMANENT



La Farge, Warren & Clark, *Architects*—Asbestos Shingles by Johns-Manville

You want this permanence and beauty for your roof

Large or small; new, or mellowed by use; your house deserves a roof which will look well now, and which will defy the storms and sun of years. The appearance of a roof bespeaks the taste and standing of the family that lives beneath it. So you are quite right in demanding first of all that your roof be colorful, substantial and thoroughly good to look at.

This all-important beauty is obvious in the first glance at Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. But of equal importance, these shingles are fireproof and cannot wear out. They are made of asbestos fibres and cement, united under tremendous pressure into rigid, monolithic "stone" shingles. They are not flexible.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

For a new home, or re-roofing, you can end roofing expense for all time by using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

• • •

Asbestos will not burn, nor will it wear out. In fact, there is nothing in Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles to rot, corrode or rust. Put a roof of these shingles on your home and you can forget roofing for all time, except as you enjoy the beauty which years will not touch.

Be sure your shingles are Johns-Manville

So well do these shingles stand the severest tests that the laboratories of the National Board of Fire Underwriters give them their highest ratings as permanent and fireproof, while famous architects are specifying them for such charming homes as that illustrated.

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NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

ping out of a humdrum year. He couldn't blame her much. Life must get to be a terrible bore sometimes, even to people who loved each other as much as he and Jessie did.

She was getting up. He twisted into a posture that would permit him to watch her. He felt something of a sneak, spying on her through half closed lids; but he would pay a much higher price than that for the privilege. He must feast on her beauty now to prepare for the fast of her absence.

She stood by the open window, looking at the autumn trees in their crimson and orange rags, her firm young body outlined against the silk of her nightgown. Her face was lifted and there was a light on it that was not of the day. She was thinking of Bob, he felt.

SHE stretched her arms and smiled a soft little tender smile, and walked around the bed, wrapping a purple kimono about her. She sat before her dressing table, and he watched the little light come and go in her eyes, watched her hair grow from a welter of disheveled strands into an orderly coiffure, noted the gestures her fingers made in putting the hairpins in place, the movements of her head, the graceful lines of her neck, the play of her shoulder that never could quite bear to let the kimono cover it. He noted the way she held her things as she stepped into them.

It was an every morning delight that never could grow stale; yet this morning it seemed he watched her dressing for the first time, and the last.

He noticed she did not use any lip stick this morning, nor any rouge. He wondered at that. And only a little powder.

She put on a gray and white gown that made her look like a nun. Why should she go to Bob looking like a nun?

He closed his eyes tight and managed a snore he hoped would sound genuine as she left the room—though he did want to leap out of bed, as he always did, to buckle her shoes—and he lay unstirring until her footsteps ceased to sound upon the stairs.

He looked at the rumpled place where her head had rested, picked up a long brown hair and looped it about his finger. He looked at the impression she had left on the bed, at the silk stockings that hung forlornly over the Japanese robe on the back of her chair, at the foolish little blue bedroom slippers with the big pom-poms.

Somehow they were like her, these things—fragile and beautiful—and strange to him now, and lost. He picked up the slippers and held them a moment, then set them down and closed his eyes and purposely stumbled over them—and grinned. How many nights had he stumbled over those silly things while she lay half asleep awaiting him!

He put the cover on the jar of face cream, stuck the powder puff into its box, screwed the lid on it, blew away some grains of powder that had been spilled, and placed the little bowl of orchids in front of Jessie's picture. He did that deliberately to hurt himself, for they were Bob's orchids. They were more than orchids, he mused: they were a code, a rite, a part of a ritual that was celebrated every year.

BOB came to New York from his ranch somewhere out West, and sent orchids to Jessie. They always seemed to come as a wonderful surprise. She would open the box quickly, and give a little exclamation as she saw the flowers. And then her face would light up, and she would be silent, dreamy—and like a nun.

The orchids came, and Jessie was mysteriously changed, and he must avoid her.

The next morning she would wake with that light still in her eyes, and he must pretend to sleep while she dressed and left him. And for days thereafter she would be subdued, soft, "far away."

Once—last year it was—he had found her weeping after she had returned from her day with Bob. He had wanted to comfort her, but he felt he had intruded. It was like walking with muddy boots into a cathedral.

There never was any word between them concerning Bob Ennis.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He watched his wife take the boy into her arms and listened to her croon little words of love to him.

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She has found
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Of course bobbed hair must be treated with great consideration if it is to be quite smart! The comb is responsible for its beauty, and altho an Ace Pocket Comb should be always in the purse, there is more to do, you know, than just "tidy up". Upon arising, a large (9 inch) Ace Comb should touch the hair first, untangling and gently straightening out snarls, using the fine teeth to deepen the waves and form the favorite lines. Every night an Ace Dry Shampoo Comb removes every bit of dust or powder, stimulates the scalp and brings back the gloss and radiance which the day's activities had dimmed. These Ace Combs make the hair beautiful, for they are of hard rubber with rounded and polished teeth.

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A GENUINE Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

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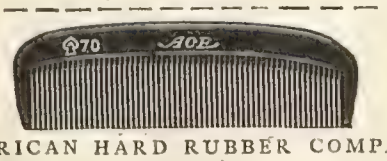

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Name ----------

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The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

GAS!

[Continued from page twenty-seven]

There never would be, he thought, now, looking at the little bowl of flowers before her picture—ass that he was to try to feel more sorry for himself.

He tried to find something to say, something facetious and yet pertinent; something that would prove him a man able to take these little things without playing the fool.

"Ah," he said. "Orchids speak louder than words!"

He wondered then what sort of man he was. He looked in the mirror. Not exactly handsome, he decided, and yet not at all ugly. His face was thin and rugged, and there were deep lines on either side of the straight nose. His eyes were blue, a greenish blue. The jaw, which was firm and square, he didn't even look at. He gave most of his attention to his mustache and his temples.

"Frost at the temples," he said half aloud. "Richard Wintry Stanley mourning his lost youth."

He put his thumbs to his temples and let his fingers hang loose, mentally describing the gesture as "business man's idea of icicles."

He labeled this picture "Old Man December Stanley, Feeling Bitter and Jealous—and Badly in Need of a Shave!"

He shoved his feet into his funny Chinese sandals and shuffled to the window, to take such melancholy pleasure as he might in the sight of his wife's car spinning over the long bluestone drive to the road.

"So long, lady!" he said. "Have your beautiful day. God knows they are all too few."

YES, they were all too few. Her face should light up like that every morning. She should feel that every new day was another day of beauty and romance. If he could make her face glow like that—just once—

Ah, he had lit it once—on just such a day as this!

They had been walking through the woods, laughing, kicking up the leaves that lay ankle deep, picking up bunches of them, hurling them at each other.

Her hair was unbound, and the winds sported with it, and leaves got tangled in it, dead aromatic red-orange leaves; and every little while a shaft of sunshine slanting from the motley maples danced about her eyes.

She had smelled of dead leaves when he kissed her; and that light had come into her face, even as the leaves fell through her fingers. It shone through her tears, making little rainbows.

Once—but was it he or Bob who lit that light?

The light was still in her eyes, he remembered, as she told him of Bob who had gone away to war and hadn't come back.

"I do love you, Dick. But—if he isn't dead—if he ever does come back—I must keep my promise to him."

"You made him a promise?"

"I promised that when he came back, no matter what had happened in the meantime, we would spend one day together—one day out of every year."

"A day of pleasure, Jessie?"

"No, no!"

And the light went out of her eyes and the softness out of her voice.

"It never could be just pleasure between us. It never could be mere friendship. It could never be anything less than the full measure of love between us two."

He remembered how proudly she had stood, and how her fingers played with a leaf.

"He made you promise that? He did not ask you to marry him, but—"

"You do not understand," she said angrily. "He believed he was going to be killed, or badly wounded, and he felt he could not ask me to marry him unless he came back as much a man as when he left. He was thinking of my happiness, not his own. I made him promise. I made him kiss me good-by. He wouldn't have done it if I hadn't made him. He was always so shy with me!"

Yes, perhaps it was Bob who had kindled that fire within her. At any rate, Dick recalled now, he hadn't seen that light until the evening Bob came back and telephoned.

"It's Bob!" Jessie had cried in wild, ecstatic unbelief. "It's Bob Ennis! Bob, alive and in New York! Oh, I can't believe it!"

SIX years ago. One day a year for six years.

He couldn't approve, yet he could understand. Bob Ennis was romance and youth, moonlight and dreams and music, fire and honey made flesh; and Jessie had loved him all her life, and lost him for a time—lost him to find a middle-aged business man who knew nothing of romance or music or dreams, who had nothing to recommend him but his love.

And now the lost was found, and "love must have its way."

Love? What was it? He and

Jessie, he supposed, loved each other more than almost any other couple he knew. But it was a quiet, even love, happy, contented, and as much as he had a right to expect.

But — strangely enough — it was an intense love on Jessie's part, intense and passionate and tender—for long after her day with Bob.

"I suppose I shouldn't envy the boy, after all," Dick mused, dressing himself hurriedly. "He has her only one day out of the year. I have her all the rest of the time. Yet, if I could put that light in her eyes the way the very thought of him does, I—wouldn't care so much about—about losing her every so often."

. . . . .

JESSIE had met Bob Ennis when she was five and he was seven. She was sitting on a rock in a big field near her father's house, giving herself and her dolls a picnic out of toy dishes. When he came panting up to her, and asked her seriously if she wanted to get a sunstroke, she put out her tongue and called him some very naughty names.

"Nice girls don't stick out their tongues," he said, "and they don't call people names."

He took off his hat—it was a big straw hat his father had brought him from Mexico—and put it on her head. She took off the hat and threw it as far as she could. He laughed, and somehow she laughed too; and he said he would stay bareheaded and get a sunstroke himself and die—and she would be to blame.

Jessie, riding swiftly now toward New York, remembered she was really frightened at this threat; but she couldn't recall whether she had retrieved the hat or not.

She did remember that he stayed to the picnic, and that she made him hold one of her dolls and sing it to sleep.

As she steered around trucks, and scooted past street cars and other machines, and stopped and went at signals, her mind feasted on old pictures of herself and Bob:

The days when everybody called him "Handlebar Bob" because his bike had the longest and most decorated handlebars in town; the day he stood on the back platform of the train that was taking him away on his first vacation and she ran after him, calling his name; the day his first ink-blotched letter came, all about baseball and bowling and boys; nights when, dressed in a white sweater and flannel trousers, he strummed a banjo on her front porch; days and nights when she was wildly jealous of him and beastly cruel to him; days and nights when he had the reputation of going with all the girls in the village; the night she told him he might have kissed every other girl he knew but never could kiss her; the day she heard he had enlisted; the day he entrained for camp.

HER mind dwelt lovingly with that day all the way over the bridge and down through the traffic in Park Avenue. She saw the long train shed again, and all the men in uniform, packs on their backs, rifles in their hands; and the women weeping, and laughing through their tears—the old German woman with her shoulders thrown back and her eyes so proud, saying good-by to the son who was going to fight for America; the young woman crying, "Oh, you mustn't leave me, you can't leave me!"; the chalked words on the sides of the wooden coaches: "We'll Get the Kaiser's Goat"; "To Hell with the Hun"; "Berlin or Bust"; Red Cross women

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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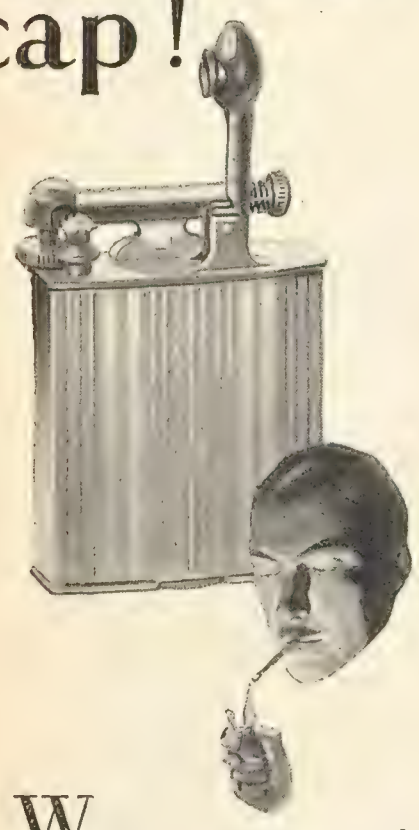

WHEN you push down the extinguisher of a Firefly Lighter, the special cap seals in the vapor from the fluid.

Some of the vapor stays in the cap so that when you need a light, the spark ignites this vapor instantly.

Because of the gas-tight cap—found only on Clark Lighters—one filling of the fluid container lasts *three times as long* as the same amount of fluid in a lighter that permits the vapor to leak.

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CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC.
580 Fifth Avenue New York

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

[GAS!
Continued from page twenty-eight]

with baskets of chocolates and popcorn and cigarettes; a Y. M. C. A. man with a handful of melting ice-cream cones.

She and Bob had stood watching, listening, holding each other's hands.

She had wanted to look at Bob exactly as that mother had looked at her boy. She had wanted, like that other woman, to throw herself into her man's arms and cry and beg him not to go. She had wanted to tell him that she loved him, that all her life was his, and that nothing he could ask of her would be too much.

She clutched suddenly at his sleeve, and her throat was dry, and she heard herself asking, "You'll write to me, Bob, as often as you can—and you'll come back—soon?"

Silly, she knew. How could he know when he would come back?

He grinned and patted the hand on his forearm, and asked:

"What if you're married when I come back?"

OH, he should have asked her to marry him! She was half frightened because he had not, half angry. But—

"Then we'll have one day all to ourselves anyway," she said, and managed to smile a little—but not too much.

"No matter if I do marry—someone else—no matter if I have a houseful of babies, and I'm red and fat and wrinkled—you'll come back to me one day a year anyway, Bob? You will, won't you?"

His hand tightened on hers. Her hands squeezed the wheel now—remembering.

"It's a promise," he said. "A sacred promise, Jessie."

She put her hands on his cheeks, and was surprised to hear herself asking, "Don't you want to kiss me good-by?" And he was running to the train, was only one of those khaki figures with packs on their backs and guns in their hands, one of the doughboys going to war. And the trains were pulling out, and he was there somewhere, in one of those windows, leaning out, calling to her, throwing her kisses. He must be there, but she could not see. All the faces were blurred.

And he had died—died and come alive again and called her on the phone.

She could still feel the thrill she had felt six years ago. She could remember everything he had said—how he had searched everywhere for a year, trying to find her, how he had just learned she was married and living in Huntington, and how glad he was to know she was happy.

"Dear old Bob!" she murmured.

How would he look today? Did he still love her as much as he used to? A little smile of tenderness

"Do you remember our first picnic—when I stuck my tongue out at you?"

ringed her mouth. Of course he still loved her.

She saw him when the machine was yet half a block from the hotel. He was waiting on the sidewalk, looking at the traffic. She swerved in to the curb so suddenly she almost lost a fender, jammed on the emergency, snapped off the ignition, jumped out and ran to him, leaving the car door open.

"Bob!" was all she could say.

He took her hands and held them, and said almost in a whisper, "Thank God I see you once again!"

THERE was something so solemn in his voice that she looked at him sharply. He was thin. His clothes hung loosely on him—so differently from the old days. But he looked well. His cheeks were flushed. His lips were a bright red, his teeth whiter than her own. But his hands were cold and moist, and there was no strength in them. And his eyes—

It was in his eyes she read the truth that his too red cheeks and his too red mouth had tried to hide. She wanted to scream, but she smiled and said with all the gayety she could muster:

"How wonderful you look!"

"How wonderful you are," he answered, and something like pain came into his face.

"Darling, get into the car," she begged, "and we'll go some place and have a picnic."

She made him snuggle close to her as though she might warm him with her body, protect him with her nearness, and she kept chatting of things that made him smile, while she kept telling herself she must not weep. She stopped the car on a grassy spot high over the surf, and watched him anxiously as he got out, ready to help him if he needed help.

"The coolest spot in Long Island is right under this oak," she said.

BUT he had to have the sun. He had to sit on the warm sands, with his coat collar up, and a muffler about his neck, and his head bared.

"You remember this place, Bob?" she asked aloud. But silently she cried to him, "I shall come here often and weep for you."

"Weren't we here the night you stuck your hand in the lemon pie?"

"Oh, yes—the night you tried to get me some earrings out of the Milky Way."

"And you wanted to sprinkle a handful of stars on my hair."

"You'd look so funny and sweet with stars in your hair, Bob."

She told him of books she had read in the last year, of old friends she had talked to, of places she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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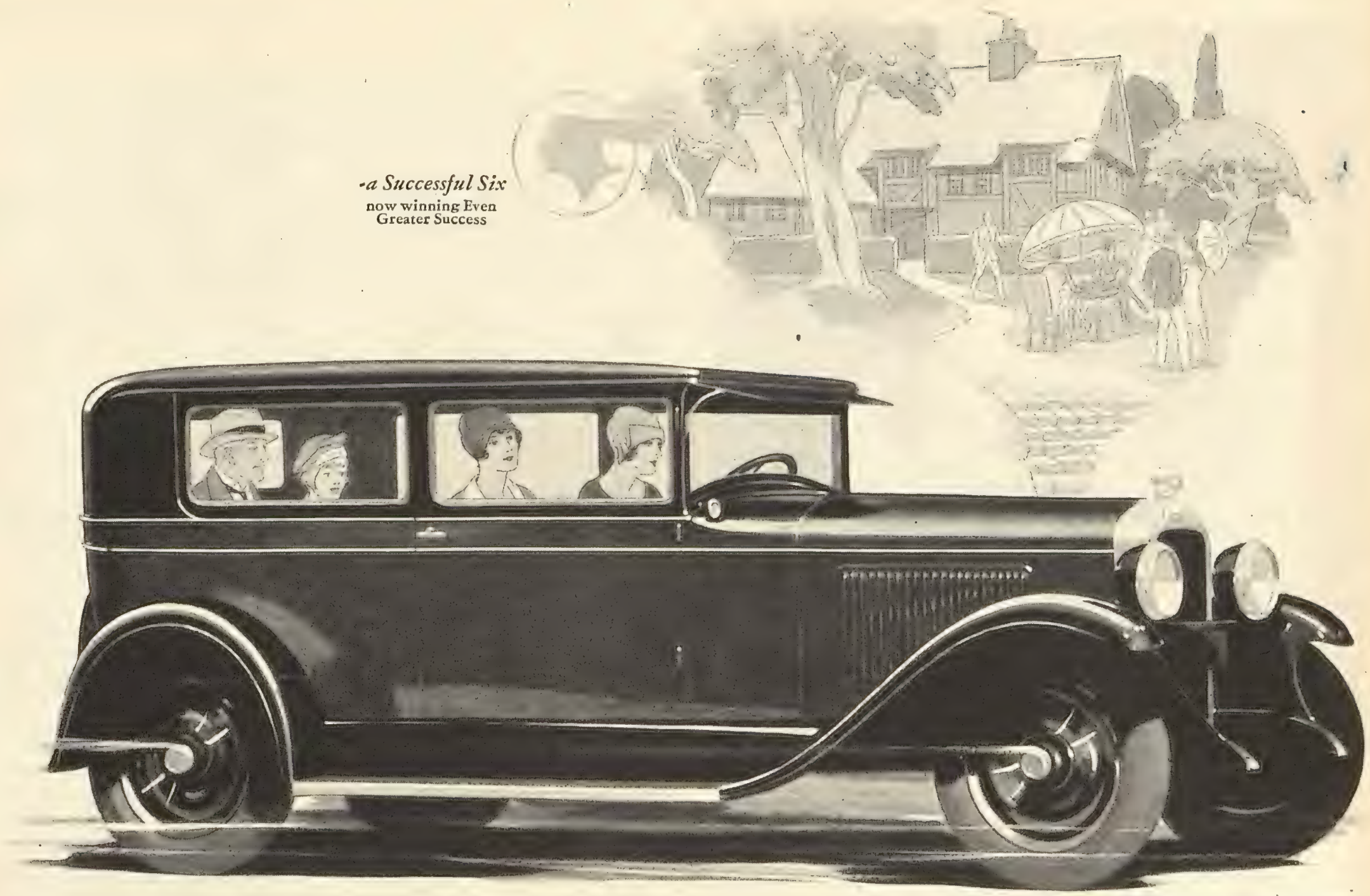

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GAS!

[Continued from page thirty]

had been. He related bits of his life in Utah, days of hot, bright sun, days spent lying on the sands or hunting arrowheads or stone knives and hatchets, or inscriptions on rocks, or bits of ancient pottery that were as bright and gaudy as on the day they were dyed.

He mentioned nothing of the dragging hours, of the loneliness in the little shack where he had spent this last year; nothing of the monotony and the despair.

"I have a squaw who comes in to clean up and cook, a Piute lady eight and a half feet around the middle. Honest!"

"Oh, speaking of cooks—"

Jessie opened the hamper and began to spread the banquet on a cloth.

"Do you remember our first picnic? I was thinking of it only this morning. I'll bet you don't—when I stuck my tongue out at you and called you a busybody?"

She laughed, but she hid her face from him.

The first picnic, when he feared she would get a sunstroke—and the last, when he must sit and let the sun seep into him!

The last—she knew it was the last, and—she couldn't help it—she knew she was going to cry.

He put his hand on hers quickly. The red died out of his face. He fell, and lay coughing.

And when he could speak he said, "Take me back, please, Jess. Quickly. I—I'm sorry, but I've got to go."

No need now to pretend. No need to hold back the tears; but this was not the time for them. She must get him to the car, her arm about him. She must drive to his hotel—he would not go to a hospital, he said—and she must stop at the nearest phone to call the doctor and tell him to be at the hotel when they arrived.

NO time to weep, either, after the doctor had done all he could—which was little enough. She must shake and pat his pillows and arrange them under his head. She must hang up his clothes, and though her lips might tremble as she put the coat on a hanger and realized it didn't matter now whether it got wrinkled or not, she could not give way yet. He was calling her.

He wanted her picture, the one in the beaten silver frame on the dresser. She remembered the day she gave it to him, with the words, "Always Yours, Jessie." She looked at it a moment, wondering idly, "Did I really look like that?" placed it on the telephone stand beside him, and went on tidying up the room—taking swift little steps, walking on tiptoe, turning every now and then to see if that breast still played with breath, stopped at each queer note in his breathing.

And when he seemed to be asleep she went to the telephone.

. . . . .

DICK sat in his swivel chair, his feet on his glass-topped desk, his eyes closed, his fingers playing with a dead match.

He couldn't bear going home, knowing that Jessie wouldn't be there. It was enough of a funeral without that. The club? The theater? Nonsense!

"Wish I were the sort to go out and get drunk," he thought. "But Jessie would take it as a sort of reproach. Wife goes out with boy friend, so hubby gets lit. No, it won't do. I'd just get sick, anyway."

Invent an out-of-town business trip? He had done that years before, and it hadn't helped. He had rushed down to the hotel lobby the next morning to buy all the New York papers; and he had read every one of them, dreading every moment to find his wife's name in the headlines—or Bob's—or even his own.

THERE wasn't a thing to do except walk around the town until he was tired enough to sleep. Then he'd have to go home. There would be some terrible moments, of course, but he'd wake to find her there beside him.

His pulses quickened at the thought, and it made him annoyed with himself.

"She'll be there," he reflected, "and we'll go along all right—until a year from now. And then I'll have to go through all this misery again. And the year after that. And the next year, and the next. It will grow intolerable. It will drive me mad. I may even get to loathe and hate her. At least I'll get so I suspect her every action—and we'll both suffer.

"She must love this Ennis chap. There can't be any other conclusion. If she didn't she wouldn't leave me for him. Not even for a minute. If she loves him, she can't love me. That's the size of it, and I've been a chump to keep from seeing it before. Well—what's to be done?"

He was still trying to find the answer when the phone rang. He didn't hear it until it had rung for several moments. He didn't want to answer it. He wanted to go on thinking the thing out to a logical finish. But telephones may not be ignored forever, and so at length he took up the receiver.

"Dick!"

His feet came down with a bang. His body came up straight on the chair. His face beamed with happiness and the next moment paled with alarm.

It was Jessie, but her voice was frightened and she was trying not to cry.

She was bidding him hurry. Where? To what hotel? Good Lord, what's the matter?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

ATWATER KENT RADIO

◆

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The reason for all this nation-wide enthusiasm? There are many. A home demonstration (which you may arrange with the nearest Atwater Kent dealer) will very quickly show you what they are.

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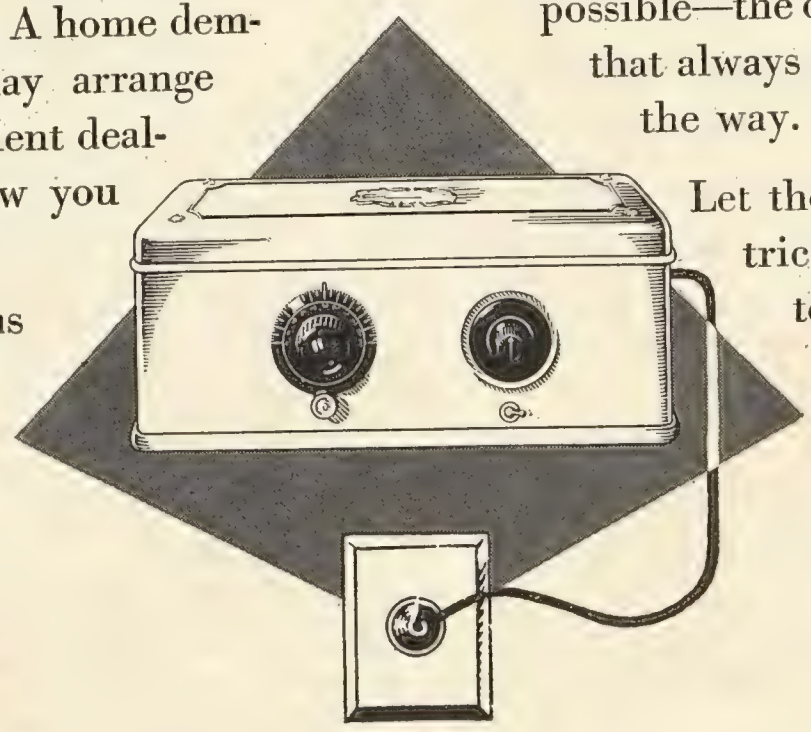
"How," you will ask, "can the Atwater Kent A. C. electric set be sold at a price so unusually low?" That's a long story—a story of modern precision manufacturing in the world's largest and best equipped radio factory—a story of popularity which makes such a factory possible—the old, old story of the demand that always follows when quality leads the way.



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A. ATWATER KENT, *President*

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At shaving time there's nothing pleasanter than a sniff of Aqua Velva; buoyant, distinctive, never lingering heavily.

Keep a bottle handy through the day. When you're fagged wash your face and splash it on generously—on face and forehead and back of your neck. What cool refreshment!

Aqua Velva can be one of your best summer friends. Give it a chance.

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.

Address: Dept. L 58, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

GAS!

[Continued from page thirty-two]

And there was no answer but "Hurry—oh, please hurry!"

She was standing outside the door as he turned into the corridor. He had hard work to keep from running to her.

She leaned against him for support. She felt his big arms and his strong shoulders, as if, he thought, to reassure herself that it was really he.

"I'm so glad you got here," she whispered. "He's dying."

"I'll get Harkins!" he said.

"He was here. He couldn't do anything but give him a drug. He said Bob should have died long ago. He had a hemmorrhage—an internal hemmorrhage — just before I brought him here. He's—going fast."

Going fast, and Jessie loved him! What would she do when he died?

She led him into the room, and he stood at the foot of the bed, staring at the wasted form, the cold, moist brow, the thin, white, restless hands, the narrow chest that labored so hard to live.

This was the youth of fire and honey and music and romance? This was the prince in scarlet and gold? This poor dying kid? He looked at Jessie as if to ask her if it could be true.

Unconsciously she put out her hand, and unconsciously he took it and held it. The sleeper stirred and his eyes opened.

"Bob dear," Jessie whispered, "this is my husband."

Bob's hand crawled toward Dick's. His bright eyes roamed over Dick's face. He tried to grin. But his hand crawled no further.

"I'm very glad," he said.

IT grew dark and chill. Jessie shivered, and Dick arose quickly and went to the clothes closet. He found an old white sweater, and took it down, and tied its sleeves about his wife's neck, letting the rest of it cover her back. He walked tiptoe around the bed and took his seat again. Bob's look followed every move.

"Gas," Bob said. "You know what—gas is? You weren't—"

"No. I didn't get into the war. I ran my dad's factory. I had no luck at all."

"No—luck!"

Something hard and bitter flitted across the boy's face. His cheeks showed two fiery spots. His eyes burned.

"I was gassed. I was nineteen. Look at me now. Lungs shot—gone. I spent years in hospitals—a year alone in Utah. No luck? I know men who were lucky to be killed. You stayed home—and married Jessie—and say—'no luck'!"

He turned to Jessie, and his face softened.

"But we had some fun—didn't we?"

"Oh, yes, Bob. We did have fun!"

Dick, looking down at the carpet, felt now that no matter what fun they had had, no matter how they had enjoyed themselves, they had deserved it all—and more. He felt little, and selfish, and ashamed.

"Fun!" Dick repeated, still looking at the carpet. "If it hadn't been for me, you would have been happy every day—together. She told me she loved you when I asked her to marry me. She always has loved you. Her face lights up every time she thinks of you, every time she speaks your name. If she had ever loved me like that—"

"You love—her?"

The boy's voice was low, but there was a quality in it that made it ring in Dick's ears.

"Of course!" he said simply.

"Yet you let her spend seven days with a—a stranger!"

"A stranger? She loved you!"

Bob closed his eyes, but he continued talking—throwing little snatches of words at them out of his tortured breast. He seemed to grow young again. He was only a boy talking in his sleep; a boy with a bang of moist brown hair hanging over his cold forehead; a boy with flushed cheeks and pale hands that lay limp and nerveless on the counterpane; a boy overtired with play still dreaming of the game, Dick thought.

"GAS! It blisters your skin so that you scream. It blinds you. It burns your throat. It—eats out your lungs.

"They were lucky—who died—quick. I didn't die. I came home—and Jessie—was gone.

"Well—I was glad—that she was happy. What happiness could I give her? I loved her. Oh, yes, I always loved her. I—lived from year to year—just to see her for one day. I had to see her—to live. But every time I saw her—I hated you more.

"I was gassed—and you—stayed home, safe, well. No gas—for you. And you had her.

"Sometimes I wished I could make you suffer. I wanted you to be blinded too—with jealousy. I wanted you to feel the gas blistering your brain—and eating out your heart—and burning your soul."

"No, Bob! No, darling! Don't talk now, Bob. Try to sleep!"

"I'm going to sleep, Jessie. And—don't cry. I just wanted to tell Dick—I'm sorry. It was the gas. It makes you—drunk—sometimes. It makes you—crazy. I loved you too much even to hold your hand—but—I wanted him to think—"

"There, there, boy," and Dick's tones were soothing and calm. "It's all right. You should have had her. She still loves you more than anything in the world and—can you hear me?—you're going to get well. And soon you can take her back West with you. I won't

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

I've run these Masons 24,539 miles and they're still going strong *says this taxi driver*

Larry Kuner, a Chicago taxi-cab driver, has this to say about his Mason Hylastic Balloons:

"Yes Sir! I've run those tires 24,539 miles without a blowout. Look at them! The treads are so tough they hardly show any sign of wear, and they're good for many more thousands of miles. Me for Masons forever."

MILEAGE tells the story! If any motorist subjects tires to a pitiless test, it's a taxi-driver. Constant driving over all sorts of pavements, often with chains; grinding stops; quick starts; sharp turns . . . all these things try tires to the utmost.

And Mason Hylastic Balloons invariably deliver. The experience of Larry Kuner, Chicago taxi-driver, has been duplicated by thousands of Mason users everywhere. This is due to the famous Hylastic cord construction, which gives every Mason a carcass of exceptional strength, and to the big, broad tread with powerful shoulders which takes wear evenly and therefore s-l-o-w-l-y.

Masons will give YOU mileage like this or better, provided you treat them properly. And further, to assure satisfaction, every Mason is offered with protection against all road hazards for an entire year.

Mason Hylastic Balloons . . . now stronger and sturdier than ever before . . . offer you care-free miles by the thousands. Due to lower rubber prices, these extra-mileage tires now cost no more than those of average quality. Consult your local Mason dealer.

MASON TIRE & RUBBER CO. • KENT, OHIO

MASON *Hylastic* BALLOONS

Make This Convincing Beauty Bath Test On Your Hands Now

—INSTANTLY YOUR SKIN FEELS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS A ROSE PETAL

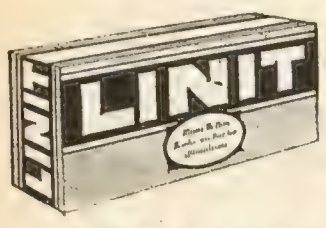
HERE is a remarkable test. It will prove to you in less than a MINUTE that your skin can feel smooth as a baby's.

Simply swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. *Immediately* after drying you are aware of a soothing softness—your skin feels smooth as the down of a rose petal.

THIS test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisibly thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender, sensitive skin of young babies.



LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your GROCER

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

[GAS! Continued from page thirty-four]

stand in your way any longer. You can take her with you, Bob, and—and—live happily ever after."

He watched the thin face for some sign that his meaning had been understood, and when he saw the smile twist the thin red lips into happy lines, he sighed.

He watched his wife take the boy into her arms and rain kisses on his face, and listened to her croon little words of love to him. And he pushed back his chair and went to the window and looked up at the cold, bright stars.

For a moment his fancy played with the scene. There should be a baseball bat in the corner, or an old catcher's mitt and a dirty ball, a heap of discarded toys littering the floor.

He sketched little pictures of this boy playing with Jessie one day every year; a boy without any lungs playing so desperately and hopelessly with love.

And he had never even held her hand.

THE pitiful little game was over—over for both of them. No more orchids now. No more beautiful days together. No more shining of Jessie's eyes.

"She'll remain my wife, of course," he thought, "and she'll go on loving me—in a way. But she will mourn him forever, and want him.

"Something sweet has gone out of her life, something warm. And there will be bitterness creeping into her heart, and coldness. And she'll never forget that if it weren't for me she would have married him. Some day she'll come to hate me.

"She could never hate me—while he lived. There was so much love for him in her heart that there was no room for hate. She could endure life with me—because of the one day with him. And the day is gone.

"The prince in scarlet and gold has died, and there are only the drab-gray ranks of the regiment left for the queen."

He turned and saw her pushing back a little lock of hair that had fallen on the sleeper's forehead.

He watched her looking at the quiet face, and then he went to her quickly, fearing that now in her grief she must collapse. She leaned against him, and he thrilled because she did, and put his arms about her timidly, almost experimentally.

"Rest at last!" she said quietly. And then she began to weep.

"I couldn't have stood it alone," she said at last. "I couldn't have stood it without you."

How calm she was! He couldn't understand.

"You made him happier in one little second than I did in all my life. Oh, what would I ever do—without you?"

He tightened his arms about her, and felt her clinging to him. The wonder of it almost overcame him.

And then he understood at last, and held her as if he would never let her go; as if he had found her for the first time—and the last.

THE END

$5.00 Lock and Key Model 154X Actual Size 4¾"x5¾"

A Girl's Glorious Vacation Days

"I AM a young girl just going away on my first vacation alone, away from the family. Oh, but it will be wonderful to be on my own! Everything I do will be so exciting because I do it myself. I want a lock and key model A-Line-A-Day, so I can write down all I do and think, all about the boys and girls I meet."

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Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

GRAPHIC SECTION

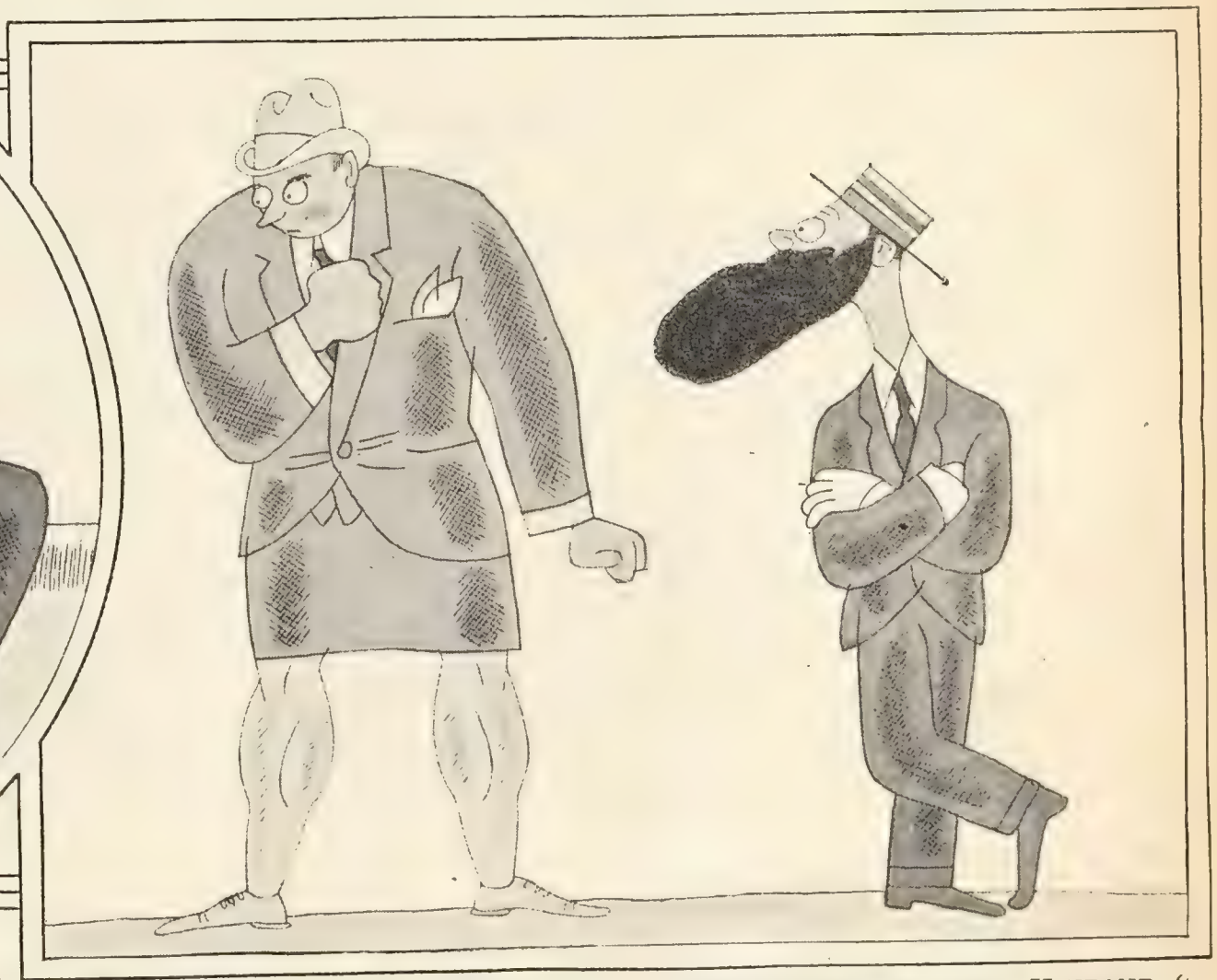
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

BY WAY OF RETURNING THE PRETTY COMPLIMENT paid to baseball by the Chief Executive each year at the beginning of the season, Babe Ruth throws out the first candidate from the visitors' box at the opening of the Republican National Convention at Kansas City.

S.S. ILE DE FRANCE installs air-tight, smoke-filled "dive bells" for transporting of New Yorkers from Gotham night clubs to Paris night clubs.

IF WE ALL TALKED LIKE POLITICAL CANDIDATES. HE: Will you marry me? SHE: The marriage laws are on the books and I advocate nothing that would infringe upon the provisions of those laws. Either they must be changed or they must be enforced, and I do not believe they can be changed.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER: THE WORM TURNS. MODERN HUSBAND (to Modern Wife, who has successfully entered all the pursuits heretofore forbidden to women): There! Do that!

(Idea by Albert P. Matson, Southampton, Long Island, to whom one cent has been forwarded.)

FOUND
At Last

Here's a Critic Who Likes Abie's Irish Rose

A Movie Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 28 seconds.)

ALMOST six years to a day after it was first unveiled at the Fulton Theater in New York, Abie's Irish Rose returned in celluloid form to haunt the Manhattan critics.

Back in 1922 the theatrical commentators were pretty unanimous in dismissing Anne Nichols' play as something awful. But Abie's Irish Rose kept on running. It remained in New York for five and a half years. It has broken records in every State in the Union. It has been played in fourteen countries.

Thus Abie's Irish Rose passed the mark of being a mere phenomenon. It became an institution. Naturally it caught the eye of Hollywood. While Paramount was entering into a percentage production arrangement with Miss Nichols, other producers hustled Irish-Jewish comedy dramas through the movie mill. Audiences have been surfeited with the family troubles of the Cohens and the Kellys, the Callahans and the Murphys.

Still, Abie's Irish Rose is the original. After the way the footlight version made suckers out of the New York critics, I decline to go on record with a prediction for the film adaptation. Facing the risk of being blackballed permanently by the critical fraternity, I admit liking the picture. It is splendidly acted, it is intelligently produced, and it has plenty of effective moments of comedy and pathos.

When Miss Nichols wrote Abie's Irish Rose I doubt if she had all the big messages she has since discovered in her hit. Abie's Irish Rose was just the story of a Jewish boy and an Irish girl, their marriage, and the attendant serio-comic racial tribulations. Now the play is being touted as a clarion call to racial amity, as a tremendous world plea for tolerance.

Abie's Irish Rose stands up very well under the Klieg lights of Hollywood. Of course, the movie moguls have elaborated it. The film shows young *Abie Levy* and little *Rosemary Murphy* behind the lines in France, one a private, the other an entertainer. There the young folks fall in love.

The rest of the celluloid Abie's Irish Rose follows the play. I take the word of expert observers on this. I was not one of the estimated 18,000,000 playgoers to see the comedy.

I strongly suspect that the shadow Abie's Irish Rose is much better played than it ever was behind the footlights. Jean Hersholt gives a remarkable performance of the elder *Levy*, a characterization that dominates the entire film. Young Charles (Buddy) Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as *Abie Levy*. If Rogers were not the fastest advancing young actor in Hollywood right now, *Abie* would make him so.

Abie's Irish Rose is not a photoplay that will land in the lists of the best films of 1928 when they are compiled by the nation's screen critics. It probably will merely make another fortune for Miss Nichols. You may go expecting to see your favorite legend acted up to the hilt, or you may expect something else—and be surprised.

I am informed by reliable observers that all the star lines of the stage version—the best quips in dialect and brogue—remain as subtitles. Thus you will find the elder *Levy* writing to inquire if *Abie's* wound in the Argonne is anywhere near the appendix.

Abie's Irish Rose is entertaining and, when Jean Hersholt and Buddy Rogers hold the scene, really moving.

Rosemary (Nancy Carroll) and Abie (Charles Rogers) in the film version of Miss Nichols' play.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohen as played by Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer.

MISS NICHOLS, who has received something like $5,000,000 from the play so far, must get a little chuckle out of Hollywood's worship of *Abie*. Once Miss Nichols played in films and she knows the other side of Hollywood.

Back in 1909 she was an unknown trying to get a chance. For some five years she played minor rôles in Western melodramas, principally at the old Vitagraph studios. Such players as William Desmond and "Sunshine Mary" Anderson were the stars.

Miss Nichols' rôles were so tiny that an examination of the records of that day fails to disclose her name. And Miss Nichols, for all her five millions, does not care to recall those days of struggle. Still, she has the laugh on Hollywood.

Do you know that—

Thirty-six movie companies announce 729 features for the coming season? . . . Audiences will be lucky if fifty have outstanding merit? . . . Lillian Gish is going to make The Miracle abroad next fall? . . . We are to have rival productions of La Tosca, with Billie Dove in one and Dolores Del Rio in the other?

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

One of the most famous figures of the Films is going to Surprise you!

For years you've known him as the screen's great Master of Comedy . . . Now you'll discover him as a Master of Romance as well!

For suddenly, after one year behind closed studio gates, MACK SENNETT has come out of Hollywood with a sensational screen creation to rank beside the storied spectacles of the past!

9 full reels of astonishing romance and drama in the story of a Golden Girl, a Boy who turned Yellow in the supreme test, and how she went through hell to make a Man of him.

You'll find thrills and laughs in every foot of this "Picture with the Haunting Memory"!

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—you'll see 3 New Star Finds in "The Good-bye Kiss"—
JOHNNY BURKE★ SALLY EILERS★ MATTY KEMP

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

First National Pictures

"What have I done?"

NO LONGER have they anything in common. He takes little interest in his home, or in her.

Her listlessness, her lack of vivacity have gradually taken the joy out of their marriage. She doesn't know what has caused it. Neither does he.

Very often that loss of energy and vitality during the years following marriage is the wife's own fault. And the pity of it is, in this enlightened day, the remedy is so simple, in a great many cases—sane habits of living plus the *correct* practice of feminine hygiene.

Do you know the facts about this vital subject?

Feminine hygiene incorrectly practiced—or the use of the wrong disinfectant—may have irreparable consequences.

Realizing this, the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you, free, a little book which tells the truth frankly, simply, explicitly, about this modern health safeguard which science has brought to women. Send the coupon below. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

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DOPE

Picking The Baseball Pennant Winners for 1928

By HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE St. Louis Cardinals, coming back gallantly to recover their honors, will meet the unbroken New York Yankees in the World's Series this fall.

The dope, in spite of high hopes in three other cities, indicates that the Yankees will win the American League championship again, after a much harder fight than they had last year, beating out Washington and the slowed-up Athletics through sheer hitting power.

In spite of the fact that the majority of the experts (misled to some extent by the false value of the Pirate attack) pick Pittsburgh to win the National League championship, a study of the comparative strengths of teams reveals the fact that the Cardinals have the strongest, best balanced, and most resourceful team, and that the Pirates must fight to the finish to stave off the Chicago Cubs and possibly the New York Giants in the final rush for the pennant.

Yanks and Cardinals to Win! Here's How Hugh Dopes Them:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	*Defensive*	*Total*
New York	6922	4790	11,712
Washington	6843	4712	11,555
Philadelphia	6807	4690	11,497
Detroit	6821	4585	11,406
Chicago	6682	4622	11,304
Cleveland	6591	4560	11,151
Boston	6624	4488	11,112
St. Louis	6514	4407	10,921

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	*Defensive*	*Total*
St. Louis	6775	4781	11,556
Pittsburgh	6824	4663	11,487
Chicago	6788	4580	11,368
New York	6724	4511	11,235
Cincinnati	6612	4523	11,135
Boston	6694	4431	11,125
Brooklyn	6427	4578	11,005
Philadelphia	6404	4312	10,716

P. & A. photo
Rabbit Maranville of the Cardinals.

International photo
Grover Alexander, St. Louis Cardinal pitching ace.

The dope already has been vindicated to some extent by the early showing of the teams. This, of course, counts little, since no team plays at its real gait or reveals its true form during the first six weeks of any season.

The first fortnight of the pennant races this year, however, showed that, while the Yankees have flaws in their armor, they still pack the big punch; that the Athletics, upon whom Connie Mack bases what is perhaps his last hope of recovering the long lost championship, are too slow and too weak in throwing to win a championship. No team that permits opponents to take an extra base on every long hit can win.

Henry Johnson, New York Yankees.

Babe Ruth, the New York Yankee home-run king.

International photos

Washington does not seem to have advanced far enough to overcome the hitting power of the Yankees, although it will push the race hard in spots. The team promises to fade away late in the season, while the Athletics during August and September, when the aged muscles of Cobb, Speaker, and Collins loosen up, probably will be the best team in the circuit.

The National League race will be hotly contested all the way, with four and perhaps five clubs battling for the advantage, and while St. Louis has the best team, a combination of circumstances, such as those of last year, might return either the Pirates or the Cubs winners—or if the Giants should escape entirely from accidents, and if their box-office star, Cohen, should be the miracle they think he will be, they might come through in spite of a slender first-line defense and a rickety line-up.

The big hope of the American League was that some team might develop power enough to check the Yankees. The erratic and weak showing of Huggins' men during the spring training increased this hope, but the moment the season started they returned to their battering tactics.

Last season they won by whipping the Athletics to a standstill before Mack's aged stars loosened up, and they started the same way this year, rushing the attack, only to meet stiffer opposition and defeat by Mack's left-handers.

There are just two chances for any team to beat out Huggins' aggregation: first, that Ruth should be incapacitated for a long time; second, that the left-handed pitchers of opposing teams stop their slugging.

ONE thing is plainly revealed. That is, that the Yankees will not win within twelve games of as many as they did last season. They will not win twenty-one straight games from the Browns, nor will they trounce the Red Sox as they did.

It is doubtful whether they will win as many games from any team in the circuit as they did last season, for the simple reason that Detroit, the Red Sox, Washington, and the Browns have strengthened, Cleveland is the same, and Chicago almost the same, with one weak spot braced.

It is maddening to the other teams to know that the Yankees are not a hard team to beat,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOPE
Continued from page forty-one]

and then to be unable to beat them, yet such is the case.

The dope in the National League indicates a much closer and more interesting race. The Cardinals—starting in fine condition, with even the aged Alexander in midseason form, a strengthened pitching staff, a new manager, the cripples, especially Thevenow, in shape, with the infield re-enforced by Walter (Rabbit) Maranville—promise to recover the honors luck and Pittsburgh filched from them last season.

Pittsburgh has lost figure strength, its chief weakness being in pitching and an erratic catching staff, and even this early in the season the Cubs have discovered the flaw in their own line-up—losing two easy games at second base right at the start. Nor is Pittsburgh, in spite of the ballyhoo, wildly enthusiastic over Sparky Adams, as it was before the season opened.

This dope is surprising in some respects, especially as it affects the winners. Most of us are inclined to award the American League pennant to New York without going further, on the basis that any team that can romp through a season, winning by nineteen games, and then make a good club like Pittsburgh ridiculous in the World's Series, is too strong to be beaten.

But the dope, which is nothing but a mathematical analysis of the players and the teams, indicates unsuspected weaknesses in Huggins' team that have been covered up by their powerful hitting.

THE difference between systems of doping baseball consists chiefly in valuation of individual players. In this calculation I do not proceed in that manner. It is elemental to say that Dazzy Vance would not be so valuable to Brooklyn as an outfielder or third baseman as he is as a pitcher, yet that is the way the majority of fans and some experts calculate the strength of teams.

They overlook entirely the fact that each position on the field has its value as well as each individual, and we have a further careless custom of figuring the strength of men who will be on the bench half the time as against that of players who are in 154 games a season.

My system, which has been tried out for twenty-five years, is to figure the individual strength of each player in attack; that is, on his hitting, his ability to wait, to outguess pitchers, to run, to slide, and to take advantage of opportunities (which we call "smartness"). Then figure his individual strength *in his position*.

To do this I have calculated the relative values of each position, the calculations being based upon number of chances. It is plain that a man who has three chances a game is not so essential in defensive work as is one who averages ten.

Therefore the pitcher is figured as 36 per cent of the total defensive value of a team, the catcher as 18, first baseman (roughly) 8, second baseman and shortstop 9, and so around the field. Then, if we figure the average pitcher as 36, we can grade Vance close to 58, and so on, and in that way estimate very closely the defensive worth of any team.

Further, even in attack the value of an individual may not be entirely dependent upon his own ability to hit, run, and wait. His position in the batting order may add to or detract from his worth to the whole organization.

AFTER arriving at the total value of each player in his position I add up teams and find what the total team value is—in its league. A team may have a figure value of 12,000 in its own league, that would not be figured above 10,200 in another league where, perhaps, its batters would not be so strong against pitchers.

So this study is in no way a comparison of the strengths of the National and American leagues, even though, roughly, the figures indicate that the American League is stronger in attack and the National considerably stronger in defense.

This piecemeal analysis of players and position strengths often shows the vital defects in a team which are unsuspected in a general survey. For instance, a team may have a weak outfielder who can hit, or a weak third baseman above the average of batters, and get away with it, whereas if the weak man were at second or short the flaw would be fatal to pennant hopes.

In fact, the history of baseball does not reveal one case of any team ever winning a championship unless it possessed during the greater part of the season a fast working pair around second base.

The astonishing weakness—or alleged weakness—of the Yankees during their spring training is not, in fact, proof that they are much weaker than they were last year. In fact, they played better and "tighter" baseball, while losing persistently, during the spring training than they did at several stages of last year's race.

One does not notice the flaws in a team when it wins. And in studying the Yankees you must remember that, while the team scored more runs last season than any other team, its opponents also scored a near record number of runs against it, and that in spite of the best pitching Huggins ever got out of a staff.

The Yankees, to be frank, are an overestimated ball club in some respects, in spite of their hitting. Any time a pitcher can check their terrific batting attack they look like a bad ball club. Huggins knows this, and he has proved his wisdom and foresight by buying for future use two of the most promising of minor-league players, getting his replacements a year ahead of time.

The team is extraordinarily weak in the catching department; and the pitching staff, even with Shocker returning, leaves much to be desired. It is not to be expected that Shocker will be in shape to pitch winning ball or to relieve the strain on the other veterans before June, because of his late start. Among the youngsters, Henry Johnson shows much promise, and Pipgras is developing into a star and the main dependence of the team.

The ancient and honorable Stan Coveleskie, making heroic efforts to come back, will be useful, especially in the later season; and the bigger problem is whether Moore can pitch a full game as well as he can pitch as a rescuer.

The infield, when not dazzling the fans by its hitting, does not analyze as a strong one. Gehrig, if he is not hitting terrifically, is just a first baseman. He has improved considerably in defense, but if it were not for his hitting power he would hardly be a major-league player. Lazzeri is a great ball player, with few weaknesses. Koenig is a just above average shortstop, and Dugan is slipping. The third-base side of the infield does not seem strong, although Robertson may help Dugan out and give him frequent rests.

Last year the Yankees had practically no injuries during the season; but already this spring Lazzeri and Koenig have been crippled, and neither was in top shape to start the season, yet they had young Durocher from Hartford, who filled the gap so well Lazzeri was hardly missed.

The Yankees are off to almost as good a start as they were last season, but their path is not likely to be nearly so easy, for then they beat off the two strong teams almost before the season was well under way. They had the luck last season to meet the Athletics frequently during the first six weeks, when Mack did not have a pitcher in shape, and, by winning nine of the first eleven games from them, to wreck their chances.

The only two times during the season when they threatened to slip, the Athletics skidded faster than they did, and as a result the Yankees never were under pressure.

WHAT they will do if hard pressed and with their pitchers forced to work their best at all times, is different, as already has been demonstrated.

The Yankees, of course, possess so much hitting power they are not at all likely to drop out of the race, unless Ruth has ill luck in injuries. The entire team is built around Ruth. He is the source of their confidence and inspiration.

The Yankees started hitting the moment the

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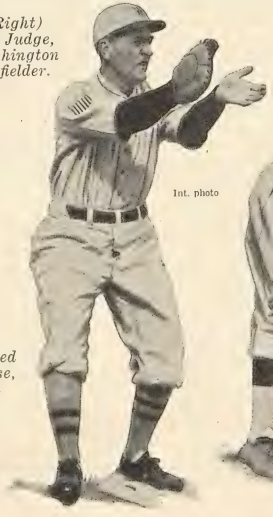
(Left) Fred Frankhouse, Cardinal pitcher.



(Right) Joe Judge, Washington infielder.

Int. photo

Joe Hassler, Philadelphia Athletics.

International photo

Luke Sewell, Cleveland Indians.

International photo

(Right) Ted Lyons, White Sox pitcher.

International photo

eason started, and assaulted the Athletic pitchers vith much vim. I watched those games, and almost anyone would have hit the kind of pitching ffered against them, the showing of Rommel and rove in the opening being especially disappointng, although Grove redeemed himself in his second attempt.

THE showing of the Athletics thus far is keenly disappointing to us veterans who know this is Mack's last real chance for the championship. He has abandoned the effort to build a team of youngsters and tried to re-enforce them in spots by inserting great veterans. It looks as if he waited two years too long; that is, that Cobb, Speaker, and Collins have gone back so far it is doubtful that, even with their hitting ability and their brains, they are better than the youngsters would be.

His young re-enforcements are especially strong. He has Haas and Hassler, and Hauser at first base started the season as a leading home-run hitter.

The study of the Athletics shows the weak spots. In one game against the Yankees—the second of the season—New York took five extra bases on long hits. Every normal two bagger was a triple; every normal triple was a home run. Two drives which, four years ago, Speaker would have captured, went past him yards away.

He was so slow getting to the ball and getting it back to the infield, the Yankees rampaged around the bases without fear of being caught. Cobb was almost as slow. It required three and sometimes four throws to get the ball back from the fence to the plate. Added to that, Boley's throws lacked speed and zip.

Part of this lack of speed of arm and leg is due to age and wear, but the Athletics again demonstrated the idiocy of training a team in the South and bringing it North into cold, wet weather on March 31, especially a team with five old-timers in it.

Last season the Athletics were not in shape to play real baseball until June 20. They will be a great team during August and September, but by that time they will be fighting for position honors rather than the championship.

The issue is largely up to the pitchers. If they can hold the Athletics within striking distance of the Yankees until the old legs and arms thaw out, Philadelphia has a fighting chance—nothing more. Grove, in spite of his wretched showing at the start of the season, has developed a curve. Orwoll, who can pitch, play infield or outfield, and hit, looks good. Rommel seems to have nothing on his curve thus far, but to offset that Rube Walberg is showing fine form and good control.

Washington has the runner-up chance of beating both of these teams out, even though the figure strength of the Senators is not equal to that of the Yankees. Harris slipped as a manager last year and the year before, lost some of his inspired leadership, and the team suffered from that as well as from inherent weaknesses.

This season Harris (I have this on the authority of players who criticized him last year) is reported back in the harness and in the hearts of his players. The team is strengthened and, in one respect, is better constructed than some of the others.

Griffith has a great belief in left-handed pitching and evidently is planning to left-hand some of the strong clubs into submission. There is only one club in the league—and that the lowly Red Sox—that is especially dangerous against left-handers.

Both the Yankees and Athletics lose much of their punch when a good left-hander is working against them; and, oddly enough, only three clubs—Philadelphia, Washington, and Cleveland—are loaded up to attack the weaknesses of the others, although others have capable left-handers, but not many of them. The Yankees have only Pennock, a great pitcher; but he is not strong enough to work often in a season, although he already has shown himself in fine condition. The Browns have only Stewart, a fast former collegian.

WASHINGTON'S chances depend largely upon whether their left-handed pitchers hold up, and upon Marberry, whose speed rivals that which Walter Johnson once possessed. Marberry has been purely a relief pitcher and is trying to pitch full games this year. The team itself appears well built, even though experimenting at short and in one outfield position is risky. West and Gillis have shown well at the start, and Foster Ganzel is full of promise. The big promise is Joe Judge. The fact that Sisler joined the team brought Judge back with a jump, and Washington is sure well supplied with first basemen.

The Tigers are the only upsetting possibility in the American League dope. Anything is possible to that team. Moriarty has constructed cleverly and has made one of the best balanced teams in the circuit. His trades did not look good on the surface, but were sound.

He evidently sought to eliminate discord and get unity, and the reporters with the team say he has it. His shift of McManus to third was drastic, but it may be inspired. McManus should have been a great ball player long ago, but did not fulfill his promises at St. Louis.

The chief trouble with the Tigers is in pitching. Carroll may develop into a great star. He has improved steadily since leaving college and he had everything in Holy Cross excepting experience. Neun is one of the most versatile of first basemen and Gehringer at second is a corking man. The infield is sound, the outfield above average, the catching average for the league, and the pitching steady although not strong.

The team was in as good condition at the start as any in the circuit, yet got away poorly. It may press the leaders during a part of the summer anyhow.

Chicago has not improved greatly. Cissell, the expensive shortstop, is doped by the scouts and experts not to hit much, but he started with a rush which, if he can maintain it after the pitchers settle down, will keep the Sox well up.

The team was handicapped at the start by injuries, especially by the fact that Schalk's arms went bad, and, for the first time in a couple of generations, "Cracker" was unable to open the Sox' season behind the bat.

The need of Schalk, who is one of the best directing catchers, is great. His handling has made the White Sox pitchers great for many years, and his personal leadership has been the inspiring force of the team. He has developed Moe Berg, the former Princeton infielder, into a capable and hard hitting catcher.

One of the three left-handed pitchers must be developed into a steady winner to make the White Sox formidable. Al Thomas is a star, as is Lyons. The White Sox, ever since their invasion of Chicago, have been noted for strong pitching, tight defense, and (with the exception of the Black Sox era) lack of punch.

The theory of Comiskey's construction of teams is that pitchers and catchers are the backbone of any team. His pitching staff is strong and well balanced. His infield is improving if Cissell makes good as he promises to do. The outfield is mediocre, and the team lacks the punch of the Yankees, Washington, Philadelphia, and Detroit. It figures to have slight chance of getting either above or below fifth place.

IN figure dope the remaining three teams of the league rate so closely together that a break of luck against one another might upset all their standings. Cleveland presents about the same team as usual. Evans' efforts to trade met with failure. His pitchers, especially the left-handers, may hold the team up for a time. The Sewells and Jamieson will have to do most of the hitting. The infield is fairly strong, the outfield wabbly. Uhle, the pitching ace, should have more support from the others this year, especially from Levson.

The early season victories of Cleveland over Detroit and Chicago were due largely to Billy Evans' knowledge of pitchers and batters and to the lack of condition of opposing pitchers. Evans'

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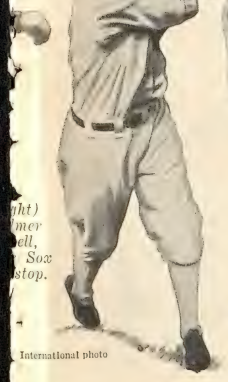
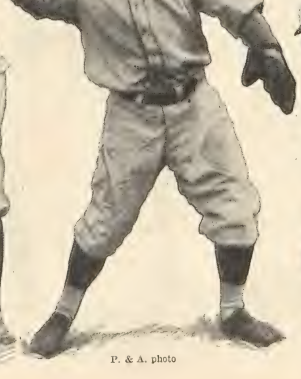


(ht) mer ell, Sox stop.

International photo

Charles Jamieson, Cleveland Indians.

International photo

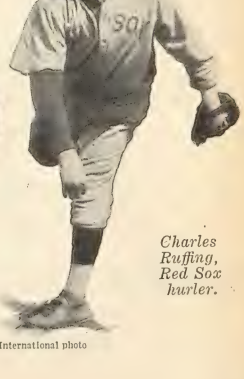


(Left) Sparky Adams, Pittsburgh infielder.

P. & A. photo

(Below) Brannon, St. Louis Browns.

P. & A. photo



Charles Ruffing, Red Sox hurler.

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[DOPE Continued from page forty-three]

long service as an umpire has given him valuable experience.

While the Indians do not threaten to get far themselves, they are armed to spoil the calculations of some of the stronger clubs. They are all loaded up with left-handers, and Evans will use them against the three strong Eastern clubs to the detriment of their pennant chances.

CLEVELAND, under the new management, should win as many games as it did last season. There have been rumors of dissension in the team already, but since they come from interested sources they should be discounted. The team showed tremendous spirit at the start.

However, it will need a lot of luck and its best pitching to keep ahead of the Browns and the Red Sox. Both of those teams are stronger and will win more games than they did last year. The only way one can figure the Browns out of last place is to calculate that baseball is faster in Texas and Oklahoma than it is in the major leagues. Undoubtedly Howley has dug up two very promising youngsters in Kress and Brannon; but to win in the American League with a number of experiments is not in order.

The Browns are strong in right-handed pitchers, but without a single sure winner, except possibly Sammy Gray. They have but one left-hander, and he is not particularly reliable. The team got away in good shape and caught Detroit pitchers out of form, which helped them pick up games that will be needed to keep out of last place later.

The Red Sox are stronger, but not strong. They figure about eight games better on mechanical strength than they were last season. The main addition to their strength is that Bill Carrigan has had a year of experience. Last season Carrigan showed how far a manager may go back when he gets out of focus.

When he retired he was regarded as one of the keenest judges of players and batters. Returning after a decade, he found everything changed. But before the end of the season Carrigan had relearned, and one day he jacked up a loafing bunch of athletes, commenced to drive them in his old manner, and began to win.

Carrigan is a great handler of men. He has assembled a fair aggregation and will put up a hard fight to stay out of last place. Should Harriss and Ruffing pitch as they are capable of doing, and Morris continue to come through, it will be a tough team to beat, especially when pitted against left-handers.

The prospects in the National League are for a long, hard fight, with no team pulling far ahead until late August. The Cardinals should show the way, with the Cubs and Pirates fighting them, New York going strong part of the time, Cincinnati spurting when its pitchers work well, Brooklyn upsetting the hopes of the leaders because of powerful pitching, and the Boston Braves likely to smash out a victory at any time.

ST. LOUIS, in spite of the prophecies of the majority of fans, presents the strongest team in the circuit. The pitching staff is the best balanced of them all with Alexander, Haines, and Sherdel in shape.

The infield is fast and strongly re-enforced now, and the outfield fair, with a lot of speed, and it is mobile. The holdout of Rhem was unfortunate, but he has agreed to behave, and when in proper shape will add much to the defensive strength.

O'Farrell, a star catcher, was traded to the Giants for George Harper, an outfielder, and St. Louis obtained Jimmy Wilson, an expert Philly catcher, for a bunch of minor leaguers.

There is one element of the situation that seems generally overlooked. That is that McKechnie knows the Pirates and knows how to beat them. The opening series was a triumph for the Cardinals, and, even allowing that the Pirates

(Left) Bob O'Farrell, Giant catcher.

Joe Hauser, Athletic home-run star.

Hack Wilson, Chicago Cubs.

International photos

were not in their best condition, St. Louis showed better baseball.

The Cardinal machine is more carefully constructed this season than ever before. Last season the team lost because of Thevenow's trick leg. The broken leg seems in shape again, but McKechnie is taking no chances. He secured Rabbit Maranville for the post in case Thevenow's bad leg gives trouble.

Maranville, despite his failures and failings, still is one of the greatest of ball players, a fighting, inspiring leader, and a great influence, either for good or for bad, on a team.

He likes the bunch, and when he likes a bunch—well, there is no better player. Holm, who replaced Lester Bell at third, also is an improvement.

The pitching staff, with this Frankhouse boy going as he is and was last fall, and with Alex teaching the other youngsters, outranks any in the league, even that of the Cubs.

PITTSBURGH has the same team, plus Sparky Adams, for whom it traded Kiki Cuyler. Since Cuyler was no good to Pittsburgh, Adams is clear gain—if he can play second. He is better than any the team had last year, but not a great infielder.

The Pirates were a lucky team last year. They won the pennant because of the breaks and the astounding hitting of the Waner boys. The collapse of the Cubs, the bad breaks for the Cardinals, and the slips of the Giants in the last ten days conspired to force the championship on Pittsburgh.

This year the Pirates figure second and will need a lot of luck to beat out the Cubs. The team's big flaw is in pitching. Every pitcher on the staff, excepting Carmen Hill and the newly acquired Burleigh Grimes, pitches the same style of baseball. The team is wabbly in one outfield position and erratic in catching.

The attacking power of the Pirates will not be so strong this season. Their poor showing in the opening weeks was largely due to lack of condition, for the team met the fate of the average team that tries to train in California and then moves East.

Once in a decade or two a team gets away with it, but Pittsburgh had hard luck with weather on the coast and never got right. The terrific drubbing the Cubs gave them in training was sure to have a bad effect on their morale and a good one on that of the Chicago team.

THERE is another loss of power that is unsuspected by many unless they study the player. You can put it down in the book that Lloyd Waner never will be the hitter he seemed to be last season. He has speed, cleverness, and all that, and ought to hit well—but nothing like he did. He is not a natural hitter as his brother Paul is. Paul should improve or do as well, because he has a natural stance and swing, but when the pitchers get wise Lloyd will be checked up and forced to use his speed to make hits rather than his ability to bat.

The infield is strong, save at second base. Adams, despite the ballyhoo in Pittsburgh, is not a great second baseman. At that, he is an improvement over last year. The team will be up there fighting until the break, but should not outlast St. Louis, even though it may beat out the Cubs.

The Cub team is a hustling, fighting aggregation, always forcing the advantage, and the added punch of Cuyler makes it dangerous. It is likely to have brilliant streaks of winning, when the strong pitching staff is going right, and terrible slumps. Hartnett ranks with O'Farrell as the best catcher in the league—a league remarkable for its rotten catchers—and old Mike Gonzales, in spite of his years, is smart.

The pitching staff is very strong, and the acquisition of Art Nehf was little less than an inspiration. Nehf never was strong, or able to work often and be at his best. His arm failed. If the arm is back in shape, and Nehf can work once a week against the teams that can-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

(Left) Lefty O'Doul, New York Giants.

P. & A. photo

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Dazzy Vance, Brooklyn ace.

Andy Cohen, New York Giants.

International photo

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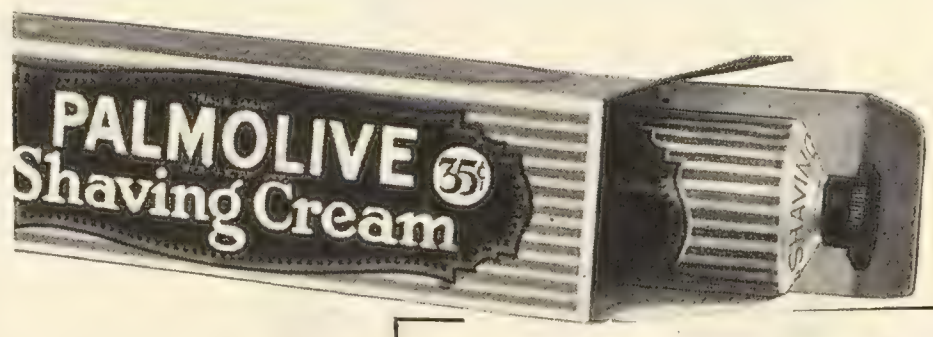

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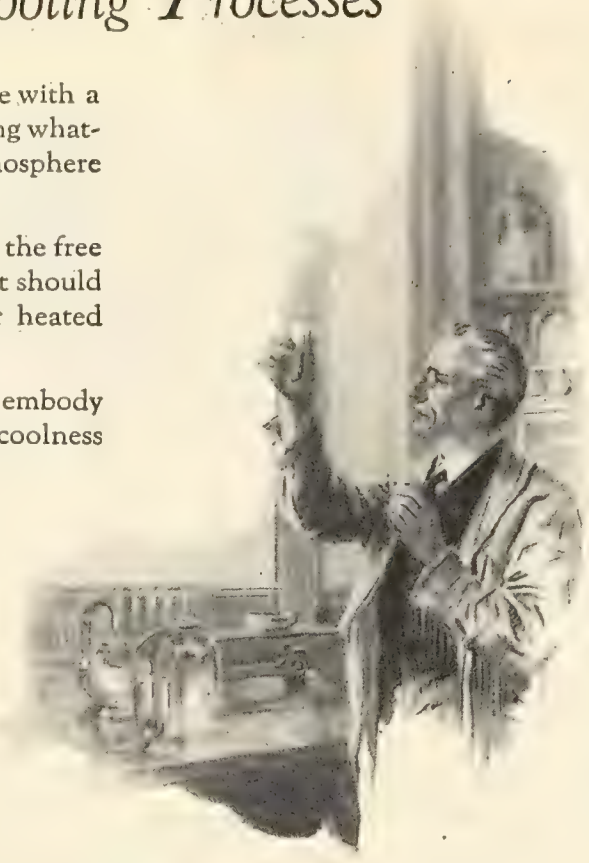

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V. D.' Best!"

[DOPE
Continued from page forty-five]

not hit left-handers, he is a tremendous asset.

The infield is strong, save at second. Before the season opened the Cubs found there was a bad speck there, although Maguire undoubtedly can hit. Many games will leak through that hole unless it can be patched. The outfield is extremely strong in attack, and on that bandbox park the combination of Cuyler, Webb, Stephenson, Heathcote, and Wilson will bang many a home run.

The Cubs are a team practically certain to run one, two, three, with the chances favoring three unless McCarthy can get four pitchers in top form and keep rotating them without change.

The Giants this year furnish one of the puzzles of baseball. On paper the team is a rickety, uncertain, and fearfully constructed aggregation, yet it got away to a great start, against weaker teams it is true, but, still, those games count.

THE big problem of the team is Cohen, the early season sensation and the best box-office attraction, excepting Ruth and Gehrig, in the country.

Cohen was a great college player and a fair man in the Texas, where he was counted a good fielder and hitter.

The Giants have been trying for years to find a Jewish star, since a great part of their patronage is Jewish, and they grabbed Cohen. He seemed a good fielder in training, but not a good hitter. He did not stand or swing at a ball like a natural batter. When the season started he commenced to hit like a fiend and field in mediocre manner. New York, of course, went wild over him, which puts McGraw in a bad position.

So enthusiastic are the Giant patrons that if Cohen hits a ball straight to an infielder the fans leap up and yell, "Base hit! Base hit!" If he fumbles an easy bounder they scream "Base hit!" even more loudly.

The boy will not hit much after the pitching gets good, but he should steady in fielding. McGraw always has depended upon a strong, fast working combination around second base as the basis of his defense. Jackson is very fast, and Cohen will need his speed to hold the pace. Even if he hits below .270 he will hold on. But McGraw would be embarrassed if forced to take him out.

The patrons, having made a hero of Cohen, would resent it bitterly. I have seen so many promising youngsters ruined by the silly hero worship of New Yorkers as to be cynical regarding anyone who is ballyhooed for box-office reasons.

The infield—intact and with Cohen holding the early season pace—figures well, but it is a series of interrogation marks. Terry, at first, is a fair man, a good hitter, and dependable. Cohen is a problem. Jackson at his top form is the second best shortstop in the circuit, and Lindstrom a great third baseman. But Jackson is fragile and has a bad leg, and Lindstrom has a weak back.

What would happen if Cohen flopped unexpectedly, Jackson's leg gave way, and Lindstrom's back cracked all at once? For replacements the Giants have Reese, from Tupelo, Mississippi, and Ott, a free agent—an outfielder transformed into a fair infielder who sure can hit. Or they might recall Lai, the Chinese boy.

MCGRAW'S hopes are pinned upon fragile material. The outfield is fair.

Roush is a great hitter, a good thrower, and usually a bad team ball player because of temperament. This season, for the first time in his career, he trained properly and was in condition for the good start he got.

Lefty O'Doul was a pitcher. When he was pitching everyone said he would make a great outfielder because of his hitting. Now they say he can hit. Harper filled the other hole until traded for O'Farrell of St. Louis and Ott and Jahn now replace him.

International photo
Carl Mays, Cincinnati hurler.

International photo
Paul Waner, Pittsburgh Pirates.

International photo
Lloyd Waner, also of the Pirates.

International photo
Maurice L. Burrus, Boston Braves.

The catching department is some better because of the trade for Hogan, a fat comedian who might be a competent catcher if he took off flesh and cut some comedy, which he probably will do under McGraw. He is a good man on a team, and has worked well this spring. The pitching outfit is erratic and not strong.

McGraw banked upon Vic Aldridge, who first refused to play anywhere excepting in the West and was a month late in reporting.

The suspension of Aldridge did not tend to make him valuable to the team. McGraw's reliable pitching department was reduced to Fitzsimmons, Barnes, and Benton, with some promising recruits. McGraw seldom forgives, and even if all is forgiven, Aldridge has a late start.

If McGraw can win with that outfit he is the world's champion manager.

The team figures fourth and will need luck to land there.

Cincinnati presents almost as weird an array and must depend upon the ability of its pitchers to stick up close to the pace. The pitching staff is short handed but able, and the late reporting of Pete Donohue hurt the team's prospects.

Even should Pete get into condition quickly, he will be late to help the team much, and the strain upon Lucas, Luque, and Mays will be heavy until he is ready. Donohue's arm has been bad part of each season for years, so a late start does not aid his chances, although he may be at his best when he is needed more, late in the season.

HENDRICKS is a smart manager who knows how to handle pitchers and how to use left-handers, especially the veteran Rixey and May, against certain teams.

The infield is fair. Critz is a brilliant player; George Kelly, who alternates with Pipp on first, has made a strong comeback; Dressen and Ford are acceptable. The outfield is fair. The catching is above the average of the league when Hargrave works.

The outlook for the Reds is not so good, in spite of the fact that the feeling in the team is better than in years and the discontent over the management is eliminated. McDiarmid, a great pitcher in his youth, a man of high caliber, is at the head of things instead of the old politics-ridden bunch, and the fans are more friendly.

THE revived Braves promise to make the race more interesting. The acquisition of Hornsby, the readjustment of the infield, and a new manager give them ambition and much more attacking power. Last season the team lost eighteen games through lack of vital punch at the right time.

Unfortunately, the schedule and the breaks both were unfavorable for the remade team at the start this year. Slattery, however, has the team working and hustling. He was a catcher who was regarded as one of the best judges of pitchers, and at Harvard he learned to handle men. He has a very fair infield, with a lot of punch, a just below average outfield, a weak catching staff, with one dependable man in Zack Taylor.

Slattery was rated as a great director and teacher of pitchers; and he has a staff which needs directing. Genewich and Greenfield have great possibilities, and Greenfield has a "slip" ball that is difficult to hit when it is slipping properly.

Cooney, naturally, is one of the best left-handed pitchers in the league, but he is out indefinitely with elbow trouble.

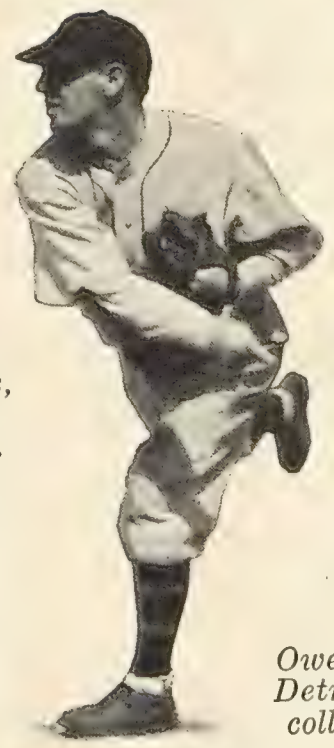
The Braves had a discouraging season last year, but are fighting this season to get somewhere. What Hornsby does will decide the fate of the team. He is not in for an easy season and will be ridden hard wherever he plays.

While his trial on charges of welshing on gambling bets did not help him, there are a lot of sympathizers who realize he was driven out of New York by men who have bet thousands of dollars where he bet nickels on horse races. He will, perforce, lay off betting on races, and Slattery is not the manager to permit one man

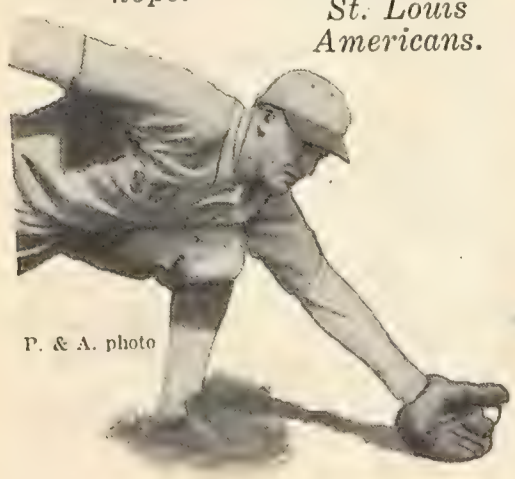
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo
J. Riggs Stephenson, Cub batting hope.

(Left) Ralph Kress, St. Louis Americans.



P. & A. photo
Foster Ganzel, Washington Senators.



P. & A. photo

Owen T. Carroll, Detroit's former college pitcher.

Barbasol *vs.* the Field

Barbasol Skin Freshener
A
Tonic
Stimulant
After Shaving
After Bathing
Any Time
65¢
At All Druggists

—LET YOUR FACE DECIDE

YOU have your shaving hobby. Maybe you've stayed with the same soap or other preparation for years. Pretty hard to get you off it.

Yet you may be missing the shaving bet of your life by not playing BARBASOL. We *know* BARBASOL is *faster, smoother, cleaner, closer.*

Why not match BARBASOL against your pick of the field? All you have to do is

Make This 3-day Test

Use your favorite shaving soap just the way you use it every day—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet)

2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)

3—Shave!

USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

Do this for three successive days, and—

Let Your Face Decide

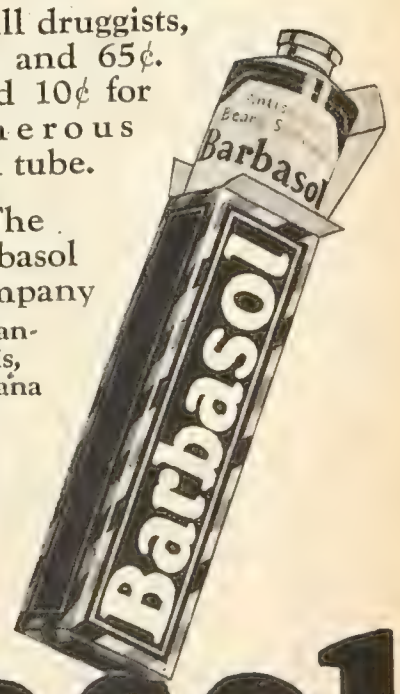
Notice how rough and harsh the soap side is—how the soapy alkali burns and how the razor pulled and the beard fought back!

Feel how silky soft and cool the BARBASOL side is—all pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Your face will tell you that BARBASOL is *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

We know the winner!

At all druggists, 35¢ and 65¢. Send 10¢ for generous trial tube.

The Barbasol Company
Indianapolis, Indiana



Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

When your reputation for smartness hangs on a single garment

beware the cheaper swimming suits!
A Spalding, the finest made,
costs only $5 or $6

A SWIMMING SUIT has to look right, not only to the wearer, but to everyone on the beach—that is, unless the wearer isn't the least bit sensitive.

And a cheap suit *can't* look right. It can't have the cut, or the quality, or the tailoring that make a smart suit smart. It can't afford to have them. But you can. For a genuine Spalding costs only a dollar or two more.

And Spalding gives you the supreme confidence of perfect tailoring—the knowledge that you are wearing a beautifully cut suit. Even the seams are finished with custom care—to avoid that lumpiness so noticeable in cheaply made seams.

Shoulder straps never curl up in a Spalding. Armholes never pucker, or sag. Necks are never cut too high, or trunks too long.

A Spalding fits with true athletic snugness—yet it is so well designed that it gives you perfect freedom in the water. It is knit of double-ply yarn for double strength—the finest wool that can be put into a swimming suit.

A Spalding suit is lively—it leaps back into shape no matter how far you stretch it. And it retains its liveliness, its color, its smartness, no matter if you live in the sun and water all summer long, summer after summer.

So banish the cheaper swimming suits. Go to the nearest Spalding store or dealer—there is one in almost every town—and buy the Spalding Swimming Suit you like best. If you cannot find your dealer, write to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., New York City, for a free folder showing the 1928 models.

. . .

Style Note—Shorter trunks are a special feature of Spalding Swimming Suits. You never have to pull them up. They stay up—where you have always wanted them—on a level with the skirt.

Spalding Swimming Suits

© 1928, A. G. S. & B.

The Surf Queen $6 — *The* Surf King $6 — *The* Deb $5 — *The* Speedster $6 — *The* Southampton $7

[DOPE Continued from page forty-seven]

to disturb his team, even if that man hits a thousand.

Hornsby, when in the mood, is one of the great second basemen of the game and perhaps the best right-handed hitter of the age. He should steady and encourage the infield. Lester Bell, who was driven out of St. Louis more on account of conditions than lack of ability, fills a big gap, Burrus is, or ought to be, a corking first baseman who can hit, and Eddie Farrell is shining at shortstop.

John H. Sand, Philadelphia National club.

THE Braves have plenty of infield material with Moore and Jimmy Cooney around. The team is strengthened by a left-handed pitcher named Ed Brandt from Seattle, whose home was Worcester, Massachusetts, and who is well known to Slattery.

Brooklyn has a hard row to hoe. Robinson has done a fine job in patching up his team with discarded material, and made a great move in getting Dave Bancroft as his field leader. Putting Riconda on second was either an inspiration—or something else. One thing: Robby knows what he is doing. There are more brains in that Brooklyn club than in two ordinary ball clubs, and that includes Robinson, Max Carey, and Dave Bancroft.

The team must depend largely upon its pitchers. The staff is among the best in either league. Somehow the fans think it accidental that Robinson always has a great pitching and catching staff, and forget that the plump old patriarch of the sport makes great pitchers and fine catchers out of material others would give up as hopeless.

In Vance, Petty, and McWeeny he has some of the outstanding pitchers of the country, and if Big Elliott gets control and steadies to the task, he is another Rube Waddell. Besides those, Robby has brought along a young fellow named Clark.

The team doesn't figure high excepting in brains, pitching, and avoirdupois. It could take off a couple of hundred pounds without missing it, but as long as the Dodgers can lick the Giants the Brooklyn fans will be satisfied. The Dodgers will have to battle to climb with the Braves, and, since both teams figure to win more games than they did last season, the leaders must suffer.

International photo

PHILADELPHIA, of course, is doomed to eighth place, in spite of the fact it has some players who belong on championship teams. Thompson is a great player. Sand would fit in well on almost any club.

Whitney is a very promising young player and he hit well against the Athletics in the spring series, clouting both Ehmke and Walberg, but considering the shape they were in at that time, this means little. Their pitching is sad, although Jimmy Ring, who seems to be trying for a job as circus fat man, is making a valiant effort to come back. As a whole, the team would hardly hold its own in a Class AA league.

The figures never lie—true, they may fib a bit. But there is the dope. And, having doped them impartially and with no arithmetical errors, I now intend to assert the inalienable right of all fans to forget the figures and go out and root my head off for Robby in the National and the White Sox in the American, whether they are first or eighth.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-six)

1—What is a chef-d'œuvre?
2—What is the capital of Alaska?
3—Which has the largest capacity, an imperial gallon or a United States gallon?
4—What is the purpose of galvanizing iron?
5—What stories introduce the character *Terence Mulvaney?*
6—What is a parvenu?
7—What is another name for checkers?
8—What are members of the Society of Friends usually called?
9—What kind of a creature is a flying fox?
10—Who was the muse of epic poetry in classical mythology?
11—What are the three principal divisions of the national government?
12—What is the nickname for Indiana?
13—Where is Cape Hatteras?
14—What is common to all of the following names: Dorking, Andalusian, Hamburg, Orpington?
15—What is a system of mnemonics?
16—What American soldier was called Light-Horse Harry?
17—What is a major tenace in the game of bridge?
18—What is Braille?
19—Where is the island of Zanzibar?
20—Who was Sappho?

Show Girl

An Angel Rushes in to Dixie's Aid

By J. P. McEvoy

I'M just an old-fashioned fool of a girl, big boy, and when I sell out, it will be for value received in the gold bonds of matrimony.

Pictures by John H. Striebel

(Reading time: 15 minutes 51 seconds.)

[Who's Who and Why: Dixie Dugan, a little night-club stepper, has just opened in a show written for her by Jimmy Doyle, a reporter, with Jack Milton, a broker in love with Dixie, as the angel. Dixie's sister Nita went to Atlantic City for the opening, and Denny, her old-time sweetie, was there too, at a greeting-card salesmen's convention. The only ones absent were Alvarez Romano, a tango dancer, who once knifed Jack for pawing Dixie, and Sunshine, the new star's girl friend.

Now, after we tell you that Kibbitzer & Eppus are producing the show, you're all ready to read on.]

Part Twelve

Tuesday.

Nita Dear:

Just got back from rehearsal and found your note saying you had to dash back to New York. Just when the baby sister needs you, too, to bounce all her troubles off of. That doesn't sound right, but fifteen minutes a day of good reading will do wonders for me.

Must jump right in the tub and out again, as Jack is taking me to dinner. Had breakfast with Jimmy. He's gone to New York. Tell you all about it later. Seems worried. So does Kibbitzer. So does Eppus. So is your loving sister, Dixie.

24 CN LK 6
RE NEW YORK NY
1120A Oct 3
ABE LIPOWITZ
RITZ HOTEL ATLANTIC CITY
ANY LIFE IN GET YOUR GIRL
TRIANGLE TICKET AGENCY

89 NK BL 2
ATLANTIC CITY 220P Oct 3
TRIANGLE TICKET AGENCY
1444 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY
BLUE BABY ABE

Tuesday Night.

Nita Dear:

Home from theater. Am I dead! Saw Jack for dinner and a few minutes after show tonight. Hinted house was poor and show looks in bad way, but he'll back me to limit if I'm a good girl. And I says, "If I'm not is what you really mean, naughty mans. Good night." And I beat it upstairs. And now for something more important.

The girl Jimmy was with that night at the Paradise is Cora Brewster, daughter of the big gazook who owns the *Evening Tab*, on which Jimmy works. I asked him if that was any reason why he had to sit and look at her all night like a dying duck in a thunderstorm. And he said he was only a wage slave in a gilded cage and had to do what he was told.

"I thought you were your own boss," I said.

"No," he says. "I'm just one of the poor girls in Mme. Brewster's house, all dressed up in the yellow kimono of tabloid journalism, tapping on the window to attract customers, and living only in hopes of making enough money so I can get out some day and have a house of my own."

"And where does Cora fit into this scheme?" I says.

"She's just a friend," says Jimmy. "That is, she's been nice to me because I've been helping her a little bit."

"Yeh," says I.

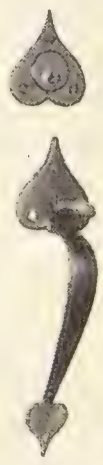
"It's like this," says Jimmy. "She's got a bug to write, so her father's been letting her play pussy wants a corner down in the office with the telephone and typewriters, and I've been showing her how to dial numbers and make her adjectives come out even.

"So when she happened to be here for the opening of my show, and wanted to go, I couldn't very well refuse to take her, could I? Besides, her father isn't going to get mad at me for being nice to her, and as long as I have to work for her father, I'd rather be friends with him. And, besides all that, it's nice to be nice to a nice girl. I'm nice to you, don't you think?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A heritage *from the* past

AMONG the finest and most modern homes you will notice a surprisingly large number trimmed with forged iron hardware. Appreciation of its sincerity seems to continue as a heritage from the past. Forged Iron Hardware by McKinney has given a tremendous impetus to its use. *Its marvelous texture, its authentic designs, its quick availability and the remarkably reasonable prices make a universal appeal.* Even smaller houses can use it, at least for the entrance door trim. It is no longer necessary to use commonplace, uninspired hardware. When once you have seen it you will realize just how much it can add of beauty to your house. McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.



McKINNEY FORGED IRON HARDWARE

Forge Division,
McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me, without obligation, the items I have checked:—
☐ Folio on Lanterns
☐ Brochure on Forged Iron Hardware

Name .....

Address L6-16-28

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from page forty-nine]

"You don't have to be, if it's an effort," says I.

"It's no effort," he says to me. "Of all the nice girls I know you're easily the nicest."

Well, that built me right up. And though it was only bacon I was eating, it tasted like bees' knees in butter.

He dashed for the train right after that, and I floated into rehearsal full of what those perfume ads call pshaw de veev. You know: like Douglas Fairbanks—all over the place. More later.

DIXIE.

APOLLO THEATER
Get Your Girl Company

Receipts
Monday Night
$1,425.00

Comments
HOUSE MANAGER: Too warm all afternoon for window sale.

COMPANY MANAGER: What could you expect with such bum advance publicity? But tomorrow will tell the story.

Receipts
Tuesday Night.$914.00

We have big beautiful knives, and every time I stab I think of you.

Comments
HOUSE MANAGER: If you'd been ready to give a show last night you wouldn't be off tonight.

COMPANY MANAGER: Too cool, anyway. But tomorrow mat will tell the story.

Receipts
Wednesday Matinée.....$317.00

Comments
HOUSE MANAGER: Matinées are always bad here. They're all on the beach.

COMPANY MANAGER: We really don't care about the matinée, anyway. It's just like a dress rehearsal. But tonight will tell the story. How's the advance?

HOUSE MANAGER: There ought to be a good window sale before the curtain, if it isn't too cool.

Receipts
Wednesday Night.....$652.00

Comments
HOUSE MANAGER: It's a good sign when it starts off slow.

COMPANY MANAGER: The house was dark last week, so they're out of the habit. But tomorrow will tell.

24 CM RH 13
TX ATLANTIC CITY 1110A Oct6
JAMES DOYLE
NEW YORK EVENING TAB
NY CITY
ITS A BUST STOP CLOSING SHOW SATURDAY STOP ITS ALL YOUR FAULT TOO
KIBBITZER AND EPPUS

CM NA RD 7
TL NEW YORK CITY 1 P Oct 6
JOHN BREWSTER
HOTEL RITZMORE
LOS ANGELES CAL
NEED FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS QUICK STOP LOVE
CORA

LQ CK 3
PD LOS ANGELES CAL
1130 A Oct 6
CORA BREWSTER
NEW YORK EVENING TAB
NY CITY
WHY STOP KISSES DAD

27 CL KD 30
MP NEW YORK CITY
440 P Oct 6
JOHN BREWSTER
HOTEL RITZMORE
LOS ANGELES CAL
SHOW WRITTEN BY JIMMY DOYLE NEEDS ONLY LITTLE MONEY TO PUT IT OVER STOP WONDERFUL SHOW STOP GOOD NOTICES STOP CAN BE SAVED STOP PLEASE HELP STOP LOTS OF LOVE
CORA

27 NB CX 14
SL LOS ANGELES CAL
220 P Oct 6
CORA BREWSTER
NEW YORK EVENING TAB
NY CITY
YOU ARE OVERWORKING YOURSELF STOP COME OUT HERE AND REST STOP LOVE AND KISSES
DAD

22 MA VW 14
CV NEW YORK CITY
730 P Oct 7
JOHN BREWSTER
HOTEL RITZMORE
LOS ANGELES CAL
CALLING YOU LONG DISTANCE MIDNIGHT TONIGHT STOP YOURE THE DEAREST DADDY IN THE WORLD
CORA

64 LA NL 59
OM LOS ANGELES CAL
920 A Oct 8
CORA BREWSTER
NEW YORK EVENING TAB
NY CITY
CONFIRMING CONVERSATION LONG DISTANCE LAST NIGHT AM WIRING MY ATTORNEY INSTRUCTIONS FOR BUYING INTEREST IN GET YOUR GIRL AND SAFEGUARDING YOU IN TRANSACTION STOP HE WILL PROCEED TO ATLANTIC CITY WITH MONEY AND MAKE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS IN HIS OWN NAME STOP STILL CONVINCED YOU MUST HAVE FALLEN ON YOUR HEAD OR ARE YOU IN LOVE STOP GO AHEAD DAD

28 RL TK 11
TP NEW YORK CITY 325 P Oct 6
KIBBITZER AND EPPUS
APOLLO THEATER
ATLANTIC CITY
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON STOP HAVE A SCHEME STOP ARRIVING MIDNIGHT
DOYLE

34 PT NB 15
TN NEW YORK CITY 325 P Oct 6
DIXIE DUGAN
APOLLO THEATER
ATLANTIC CITY
DONT WORRY STOP SHOW NOT CLOSING STOP ARRIVING MIDNIGHT STOP RESERVE TWO CHAIRS BREAKFAST CHILDS JIMMY

Friday.

NITA DARLING:
News, news, news. Jimmy is a

producer. Instead of the show closing here tomorrow night, we're laying off next week and rehearsing, and then we come into New York. Pray for us.

Kibbitzer and Eppus are out—right on the fanny, and I don't mean Brice. Jimmy is running the show. He is putting it back just the way it was when he wrote it, and already it's going better. We're rehearsing day and night, and I'm dead on my feet; but Jimmy's heart is so set on putting this first show of his over, I couldn't do less even if I wanted to.

How? When? Where? Who? The answer is. Jimmy found an angel. He won't tell me who. He says he can't. But the angel skidded Kibbitzer and Eppus out into the alley and gave Jimmy full charge. Told me all about it at breakfast after he came back from New York.

Haven't seen much of him since, except running up and down the aisles during rehearsal and barking at everybody. Me too. Maybe his bark is worse than his bite. What? Naughty girl, Nita, thinking such things. *Tch, tch!*

Have you heard anything from Denny? Me neither. I guess he has canceled all my time. I think I'll send him a little motto something like this:

He said he was only a wage slave in a gilded cage and had to do what he was told.

People often drink a lot,
But only when they think a lot,
And that's my trouble, too;
For every drink's a little think,
And every think's of you.

I ought to get something for that, don't you think? The chair, maybe—better known as the hot squat.

News, news, and more news. Dinner with Jack that night. I'm afraid he's disappointed. Been seeing too many movies where, when everything else fails, you get the girl down to Atlantic City and the salt air eats away her iron will and she's just A Piece of Clay in the Hand of the Potter, and Goes Down, Down into the Valley of Shame and Eats the Bitter Bread of Remorse.

I guess he realizes now that's a lot of railroad propaganda to keep the week-end excursions running. I just as much as told him so over our second stein of beer—and good beer, too; I'll take you there if you'll come back.

I says, "Jack, I think you're swell and I like you a lot and I don't know whether you're a bear down in Wall Street or a bull, and I wouldn't know if you told me; but Dixie Preferred is one stock you can't manipulate on a margin, and the mere fact that I may bite you on the ear once in a while when I'm ginny, and think you're someone else, must not confuse a sound business man like you.

"I'm just an old-fashioned fool of a girl, big boy, and when I sell out, it will be for value received, payable in advance in the gold bonds of matrimony. Blue Skies is not an investment—it's only a song by Irving Berlin."

Well, I could tell by the way he paid the bill that he felt it was just another day wasted away.

And more news by me yet. You must have seen that letter I got from Alvarez just before you left—at least, the outside of it. Well, he's down in Costaragua with his father, and they're both running off a revolution trying to get back into power. You remember his father was a *presidente* or something.

Well, the whole picture was all out of shape, like a banquet photo, for all I could make of it, until Jack chirped during dinner, "Do you know where your old back-stabbing friend Alvarez is?"

"No," says I, rolling over and playing dead; "ain't never heard. What do they be saying down by the old sawmill?"

"Well," says Jack, "his father came in to see me several months ago, and promised, if I got up a syndicate to finance his revolu-

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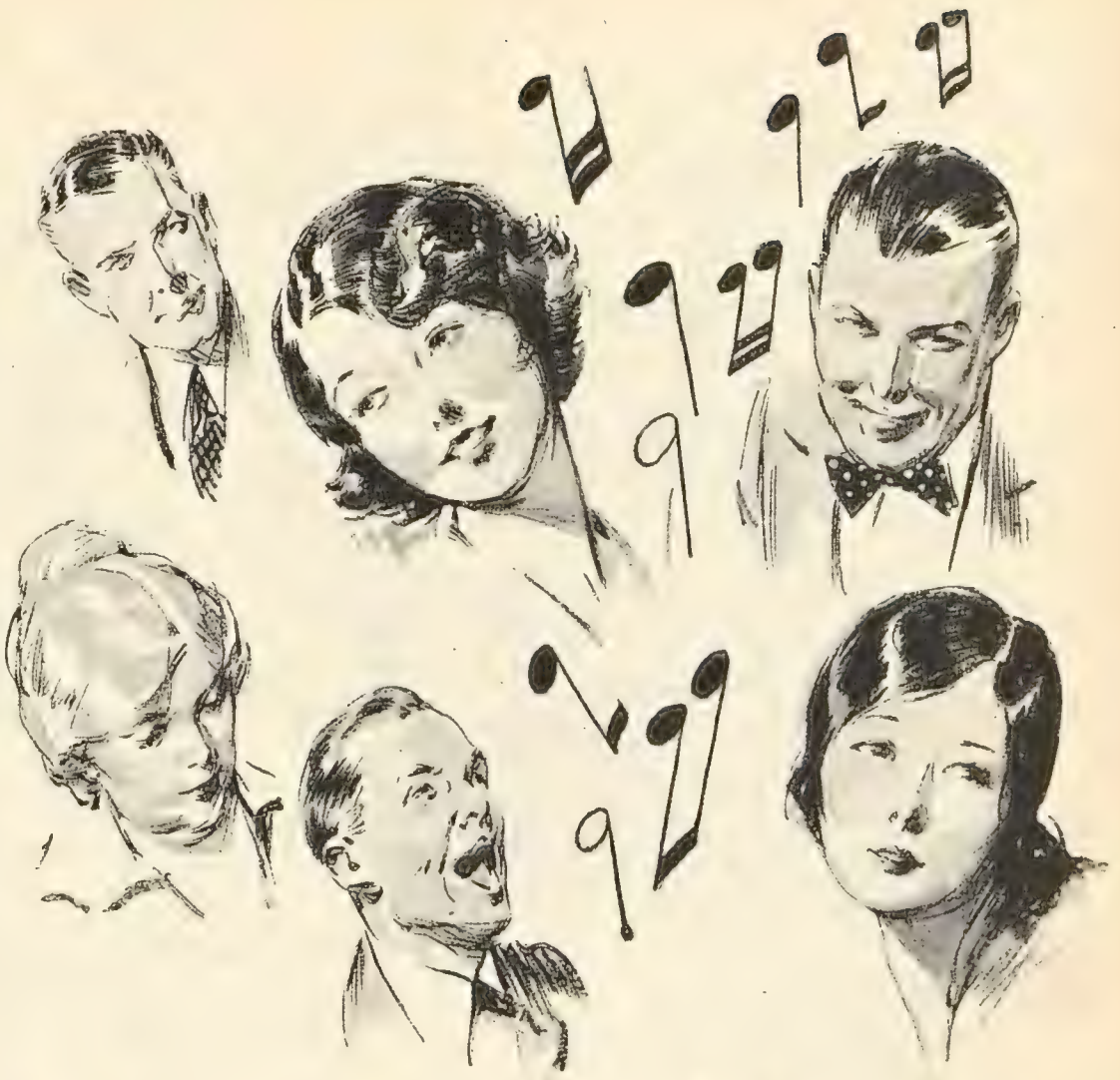
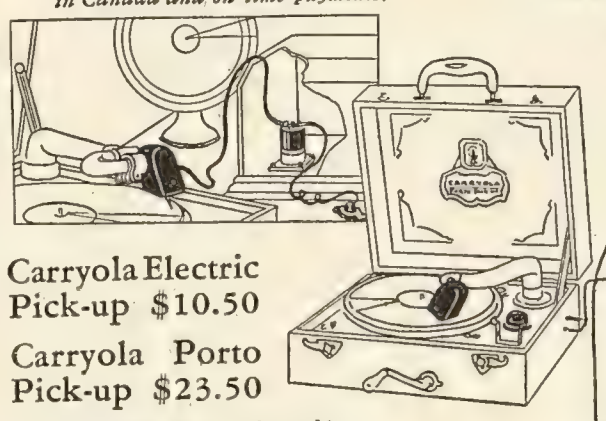

Master of Moods

Carryola *Opens the Treasure Chest of Fine Music... Any Time... Any Place*

Carryola Master $25.00
Carryola Lassie $15.00
(slightly smaller than the Master)
(Slightly higher West of the Rockies, in Canada and on time payments)



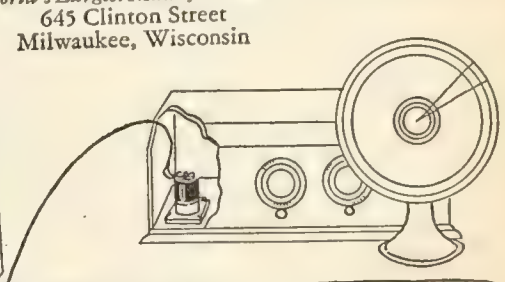
Carryola Electric Pick-up $10.50
Carryola Porto Pick-up $23.50
(Slightly higher West of the Rockies, in Canada and on time payments)

COMPACT, but complete. Satisfy the cravings of your mood—with music at its best.

Never before such purity of tone in a portable phonograph! Small, but handsome. A Master of Moods; reproducing classical, old-time melodies or sparkling jazz, at will. Let your mood dictate the choice. Carryola responds. Play it—close it—take it with you. Once you see and hear it, you'll agree that here, at last, is a real musical instrument of value, quality and portability.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Carryola line, send us his name. We shall be glad to give you the opportunity of hearing this marvelous musical instrument.

THE CARRYOLA COMPANY OF AMERICA
The World's Largest Manufacturers of Portable Phonographs
645 Clinton Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Reproduce records electrically thru your Radio—the same fine music as produced by costly Electric Phonographs. If you have a Radio and a Phonograph the Carryola Electric Pick-up is all you need. If you have a Radio but no Phonograph the Carryola Porto Pick-up is complete with motor and turntable ready to play into your Radio. Send for illustrated booklet today.

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FROM school days on, whenever social usage calls for fine hard candy, these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuff" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades* are chosen. They were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 different varieties. Packed in one pound jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins. If your dealer does not carry the genuine, send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will mail it postpaid.

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Resilient, flexible soles that outwear leather, give surer, non-skid footing, and keep feet dry in wet weather—that is the answer to modern footwear needs!

Twisted cord-tire cords fused on end in live rubber are an exclusive feature of GRO-CORD Soles, protected by eleven strictly drawn patents. Cords on end meet wear with tough, cross-grain resistance.

General

Millions of users have proved them for safety, comfort, long wear and style. They can be had on sport shoes, work shoes, and street shoes. Look for the name—

THE LIMA CORD SOLE & HEEL CO.
Lima, Ohio

Royal "T"

GRO-CORD SOLES

Cord Tire Wear in Every Pair

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from page fifty-one]

tion, we could have the oil concession.

"So I got a few of my pals together, and we talked it over and decided that would be the patriotic American thing to do. Our country, may she always be right, but right or wrong we've got to have oil.

"So we sent ex-Presidente Romano off with our blessing and backing, and he took that tango-dancing hot tamale with him, tight pants and all."

Feature that. No wonder I haven't heard from Alvarez all this time. Ever since he tried to kidnap me, in fact. But his letter proved he hasn't changed a bit. Here's a piece of it. Judge for yourself:

> All day and all night we fight up the hills and down the hills, and soon we will kill all these dogs who now run like rabbits when they see me and my brave *vaqueros* coming at them with blood in our eyes and knives in our teeth.
>
> Not little pocketknives like that which I stick into your fat friend Jack, who thinks we fight for his oil. Ha, ha, ha! I laugh in his nose.
>
> No; we have big beautiful knives, and every time I stab I think of you, *diosa mia*, and cry, "Die pig! You are one less dog I must kill." And then it will all be over and I will be rich and happy, and my country she will be free, and I will come and get you, my little Dixie, and you will come back here with me or I knock your pretty little — how you say?—block off, and drag you down here to my arms, which ache to hold you, *querida mia*.

Whoopie! If Jack, with all his dough, could only talk like that and look like Jimmy— And speaking of Jimmy and dough, I sure would give a pretty to know who the mysterious angel is. Some attorney is down here handling the business for him, but who's behind the man behind? Jimmy isn't telling, but I'm going to find out or bust a garter belt.

Put down that bottle! DIXIE.

John Brewster, *Atlantic City.*
Ritzmore Hotel,
Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

Pursuant to your instructions, I completed negotiations with Kibbitzer & Eppus, producers of Get Your Girl, by which I secured for your daughter, Miss Cora Brewster, controlling interest in production.

This was comparatively easy, as Get Your Girl is in a bad way financially and producers were glad to get out from under.

In fact, they had intended to close the show Saturday night. However, I agreed to take it over and guarantee the loss for the current week, and in the event the show proves successful pay them $500 a week out of the gross until they had received the sum of $15,000. They retain their interest in the stock and motion-picture rights, but I do not believe these rights have any value.

The remaining interest of 40 per cent is held by John Milton, a broker with offices at 67 Wall Street. He gives me to understand he is willing to string along for the time being and take his chances with the production; and this should be satisfactory, for he has no desire to meddle in the management of the production itself, which, according to your wishes, I have turned over to the author, James Doyle.

The show will lay off next week, and our office is now negotiating with Jules Murry, in the Shubert office, for a New York theater for the following week, if possible; or, if a house is not available on such short notice, a fill-in booking for the week with a New York house the week following.

Awaiting further instructions, I remain,

Very truly yours,
LEVINSON, AARONSON, SCHMALTZ, ROSENBAUM, & REILLY.
By I. ROSENBAUM.

She doesn't seem to have time for me any more.

Atlantic City, Friday.

Miss Nita Dugan,
439 Flatbush Avenue,
Brooklyn,
N. Y.

DEAR NITA:

I tried to get you on the phone, but the clerk said you had gone home, so I am writing to tell you our sales convention is over and so I'm leaving for Minneapolis tomorrow.

I've been in to see Dixie's show every night, and they are changing it a lot and it seems to be getting better; but the attendance is brutal.

I haven't tried to see Dixie, although you know how much I would like to talk to her. But she doesn't seem to have time for me any more. I guess I haven't got enough hop on the ball for her.

Well, she's a sweet kid, but she's

young and she hasn't any sense about men. If she'd only listen to me— But I guess you're the only one she pays any attention to, and I hope you'll watch over her, because she doesn't know what it's all about and she thinks she's smart; but there's always someone else who's smarter and some day she may be sorry she's treated me the way she has.

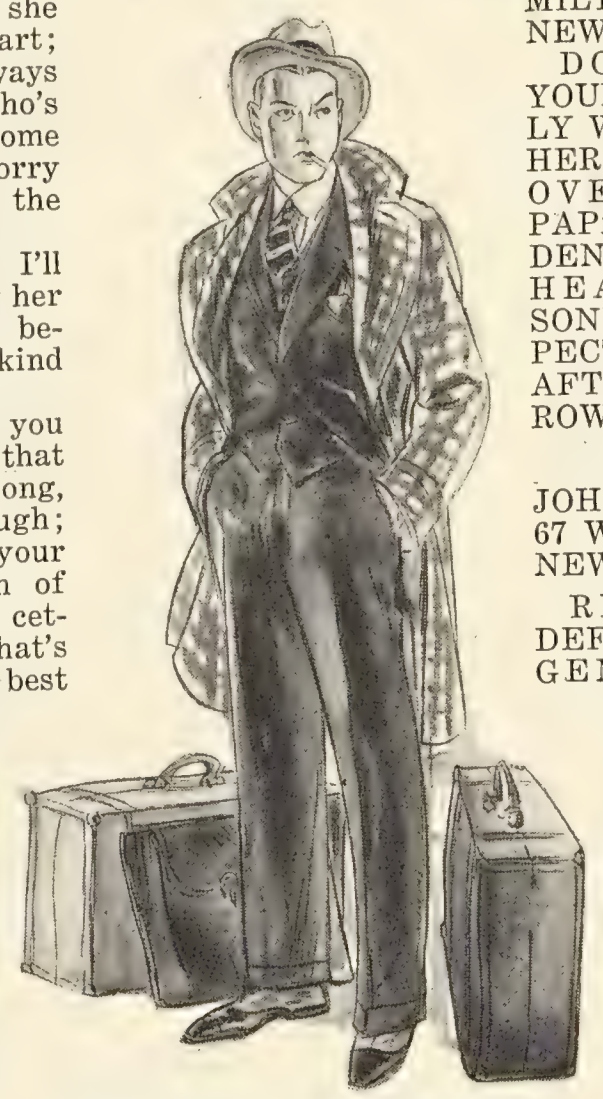
But I guess I'll just go on liking her just the same, because that's the kind of a goof I am.

"Thinking of you —why, that's all that I do, all the day long, all the night through; the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand," et cetera, et cetera. That's from one of our best selling mottoes.

Did I tell you I've been made assistant sales manager? I thought Dixie would get a big kick out of that —but I guess not. Wotthahel, Bill, wotthahel.

Stopping over for a day in Chicago and will look Sunshine up. Maybe Dixie has written something to her about me. Maybe not, too. Well, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone"—that's from our line, too, in two sizes, 10 cent seller and 25.

Your friend, DENNY.



So I'm leaving for Minneapolis tomorrow.

172 B CM
CALIGUA 32 6
COSTARAGUA
MILTCO
NEW YORK
DONT THINK YOUR AUNT NELLY WILL LIKE IT HERE STOP FARM OVERRUN AND PAPA LEFT SUDDENLY FOR HIS HEALTH STOP SONNY NOT EXPECTED TO LIVE AFTER TOMORROW LOVE JAY

(Decoded)

JOHN MILTON
67 WALL STREET
NEW YORK CITY
REVOLUTION DEFEATED STOP GENERAL ROMANO AND ARMY IN FLIGHT STOP GOVERNMENT TROOPS CAPTURE SON ALVAREZ WHO HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO BE EXECUTED JAY

We haven't heard much of Alvarez lately, but the boy sure does crash into the next installment with a loud—and we don't mean maybe—bang. Watch things get hot!

Poems You Ought to Know

THE HERITAGE

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), American author and diplomat, after some early indecision about his career, became one of the foremost writers of prose and poetry in the country. He was a prolific contributor to various newspapers and periodicals of his time and was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Later in life he was appointed Minister to Spain and subsequently was transferred to London.]

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it.
A fellow-feeling that is sure.
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee. . . .

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well filled past—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THIS SMART LUGGAGE
··for half the money

There's a style and size of Naugahyde hand luggage for every need. $6 to $15

HERE is a club bag and a woman's hat box you instinctively compare with costly imported luggage. Durable construction; rich-grained lustrous surface; tasteful fittings.

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You get at least double the service you can get from any other luggage at the same price, and Naugahyde has a unique quality no leather can give you. It's *waterproof*.

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To build firm flesh, bring out lovely curves, fill up ugly hollows, tone up your system and add weight to undernourished bodies you can use nothing finer than McCoy's Tablets.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee: If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any thin underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

Northam Warren, authority on the manicure

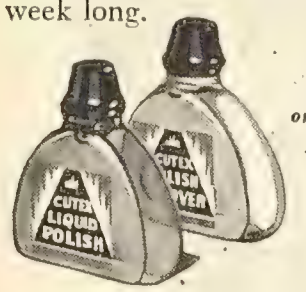
"My new polish stays natural to the very end . . "

says Northam Warren

"NEVER has fashion demanded such crystal brightness in the manicure," says Northam Warren, world authority on the manicure.

"I believed a polish could be made to give this new, clear brilliance and still keep smooth, unmarred—*until it finally disappeared.* We have now achieved this formula. My new polish spreads easily, dries instantly, with a crystal brilliance that stays natural to the very end."

See today the charm this new Cutex Liquid Polish brings! A new brightness—clear as flashing sunlight! That stays through everything, for more than a whole week long.



Natural Tint or Colorless with separate Tint

The new formula is in smart twin bottles—for Polish and its Remover—together 50c. Individual packages, 35c each.

If you are frightfully impatient to try it —just tear off the coupon and send it with 6 cents for the dearest, shining little bottles!

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

The New

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

I enclose 6c for samples of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Remover. Check your preference.
Colorless ☐ *Natural* ☐
In Canada, Dept. U-6, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.
Northam Warren, Dept. U-6, 114 W. 17th St., New York

A New Facial Color Scheme

By Eileen Bourne

WHEN old Vergil said, apropos of *Dido's* goings on, that woman was always "*varium et mutabile*" or, in one word, "changeable," he reckoned without modern invention. Outwardly, at least, woman is becoming more and more fixed. First she had the permanent wave. Now she has permanent rouge.

Yes, those who are going abroad this summer must be warned off this rock recently charted in the seas of vanity. Of course, you may wish to climb on it. But that's your business. Beauty pilots have sighted in Bond Street, London, this innocuous looking salon, where many daring women have been lured to receive a fadeless flush of youth.

The process is absolutely unique. Developed by an Englishman, it exists nowhere else in the world. Really it consists of nothing more nor less than an expert kind of tattooing. With a needle, coloring matter is injected deep under the skin of cheeks and lips and there it stays.

You may choose any tint that blends with the tone of your natural complexion, from a dusky carmine to that shade which the French call *bois de rose.* But it behooves you to be careful and to foresee any future changes in your own skin, for never again will you be able to alter the blend. Moreover, noses may be made forever white by the same method.

Isn't it amazing? As for the success of this novel treatment, I can cite you the one case presented me. This was a woman who had been serving under the colors for ten years. She was nearing seventy, and, what with her thick and wavy white hair, a set of regular features, and a pair of lively dark eyes, she would have been a handsome creature in any case.

Her acquired permanent coloring made her simply stunning. A soft saffron pink suffused her cheeks, and her lips were coral. Moreover, the tint looked natural and it was delicately shaded so as to blend with the skin. It is, of course, on this deft shading that the success of the strange art depends.

There was no doubt that the subject was pleased with what had been done for her. "Permanent rouge proves actually good for the skin," she declared. "Just feel my cheek and see how soft and firm it is!" There was no denying that it felt like the rose it looked. On the other hand, she could never turn pale, no matter how important it was to do so.

Well, one swallow does not make a summer. There might have been other cases less convincingly successful. It seems incredible that every kind and type of skin could equally well support this heroic treatment. Indeed, one hardly need inquire what dermatologists would think of this new defiance of their preachments.

With disarming frankness the director of the salon sets before you the conditions you must face before submitting to this unique needlework. In the first place, it costs about $290 to install this bloom in both cheeks and lips. If you wish your nose to be placed beyond the power of the bleakest gale to turn it red, that is extra.

IN the second place, the process hurts. Of course, local anæsthetic is used. This, together with the puncturing itself, results in a very swollen and uncomfortable condition which lasts for several days. In fact, you are obliged to remain in solitary confinement for a week, until all the outer skin has peeled off. Even then you don't look your best, for at first the tint is much more vivid than it becomes later and you're likely to be stared at if you display your new face in public.

Afterward, of course, you become a thing of unnatural loveliness—if all goes well. So there you are! The ladies of London are all a-twit about this exciting possibility for new facial adventure. But as yet there is far more talk and laughter than action. Indeed, one woman of social prominence seemed to sum up the whole matter in a sentence when she sighed, "Dear me! What shall we be doing next, I wonder?"

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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City.....State..... 96

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Here is Positive RELIEF

Pollenair, electrically operated filter, installed in any room, removes the *cause* of Hay Fever and Pollen Asthma. Gives immediate relief. Entirely mechanical—no medicaments, no nostrums. Tested by School of Health in one of America's leading universities. Endorsed by Specialists, Hospitals, Sanatoria. Advertised in Hygeia and The Journal of the American Medical Association.

Write now for full information

Pollenair, INC.
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"TOUGH LUCK!"

"Mine hurt too, before I used Allen's Foot=Ease!"

You can't play your game if your feet hurt. Whether you are playing or working, if you shake Allen's Foot=Ease into your shoes you can walk all day in comfort.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

Allen's Foot=Ease takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching feet, absorbs perspiration, and relieves the pain of calluses, corns and bunions.

It will reduce your score, too

For Free Sample *addres Allen's Foot=Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.*
Sold at all druggists and toilet goods counters.

In a Pinch, use

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

Agents Quick sales—unusual profits . . finest engraved cards, at lowest prices. Each card with beautiful lined envelope. Wonderful variety. **Everybody will buy.** Start taking orders early. Write nearest office today: **COLONIAL BEAUTY LINE,** Springfield, Mass. or 915 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Missouri.

CHRISTMAS • CARDS • Boxed assortments

Private J. J. Tunney, Marine

The War Record of a Champion

By Norman S. Hall

The heavyweight champion as a private in the Marine Corps, and (upper left) in his uniform as a Reserve first lieutenant.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 41 seconds.)

WHAT did Gene Tunney, Heavyweight Champion of the World, do in the World War?

Let's get this important question settled, and let's start settling it at the beginning.

On a day in early July, 1918, Mr. James Joseph Tunney of No. 111 Bank Street, New York City, turned into Union Square Park from Fourteenth Street.

Mr. Tunney was pensive. A scant quarter hour before he had been informed for the third time that a coveted appointment as a railroad mail clerk had not yet been made, and he was considering a future that loomed as something less than glamorous.

Being pensive he accepted apathetically a pamphlet thrust into his hand by a smartly appointed sergeant of United States Marines.

"Read it, buddy," counseled the bane of privates. "The marines can use guys like you."

More because he had been told to do so than because of any desire to acquaint himself with the pamphlet's contents, Mr. Tunney read.

The leaflet was a recruiting "throwaway," setting forth the advantages, betterments, and emoluments of the Marine Corps. Something—and it would be interesting to know precisely what—appealed to Mr. Tunney, for he retraced his steps and addressed the sergeant.

"How," he inquired, "do I find out more about this?"

The sergeant put a protecting hand under Mr. Tunney's elbow. Good recruits were scarce, what with the draft and all.

"You come on over to the recruiting office with me," he said. "The lieutenant'll fix you up."

A few minutes later Mr. Tunney was undergoing the mild indignities thrust upon those who desire to lay down their lives for their country.

After he had coughed, jumped up and down, spread his toes, bent over, and run around the room, Mr. Tunney was gravely informed that he was not physically fit for enlistment in the United States Marines.

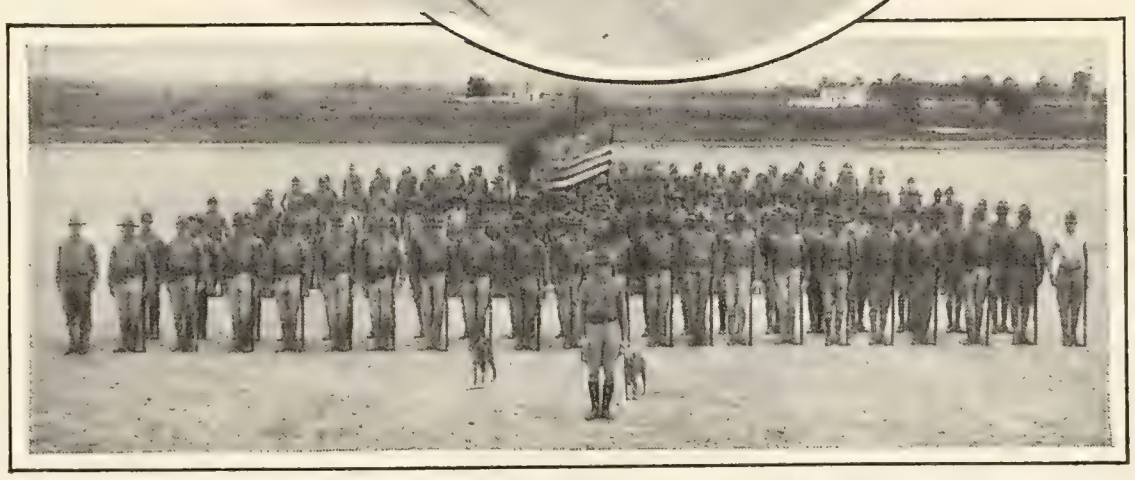
"Just a slight disorder in the inner ear," the medical officer informed him. "Better have it fixed—it isn't much of a job—and if you do have it attended to, come back."

Had Mr. Tunney selected that moment to prophesy that, in less than ten years, he would be the Heavyweight Champion of the World, it is entirely possible that the examining surgeon, were he given to quips, would have replied:

"And so will your old man."

But, since Mr. Tunney did not dream of his own future greatness, he made no prophecy and left the recruiting station unquipped.

About a week later—July 17, to be exact—Mr. Tunney returned with a repaired ear, and was duly sworn in as one of those who have an official—and at times an obnoxious—right to sing "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli." He then was twenty-one years old.



A Marine detachment at Quantico, Virginia, where Tunney was trained for service overseas.

The following day Private James J. Tunney was transferred to the Marine Barracks at Parris Island, South Carolina.

His training there completed, he was sent to the Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia, where he became a member of the Eleventh Regiment, United States Marine Corps.

The Eleventh Regiment was being hurriedly whipped into shape for speedy shipment to France, where it was intended to serve as a replacement unit for the Fifth and Sixth regiments, by now sorely battered.

With Company D of this organization Gene Tunney sailed for France on the S.S. De Kalb, September 29, 1918. On October 13 the De Kalb docked at Brest.

Brest!

The clank and clatter of a grunting horde of motor lorries. Rain. The shuffling beat of marching feet. Rain. Long lines of parked caissons and gun limbers, glaringly new. Rain. Brest gazing curiously at the latest contingent of *les Américains*. *Les Américains* gazing curiously at Brest. Rain.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

COLOR

for greater VISIBILITY

The Greatest Golf Sensation Since the Wound Ball by Haskell

Wilson introduced at the Pinehurst North and South Open and throughout the South, bright Canary-Yellow and flashing Oriole-Orange Golf Balls. This innovation has proven to be one of the greatest golf scoops ever recorded. Golfers everywhere are clamoring for them and their popularity is spreading like wild fire.

Either color can be had in both Hol-Hi and Dura-Dist—two new Wilson Balls which are as fine golf balls as have ever been made regardless of price—"they've got everything." Click—getaway—distance—accuracy and durability.

Play color and enjoy greater golf ball visibility. Hol-Hi—$1.00 each, $10.75 per dozen. Dura-Dist—guaranteed 75c each, $9.00 per dozen. *Ask your Pro or Dealer.*

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

French soldiers, grotesquely fat with canteens and musette bags and pouches. British soldiers with swagger sticks. Belgians clumping along, each under a dinky tassel that bobbed from his cap. Lean Senegalese with wondering eyes. Slant-eyed coolies from French Indo-China squeaking out conversation at salvage piles. Marine military police—old-timers to the newly landed Eleventh—bawling a ribald greeting to their fellows and the advice:

"Take it easy, leathernecks, the first hundred years is the hardest."

And Private James J. Tunney, tomorrow's Heavyweight Champion of the World, humped under his Equipment C, wishing with the others that wars could be staged at home.

GENE went to the Marine Training Center at Gievres for bayonet training and other refinements of warfare.

He was a good marine. Good in the sense that Captain Siegfried Sassoon's *Dead Officer* was good; he

> . . . stuck to his dirty job
> And did it fine.

As a matter of fact, he was discharged with one of the highest ratings ever given a marine with one enlistment.

His first rating for military efficiency was 3. At discharge it was 4.5. His obedience was rated at 5, as was his sobriety.

This resulted in his general classification rising from 4.3, at the first recording after enlistment, to 4.9 at discharge.

When it is considered that a mark of 5 is perfection, it is readily seen that Private James Joseph Tunney need not doff his hat to anyone when it comes to proficiency as a soldier.

He wasn't a goody-goody, write-letters-home-to-mamma-every-day-and-keep-away-from-the-naughty-boys marine, either.

I have it on reliable authority that he knew all of the verses of The Old Gray Mare, even including the one about the whiffletree, and most of those of Mademoiselle from Armentières. I also have been told that he shot craps—if he didn't he is unique in the Marine Corps—although I can offer no substantial proof of this.

But he didn't get into action.

I emphasize the statement because it is the most misrepresented phase of the champion's war record, and I am going to emphasize the next statement in fairness to Gene.

It wasn't his fault.

Tunney completed his training at Gievres and was assigned to a detachment of the Eleventh Regiment destined as replacements for the Fifth Regiment.

A matter of hours before this detachment left for the front, Private Tunney, with several other marines, was detached from the replacement unit and ordered back to Gievres as a physical instructor to recruits arriving from the United States.

At enlistment Tunney had given as his occupation, "Physical Instructor," and these were sorely needed to whip new marines into shape.

Followed his career as an A. E. F. boxer. He fell into the hands of Mike O'Dowd, "Kewpie" Kalendar, Sergeant Mike Thompson, and other stalwarts who had been thumping the skulls of aspirant marines time out of mind. They thumped Tunney's for a while until he developed a surprising ability to thump back.

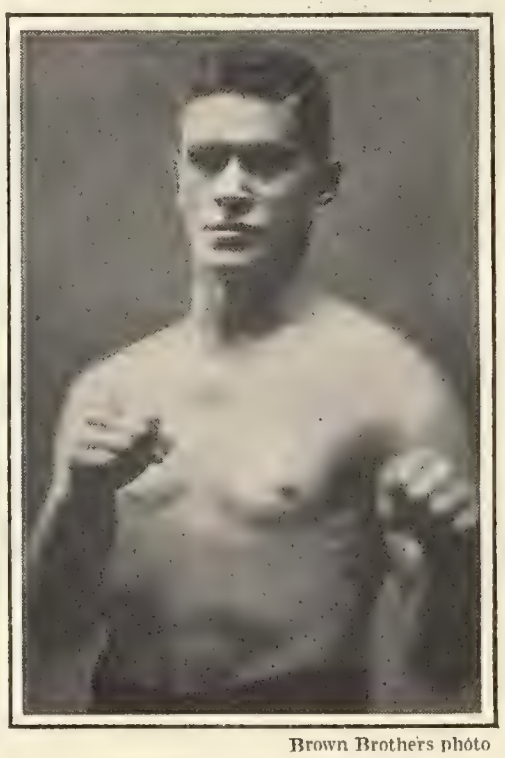
There is no call to recapitulate his adventures with our Expeditionary Forces from that point through to the Olympic Games after the war.

He was the marines' champion and they were for him. However good he may have been, it won him little then. He returned to the United States a private, and was discharged at Quantico, Virginia, July 29, 1919, having served one year and twelve days.

His character at discharge was given as excellent and he was subsequently awarded Good Conduct Medal No. 53196 for "obedience, sobriety, industry, courage, cleanliness, and proficiency."

There terminates his war record.

Today Gene Tunney is a first lieutenant of the United States Marine Corps Reserve, attached to the Casual Company of the Reserve with headquarters at Philadelphia.



Brown Brothers photo

Gene Tunney, the young A. E. F. boxer.

It came about in this way:

Early in 1926 he applied for admission to the Marine Reserve. As qualifications for this appointment he sets forth, after listing his war service, that he is a pugilist by profession and has attended the "University of Life for twenty-seven years."

The quoted passage is from his application.

At 10 A. M., September 24, 1926, Tunney was examined by a board of seven officers in the board room at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C., and accepted as a first lieutenant.

That means in the next war he can have a striker, dance with nurses, and will not have to salute second lieutenants. At any rate, that last is a break.

THE END

Corns Vanish
after this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

A Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencil makes easy writing and easy reading!
5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

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England's *Woman Preacher*

She Likes Cigarettes and Wines and Doesn't Care Who Knows It!

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

Portrait of Maude Royden, modernist and mystic.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 2 seconds.)

MAUDE ROYDEN, England's woman evangelist who recently visited the United States, probably never has described herself as a modern.

Undoubtedly, it has never occurred to her that she is a sophisticated, up-to-date kind of woman. She walks with a limp which, though slight, precludes any semblance of a dashing stride. Her black hair shows frank gray, undefiled by henna or dye. Yet Miss Royden is a modern. She is also a mystic. Jeanne d'Arc is her favorite saint. Thomas à Kempis' Imitation of Christ was for many years her favorite book. And she placed no hero beside her beloved Cardinal Newman.

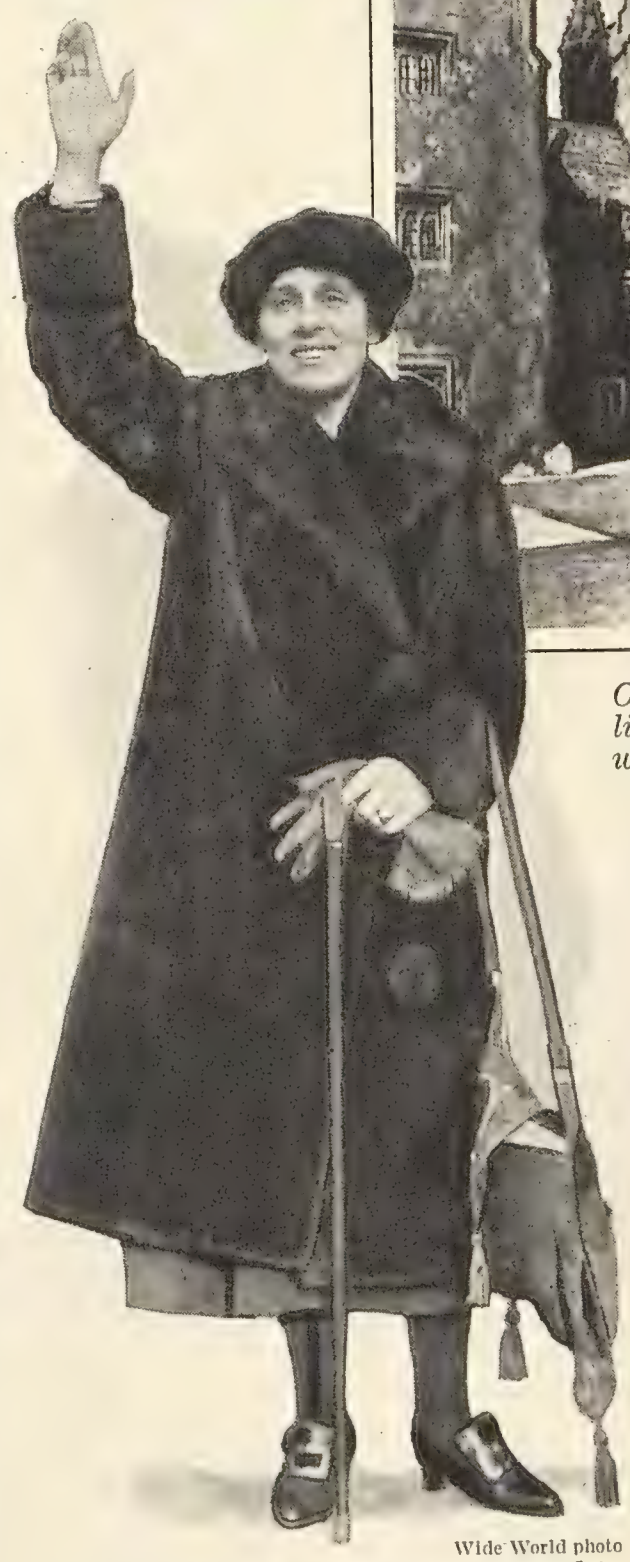
Her sympathies in her early religious phase were distinctly Roman Catholic. She was a true ascetic, hating the moderation—indeed, the modernity—of the liberal party in the Church of England, and crying out against the Low Church sermons to which she was compelled to listen.

Because she is more mystic than modern, she frowns on companionate marriage. She declares that marriage is a sacrament. She holds that the physical union of a man and a woman should be nothing less than the outward sign of a love that is tremendous enough to accept finality.

Because Miss Royden unashamedly confessed to smoking an occasional cigarette—a practice almost universal among Englishwomen—the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in three American cities laid on her the formal ban of disapproval.

P. & A. photo

One of the quaint old English buildings at Oxford, where Maude Royden studied.



Wide World photo

Undoubtedly, it has never occurred to her that she is a sophisticated, up-to-date kind of woman.

Members of this group in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, who had contracted for Miss Royden as lecturer, sent hasty wires to her manager in New York when the unspeakable truth about her smoking came to their attention.

Miss Royden was least disturbed of all when the wave of criticism broke over her head as she stepped off the Aquitania. She calmly let her manager fill up the broken dates with other engagements—there had been more than three hundred applications for her services as lecturer—and dismissed the matter as unimportant.

But in a country where certain elements still consider cigarette smoking a question of morals—feminine morals—this ardent feminist preacher who wanted to talk about man's immortal soul was obliged to answer queries about cigarettes. How many did she smoke? What brand? Did cigarettes affect the health? Did she inhale? Perhaps she took a drink now and then? And how—how did she reconcile smoking with religion?

Surprised at the questions and obviously amused, Miss Royden made answer:

"I probably smoke, on an average, a cigarette a week. I don't inhale. I haven't noticed that cigarette smoking, in moderation, affects the health. Smoking is practiced in all girls' colleges in England. Of course I strongly disapprove of girls smoking until they attain full growth.

"I can't see that smoking has anything to do with religion, any more than gum chewing has. Smoking is a matter of personal taste—a small thing. Religion has to do with great things—not small. If one is ashamed of smoking, one shouldn't.

"In the second chapter of Mark, Jesus' disciples plucked corn in a field and ate it on the Sabbath day. The Jews believed that to pick corn was to reap it, so picking must not be done on the Sabbath. Criticized because He permitted His followers to pluck, Jesus replied: 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' I believe, though, that most of our religious persons today would say, 'Don't pick the corn. Leave it alone if picking offends these people.'

"Americans eat many sweets. Frequent indulgence in these is more harmful than occasional indulgence in smoking."

BECAUSE the woman evangelist frankly admitted that liquor had crossed her lips, the newspapers came out with screeching headlines. The truth is this: "I don't keep wine in my house. However, if I were at a dinner, I would not refuse a glass with my friends."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

"Were you ever drunk, Miss Royden?" asked the interviewer, determined to get specific information on this question which seemed so all-important in America.

The celebrated divine threw back her head and laughter came tumbling in a silver stream from her lips. "Drunk? Never in my life. Nor within a thousand miles of it."

Miss Royden looks upon prohibition in this country as "a marvelous experiment." But she would rather talk about her Guildhouse in London. The Guildhouse is a great center of religious and social thought. It was actually founded in 1920. The first meetings, known as fellowship services, were held in Kensington Town Hall.

Miss Royden had just left the City Temple, where she had been preaching. She allied herself with Dr. Percy Dearmer and some other friends who, like herself, were "keen to continue such services as we felt able to give to the religious life of the people—but we wanted to use our position as, in a sense, 'free lances' to make experiments and to try out ideas which the organized church was unwilling or unable to make."

In 1921 these workers moved to the Guildhouse, in Eccleston Square, London, and today this edifice hums with guilds for children, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, a Women Citizens' Society, the Guildhouse Players, and frequent lectures by distinguished persons.

Because Miss Royden believes that "religion should claim for itself every activity of life and every aspect of thought," she has spoken in all frankness of companionate marriage as advocated by Judge Ben Lindsey. As is characteristic of her, she looks at the question from both a practical and a spiritual side.

Jeanne d'Arc is Maude Royden's favorite saint. She believes religion "should claim every activity of life and every aspect of thought."

"IT is by no means certain," she says, "that people who postpone having children will in the end be able to have them. In my opinion, the medical profession has been singularly backward and remiss in their study of this question. There is a considerable weight of opinion among doctors that young couples who begin by avoiding conception may, when they desire children, be unable to have them.

"Prolonged postponement is a risk. Many young people whom I know, who are not well enough off to have children at once, desire and intend to have children later on; and I think that those who advise them to marry or to enter into one of these relationships without marriage, on the understanding that they can have children when they want, are taking a very grave responsibility.

"Secondly: no method of birth control has yet been invented (except that of complete continence) which is absolutely certain in its effects. It may be, therefore, that of such 'trial' or 'companionate' marriages an undesired child will be born.

"To say that of course, in such a case, the parents will be willing to marry and to establish a permanent relationship, is hardly a satisfying solution—is it? To marry, when perhaps you had just decided that, on the whole, you had better *not* marry, merely because an unwanted child is going to be born, is not a very glorious beginning to the greatest personal adventure of life.

"Every child has a right to be wanted and to have parents of whose love for each other it was born. The mere fact that a child is coming should not be the only reason why a couple (who otherwise might have drifted apart) should become permanently united."

Marriage Miss Royden sees as "an achievement; not a thing that happens on one's wedding day, but an achievement which all life is not too long to crown."

Her understanding of the marital state is as poetic as a Greek sunrise and as exalted as the thunder of a cathedral organ.

"Two human beings can never be one. Marriage is not a unity: it is a harmony of two natures whose differences are as great a joy to them as their likenesses. The physical union of marriage is the sacramental expression of that difference and that harmony. It is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, and that is why marriage is sacramental and should be religious, a thing not merely of the state, but of the Church.

"If once we realized what sacramentalism meant, we should have the key to the problem. It is the right of the spirit to express itself through the body as through all material things—a right, not a weakness, not a fall to a lower level.

"It is most dangerous to seek to *create* harmony by taking the sacramental expression of it before it is attained. The harmony must come first and the expression afterward, and when the other way is attempted (as in the case of the trial marriage) I cannot help remembering that those who take a sacrament unworthily do eat and drink to their own damnation.

"Spirit cannot be created by physical expression—though, when the spirit is there, the physical expression is so right and so necessary that it seems almost incredible that you cannot by expression create spirit. Expression does indeed intensify love; but it must be the love that first demands expression.

"Marriage is an art; it is the very art of living itself. For our moods, our jarring temperaments, our discordant personalities to be brought into so heavenly a harmony—do you think that anything but a love which expects and *accepts* finality would win through?

"I doubt it. It is the desire to accept finality which justifies that expression of love. To all who have achieved it, humanity owes the deepest of debts. They have taken a risk which more cautious people would not take; and, like all adventurous spirits, they have found a satisfaction which the cautious and the prudent can never know."

MISS ROYDEN was asked: "How does a marriage which *may* be dissolved if it is a complete failure differ from 'companionate' marriage?"

"It differs fundamentally in spirit," she replied, "and therefore in fact—because in the first case the lovers believe their love is strong enough and deep enough to last through life, and marry because they believe it, and realize that failure here is a tragedy; while in the other the lovers do not believe that their love is lasting, are quite prepared to find that it is not, and give and take the ultimate physical expression of spiritual union where, on the hypothesis, spiritual union does not exist."

Although she feels so strongly about the sanctity of marriage, Miss Royden does not believe two married unfortunates who are unable to be happy together should be compelled to stick it out, like two tomcats tied in a bag. In fact, divorce should be made "simpler," she believes.

She recommends a "permanent divorce court of able judges who would privately hear all divorce cases" and grant or deny decrees, not on laws, but on the individual merits of each case. Incompatibility she sees as a legitimate ground for divorce, where "the conflict of two temperaments may cause a marriage's hopeless failure and endanger the future of the children of that marriage."

She says further: "Don't penalize divorced persons by forbidding them to marry again. Because they've failed once is no indication they'll fail a second time."

When Miss Royden preaches she wears a black gown with a small white collar, and a small black cap. Her voice is strong and pleasing. In delivery she has enthusiasm without nervousness.

She had ample preparation for her career in preaching. After graduation from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, she labored for more than a year as a settlement worker in the Liverpool slums. Her health broke, and she went to reside in the country parish of Luffenham as a kind of informal curate.

At that time no one had been mad enough to dream of women's ministrations in the Church of England except as Sunday-school teachers, decorators of altars, and district visitors.

Miss Royden worked chiefly with women and children. Herself a brilliant Shakespearean scholar and devoted to the stage, she climbed over a mountain of sex prejudice when she got herself appointed an Oxford University Extension lecturer. In this post, which she filled for three years, she established a high reputation in literature and literary criticism all over England. She abandoned Oxford to lecture in the strenuous cause of woman suffrage.

THE END

Miss Royden as she looked when a wave of criticism broke over her head on landing in America, because she admitted an occasional cigarette and a sip of wine.

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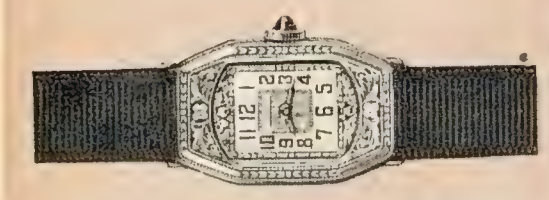

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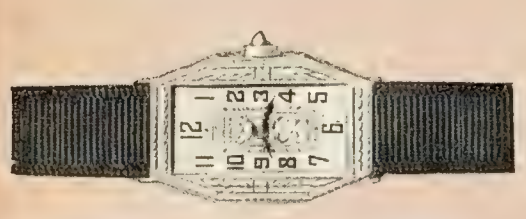

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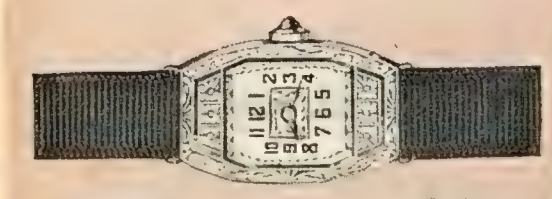

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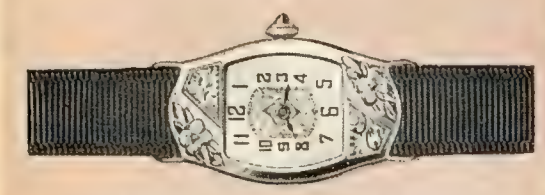

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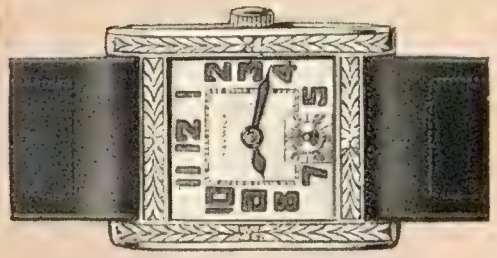

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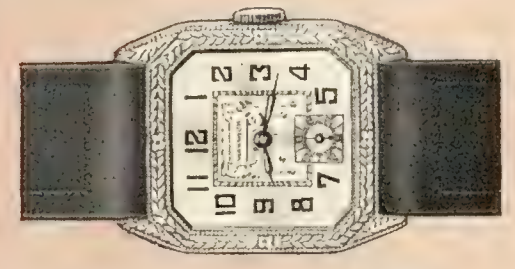

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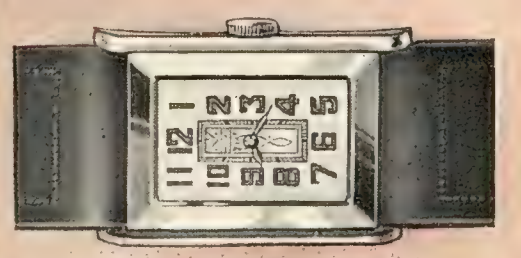

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Steve said: "I'll go get 'em!" So he hauled them out—saved their five lives.

The Smell of Smoke

(Reading time: 23 minutes 38 seconds.)

A Story of Love that Was Tried by Fire

By

KARL W. DETZER

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

ALICE met Smoky Steve O'Sullivan informally. She had been screaming. The fingers of his right hand appeared first, gripping the sill of the window. Then the peak of his helmet arose slowly. Then the number on it, a blunt "19" stenciled in black against a white leather shield. Then his cool gray eyes, and his nose with a streak of soot across it.

"Lean on my shoulder," he said deliberately, "and I'll fetch you down safe enough. No use screaming."

She felt the security of his stanch arms as he swayed out from the wall. With slow, cautious motions he swung from projection to projection. Thus he brought her safely to earth. So she loved him and married him. Alice was like that.

She had been with Ayres, Inc., five years when she married Steve. Old Walter Ayres was a builder by trade. Out of the raw material of yellow prairie fields and his own facile mind he constructed suburban towns. Accuracy wasn't enough, so far as he was concerned. Any girl who worked in his office must have imagination. Alice had.

She would hurry into the office on Monday morning, and, having sorted the mail, would say: "I walked in the country yesterday. Saw an interesting valley."

Ayres would put down his blue prints.

"IT'S northwest, about five miles west of Giles. East side of Desjard River. A run-down farm, seventy-two acres. Fifty or sixty building sites. The river at the foot. Roads wouldn't need much grading. Lots of rock—sandstone mostly. A little creek that could be made something. Only three-quarters of a mile from an express stop on the electric."

"Who owns it?" Ayres might ask.

"A man named Hunter. I'll have to look him up."

And there you have it. Vision and practi-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMELL OF SMOKE
Continued from page sixty-one]

cability, a sense of beauty, and what Ayres called "horse sense." An invaluable girl, Alice.

So when the office building burned—it was a total wreck and the blaze so hot that the blue prints in their steel cabinets were charred—and when Alice married Smoky Steve, Walter Ayres was distinctly unhappy.

Alice refused, the first time he asked her to work a few days a week—two afternoons, say—to help him get organized again.

For wasn't she desperately happy just being Smoky Steve's wife? Of course the salary of a fire department captain wasn't very great. Her own had been nearly as large. It had been difficult to fit herself into an ugly four-room apartment in an inexpensive neighborhood. But she did it for Steve.

She wanted him to be as happy as she, but she was uncertain sometimes. Steve had a peculiar way of saying, "Oh?" with a rising inflection, when he should have cried, "Splendid!" or "Glorious!" or "I love you, Alice!"

Steve was thirty-three when he married Alice. For thirteen years he had lived the life of the fire department—immense moments of adventure, minutes and seconds too exalted to flatten into words. Twice in his probationary period—the first twelve months of company duty—he had been mentioned in orders from headquarters for feats of magnificent daring. Old firemen pointed to him proudly.

"He'll go a long ways," they predicted. "It's the head on his shoulders. Fire don't heat him up; just chills him off."

AT thirty he commanded Engine Nineteen. It was a Monday morning that he first landed on the front page. The night before—Steve had been five years a pipeman—a big fire was eating out the entrails of a department store.

With his comrades atop the building next door, some ten feet above the roof of the burning store, Steve saw a section of that roof tremble and sink; saw a billow of yellow smoke puff upward and figures slide in the firelight; heard men's voices, frightened and distant.

Steve said: "They've fell through. I'll go get 'em! Turn a bit of spray my way."

So he hauled them out—saved their five lives—and then, seeking his own company, took his place once more on the right side of the brass nozzle, just behind the captain.

A young reporter hurried to a telephone, and Steve O'Sullivan became "Smoky Steve" and a public character.

Alice had read of him often enough. She envied him his job. It appealed to the peculiar combination in her which was valuable to old Walter Ayres—that combination of solid practicability and of romance. Once she had thought his engine magnificent. As Smoky Steve's wife she came to begrudge him his pride in it. For, in spite of Steve's mute passion for her, in spite of his comfort at home and his love for her, the smoky shadow of the fire department lay in a dark blot across her hearthstone.

The sorcery of gilt and crimson pumpers, the brassy incantations of bells, the challenge of fire, the incense of blazing rafters, the enchantment of battle, riveted his handsome body and his plain soul to his job.

Too often, at home on his off nights from duty, he would awaken without need, hurry to the window, and stand looking out into the street.

"Heard Truck Twelve passing," he would say anxiously; or: "That's Engine Forty-five going south. Must be a second alarm downtown. Think I'll dress. Boys might need me."

They had been married a year when Alice tried new tactics. "I saw Mr. Ayres yesterday," she said.

"Oh?" Steve answered.

They were at table—breakfast. Steve had come in from his alternate twenty-four hours of duty a moment before. He wore his civilian clothing, except for the blue shirt and black tie which marked him a fireman. His straight brown hair still was wet from his shower bath. But there hung about him, nevertheless, an odor of smoke. Alice always detected it. His skin was brown from it; his eyes were perpetually pink from blinking at it.

"Mr. Ayres," remarked Alice, "says I just *have* to come back to the office a couple of days a week."

Steve chewed slowly at his bacon. "What about me?" he asked.

"You? Oh, I'd take care of you! I'd work on your duty days."

"Oh?" he said.

"Mr. Ayres is planning a new town now. He's going to hire a lot of people."

Steve stopped eating and leaned back in his chair, listening—listening, not to his wife, but to the distant, seductive cry of a fire department siren stealing across roofs on the quiet June air.

Alice pretended not to hear it.

"Mr. Ayres thinks you'd make a corking superintendent."

"What for?"

"Act as his representative on the grounds."

"Why, I haven't got time! On days off?"

"Of course not, Steve. But if you decided to quit the department—"

"Quit?" Steve looked at her in surprise. Then his thoughts followed his ears. "That's Squad Three going out. Headed south. Must be something big downtown. Think I'll take a look."

SO he left two slices of bacon and his coffee untouched.

Alice should have wept, no doubt. She should have succored her misery with tears; should have sobbed, there in the quiet flat, till a new determination steeled her—a determination to win Steve, all of him, all his big body and stout heart, away from the witchery of flame.

But it was not like Alice to weep. Instead, she powdered her nose and put on her hat. At 10 o'clock she was examining critically the new quarters of Walter Ayres.

"I want that job," she told him.

A moment he stared at her out of his admiring eyes, which were particularly mild this morning. Alice returned his gaze steadily.

"All right," he said at last—"if you're sure you want it."

He shuffled the blue prints on his desk.

"Suppose we have lunch at twelve," he said. "I'll take these along. If you have any shopping to do in the meantime—"

"Certainly," she agreed briskly.

Her cheeks were flushed with expectation as she stepped again into the rackety street. Lunch at 12, with blue prints on the table! She thought guiltily of Steve. This was his day off. Well, he'd find things in the ice box.

"This is the place you discovered one Sunday, walking," Ayres said, when they had finished eating.

He opened the blue prints.

"Here's what I've done with it. Sidewalks well under way. This is the main drive, the old river road. That was your idea. I've thought of giving you a lot as a reward."

Steve had forgotten her, forgotten their quarrel, forgotten Walter Ayres. His broad shoulders hunched forward. He was watching his own valiant crew.

Alice studied one after another of the blue prints, her young face eager. She almost forgot Steve for five minutes, almost forgot why she really wanted a job. She argued about a narrow street, insisted that for the sake of parked cars it should be wider. Ayres made a note on the edge of the plan.

"You can work half days?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" Alice thought swiftly of Steve. She wondered if he would open the ice box—if he'd find enough to eat. "Not every day. A couple of afternoons, perhaps."

"Say three to start," Ayres prompted. "Mondays, Wednesdays—"

Alice shook her head. "It couldn't be the same each week. Steve has every other day off duty: the new two-platoon system, twenty-four hours on and twenty-four hours off. I'd want to be at home his days off."

Again she wondered about the ice box.

"Very well," Ayres agreed. "Just when you can. Did I tell you we think of calling the town Forestville?"

The name recalled her from Steve.

"I don't like the combination," she objected. "Forest and ville—English and French. Why not Forest Village? It's a lot more honest."

"By Jove!" he said admiringly under his breath. "That's the sort of thing you catch me on! How about a job for your husband?"

"I'd better talk to Steve about that," she answered.

SHE arrived home at 3 o'clock. Steve was walking aimlessly up and down in front of the house. His big, long face was twisted with worry.

"Alice!" he said. He looked down at her and became aware of a delicate, self-conscious flush on her cheeks. "Why, Alice! Where've you been?"

"Down at the office, Steve, getting ready to take the new job."

"Oh?" A moment he was silent. "Don't think you'd better." Another silence. "You forgot this was my day off. Where'd you eat?"

She unlocked the door before she answered. In the second-floor apartment she took off her hat.

"Mr. Ayres asked me to have lunch with him," she said. She had thought of saying "Walter Ayres" when she planned this conversation with Steve. Now the moment was here, she couldn't.

"Oh?" Steve replied. Again he waited. "I don't think you'd better have lunch with him any more, Alice."

"Why not?"

"It don't seem right."

"Right?"

He seemed hurt, not angry. He was looking peculiarly at her, straight into her eyes, as if to satisfy himself that her luncheon with Walter Ayres had been as casual as her comment on it.

"We talked about your coming to work for him," she said.

"Me?"

"Yes."

"I don't want to work for him."

His voice was not so deliberate as usual.

"I told him that. So I said I'd take the spare time—two or three afternoons a week."

Steve crossed to the window and looked down upon the long blue shadows in the yellow dust of the street. Alice saw the fingers of his great hands locking and unlocking behind him. His shoulders he held back firmly. The left one sagged slightly, from the weight of lugging hose as a young pipeman. Two minutes he stood there—three.

ALICE watched him, and an ache grew within her. She knew he was suffering. And of course she loved him! More than ever before. But would she ever have him all to herself? Always his ears would be listening for the squeal of a bell, placing it at once in his mind as the cry of such-and-such a company, such-and-such a squad, rolling into action south, north, west.

Comparisons stirred angrily in her mind. She, because she was Smoky Steve's wife, must turn her back upon the beckoning blue prints in Walter Ayres' office, upon the noisy crunch of steam shovels, as musical to her as a siren to a fireman. She must cease to admire rows of pert new houses, cease to enjoy the splendid uncertainties of the builder's trade, refuse her share in the glorious labor of the birth of new villages, merely because she loved Steve.

He turned slightly from the window, and compassion smote her.

"Steve!" she cried.

He swung around, his lean, long face still troubled. "I thought you'd be happy, Alice, married. . . ."

"Steve!" She started toward him. "Why, Steve!"

She realized suddenly that this was not the part she had intended to play. She had planned this scene; just what she would say; how he would receive her words.

"We'll talk about it some other time," she said. "You must be hungry."

"Oh?" he answered. Then: "I made out. I waited awhile. When you didn't come I went around the corner to Engine Seven's house. The boys fixed me up. I had a good meal."

Blood flew to Alice's face. He had not opened the ice box. He had sought the nearest engine house. In spite of his worry, in spite of the fact that this was his day off, his chance to eat good food cooked at home, he had been drawn with the merest excuse by the magnetic tug of his trade. The boys had fixed him up! She knew what he had eaten—fried potatoes, pork.

"Maybe you'd better arrange to eat there every noon," she said. Her heart upset within her, but she spoke with a clean clip to her words. "It would save time. I could put in all day with Mr. Ayres—eat where I want, too."

"Oh? Listen, Alice. I said—"

"I'll not stand between you and your job, and you won't stand between me and mine. It's a good arrangement."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

McCASKEY

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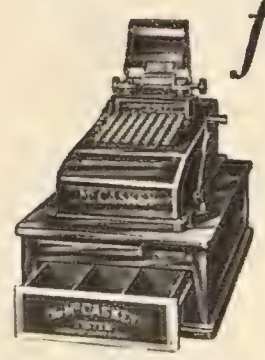

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[THE SMELL OF SMOKE
Continued from page sixty-three]

She withdrew to the kitchen. Steve tried to force her into conversation while they ate supper. But his tongue stumbled. At 9 o'clock she went to bed.

Her manner was changed in the morning. She sang while she prepared breakfast. Only, there was an aloofness in her fingers, passing bread to him.

Steve watched her with uneasiness. Her dark eyes met his without difficulty, but he was not skilled in reading eyes; he knew none of the signs of emancipation.

At 8 o'clock he reported to his company quarters and relieved the lieutenant who commanded alternate twenty-four-hour shifts. There were only three runs that day: one on a false alarm, one to a burning tar kettle, one to extinguish half a dozen smoldering shingles.

Even while he yanked the bell rope on the short runs, one thought crowded for first place in Steve's mind: Had Alice actually gone downtown to work?

He did not try to speak to her on the telephone. Some inarticulate fear kept him from it. At 8 o'clock he went to bed in the sleeping quarters of the engine house, to think miserably of her, of himself, of Walter Ayres, of Alice's unreasonable hints that he quit the fire department.

He could not imagine himself out of the fire business. The throb of his engine, the pulsing of water through hose— Abandon his engine? Alice didn't understand or she wouldn't ask it!

At dawn he dressed and, going down to the company kitchen, made coffee.

He arrived home at thirty-two minutes past 8. Alice was not at the door to greet him. He called her name softly. She did not respond. He hurried through to the kitchen. Breakfast did not await him.

His slow mind did not comprehend readily what had occurred. Then anger and decision grew in him at once. Alice had left!

Suspicion of Walter Ayres leaped into his mind, took his breath like the smash of water from a hose. Five minutes he walked the short length of the living room, backward and forward. Anger heated him no more than fire did.

"I'll go get her," he said aloud.

It was a warm June day, with a wind from the north. Steve walked rapidly after he left the elevated station at Lake Street, but with no show of excitement. It was not his habit to run impetuously. Why should he do so now?

At twenty minutes past 10 he opened the outer door of Ayres, Inc. There were two desks, one of them now vacant. A typist glanced up questioningly.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Steve O'Sullivan," he explained.

"She's in conference with Mr. Ayres," the girl said.

"Oh?" Steve replied. He pointed to a glass partition. "In there?" he asked.

Deliberately, without waiting for the girl to assent, he crossed to the door and turned the brass knob.

THE private office of Walter Ayres was a businesslike apartment with a large glass-covered desk in the center, and in a corner, under a pair of windows, a wide, high drafting board stacked with blue prints. Their elbows upon it, their backs to him, white head and dark close together over a plan, Steve discovered his wife and Walter Ayres.

It was Ayres who turned first. He was unaccustomed to intrusions. Steve eyed him with cold malice. Ayres did not recognize the tall, lean, uniformed figure. Finally he said:

"It's politer to knock."

Alice swung around. There was a smudge of black ink across her chin. She wore a new blue smock over her old business suit.

Steve gave her no chance to speak.

"Get your hat, Alice," he said. "I've come after you."

She flinched at the sober fury of his voice.

Color rushed to her cheeks, but she did not move from the drafting board. Only Walter Ayres came forward, hand outstretched.

"Why—is this your husband, Alice? Are you Smoky Steve? I don't remember you so tall—"

Steve ignored his hand.

"Get your hat, Alice," he repeated.

She made an effort to be casual.

"I can't go back, Steve. I'm not happy. You're away half the time, half the nights. You've got your engine; a wife interferes."

"Oh?" Steve's voice was unemotional. "Well, the fire business is my job, Alice. Women with husbands don't have to have jobs."

"I have to. I'm going to work."

"Not here." He jerked his thumb toward Walter Ayres. "Not for him. Not for any man."

Ayres started. He looked inquiringly at Steve out of his mild gray eyes. This man didn't deserve a girl like Alice. No, you bet he didn't! But what was Alice thinking of?

"You didn't tell me Steve didn't want you to work, Alice," he said angrily. "You've got horse sense! You're not going back on your husband for a job? Why, my God!"

He turned furiously on Steve.

"Why shouldn't she work for me if she wants? She likes it! I can give you a job, too, if you're so afraid—"

"Me? I'm a fireman."

"All the time," Alice said; "that's the trouble."

Walter Ayres caught her envious expression. It explained a good many things to him.

"I see," he said slowly. "Well—"

He hesitated. Of course, this girl *liked* to build houses. But the reason she wanted to build them just now was to punish Captain Smoky Steve O'Sullivan for loving the fire business too much. And Steve was a fireman. He wouldn't consider any other job, not if he were much of a man.

"I can give you a place, too," he said again. "At three hundred a month. You're getting—"

"Two ten," Alice supplied promptly.

Steve winced. She was trying to shame him, eh? Give him a chance to buy peace?

His chest had a cold, empty sensation. He had felt the same way at funerals when he stood stiffly at attention while six mates carried some unlucky fireman down between the double ranks of a guard of honor. He swallowed. Three hundred dollars. He could buy Alice a number of things with ninety dollars extra a month.

"I'm a fireman," he said harshly. "Two ten is enough for a lot of wives."

"Lean on my shoulder," he said deliberately, "and I'll fetch you down safe enough. No use screaming."

"She's worth more than most wives," Walter Ayres said.

"Oh? I'm not disputing that."

The telephone rang.

"Some kind of job in my organization for you," Ayres persisted. "Alice keeps on with this if she likes."

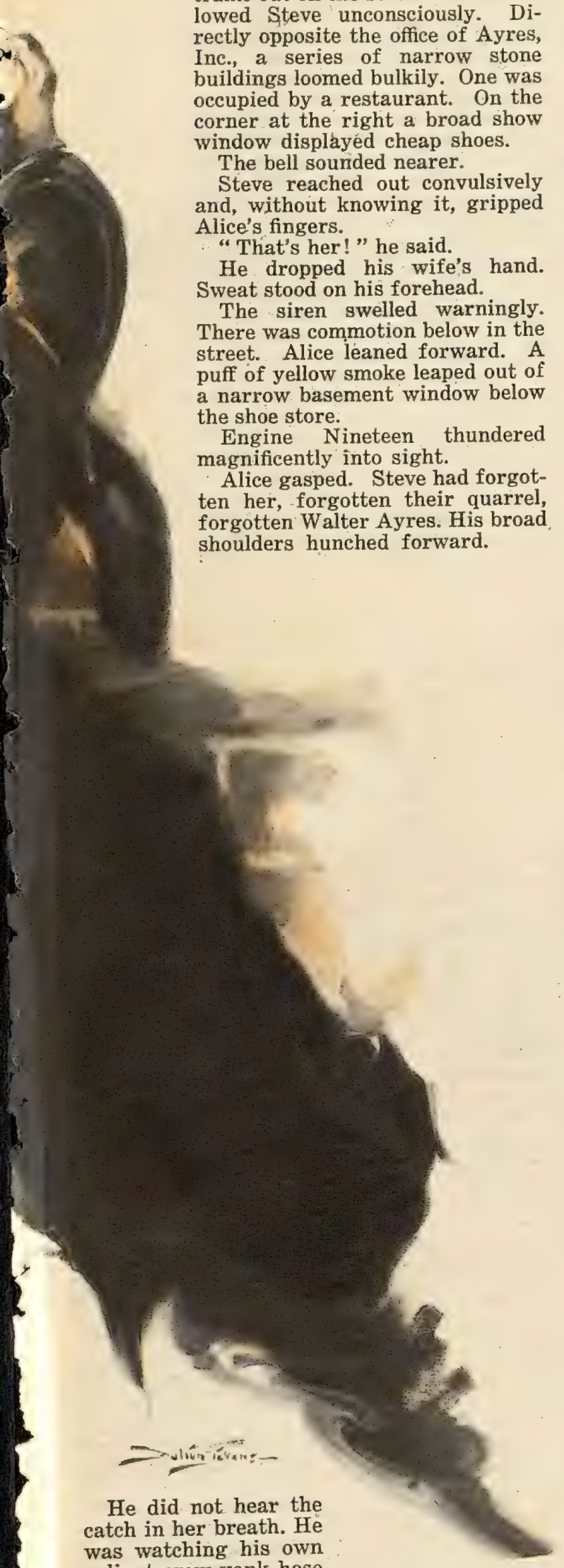
"No," Steve answered.

Alice's heart quickened. She was conscious of a change in Steve's voice, a slight—oh, very slight—wavering. It might still be possible—

The telephone rang again, and Ayres lifted the receiver. He drew a scratch pad forward and picked up a pencil.

Steve shifted his feet and glanced sideways at Alice. He wanted desperately to put his arms around her. He invited her eyes to meet his. After all, one didn't need to hang around the fire department all one's life. There *were* better jobs, higher paid, safer.

He stopped suddenly just where he was in his line of thought, and moved toward the second-floor window.



The distant challenge of bells sounded through the racket of traffic out on the street. Alice followed Steve unconsciously. Directly opposite the office of Ayres, Inc., a series of narrow stone buildings loomed bulkily. One was occupied by a restaurant. On the corner at the right a broad show window displayed cheap shoes.

The bell sounded nearer.

Steve reached out convulsively and, without knowing it, gripped Alice's fingers.

"That's her!" he said.

He dropped his wife's hand. Sweat stood on his forehead.

The siren swelled warningly. There was commotion below in the street. Alice leaned forward. A puff of yellow smoke leaped out of a narrow basement window below the shoe store.

Engine Nineteen thundered magnificently into sight.

Alice gasped. Steve had forgotten her, forgotten their quarrel, forgotten Walter Ayres. His broad shoulders hunched forward.

He did not hear the catch in her breath. He was watching his own valiant crew yank hose off the tailboard of his own splendid pumper. He was watching Swede Anderson, his driver, lift down the hard rubber section and twist its brass couplings into place at the hydrant.

He was watching dirty saffron smoke in the basement windows turn into sulky blue, then disappear into wavering, transparent heat. He watched flame take the place of smoke below.

A blaze danced through the shoes in the corner window. The broad front bulged, pushed out in a crash of glass.

"Gasoline!" Steve cried aloud. "A touch off with gasoline!"

A short cough had erupted from the basement of the building across the street, a series of small explosions, each followed by a puff of black smoke at the windows. Steve saw his own five men charge the cellar opening. The lieutenant yanked up the sidewalk grating with a deftly turned wrecking iron. He dropped out of sight into the pit.

There was another cough below. A blaze leaped out into the faces of the crew of Engine Nineteen. They shouted. A stream of water was sputtering out of their nozzle, first muddy yellow, then white. Ten seconds it poured into the flame. Then two of the men dropped to their knees and pawed into the pit where the lieutenant had disappeared. They dragged him up and laid him, motionless, upon the dirty cement sidewalk.

"Back in a minute!" Steve O'Sullivan cried huskily. "That's my boys; lieutenant's knocked out!"

He climbed through the window. A fire escape angled down to the sidewalk.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Ayres said.

He picked up the blue cap abandoned on his desk, observed its two silver bugles, and carried it with him to the window. Smoky Steve was running across the street, shouting.

"You, Murphy, second line! Put on a cellar pipe! Stick it in here. Give her hell, men!"

He gripped the first brass nozzle in his bare hands. Its water poured angrily into the flaming basement window. Black smoke took the place of blue. Flames retreated sulkily, burst out the next second with new vigor. A ladder truck charged around the corner, its tillerman heaving at the broad wheel over the rear axle. A flying squadron pulled up behind it.

The smoke blackened. A battalion chief, arriving late, stepped down from his car and examined the building front critically.

He trod slowly to the alarm box at the corner. He reached for his keys, opened the iron door, and Alice knew from his deliberate motions that he was tapping in a second alarm.

A cry of approval burst from Walter Ayres. He appreciated for the first time the reason that Steve O'Sullivan—any fireman—loved his business.

"What's that? That thing there?" he demanded.

Alice shook her head. Ayres referred to the cellar pipe. But her tongue couldn't say it. Her throat twitched in her effort to keep down a sob. She knew all the tools of Steve's smoky trade; she knew, too, as well as that calm battalion chief, that this was going to be a bad fire; what Steve called "a stomachful."

Already two of his command were running with the second line. The leader carried an iron pipe in his arms, bent like a gooseneck. The hose whipped after them. They twisted the iron pipe into a basement grating.

"Water! Charge second line!" one of them yelled.

ALICE saw Steve surveying the colossal task that lay before him. A billow of smoke hid him briefly. When it blew past she saw the battalion chief, suddenly alert, shouting at Steve, gesticulating.

Steve spat out smoke, listened to the chief, pawed through his pockets. He took out a folded blue and white handkerchief. He dropped to his knees in the gutter at a leaky hose coupling, wet the handkerchief in muddy water, and tied it across his nose, knotting it behind his head. The battalion chief yanked off his white helmet. Smoky Steve fitted it on, slid unhesitantly through the sidewalk grating.

"He's going in!" Walter Ayres cried. "No, no! He mustn't do that!"

Alice spoke as a fireman's wife. "Somebody needs to be brought out," she said.

Steve's helmet disappeared. New smoke puffed out. A fourth-story window burst with an exclamatory crash and fire licked around its edges.

Two pumpers, like gilded chariots, raced, fender to fender, from the north. The crew of a near-by truck began to release an aërial ladder. It poked its tall skeleton upward while Alice watched. A second cellar pipe jabbed into the basement beside Engine Nineteen's.

"Steve's been in a long time," Alice whispered.

The noise of pumping engines drowned her voice. She recognized Steve's among a dozen, the only piston pump there. Its cylinders pounded in time like a pair of fists. *Jug-jug-jug-jug*—that was Steve's, every fourth note a basso.

Only if the engine did its trustworthy part would Steve come out of that cellar alive. If it ceased to push water through—

There was a commotion about the grating. A short ladder was thrust down through the smoke. Firemen strained. They pulled up a man—no, a boy.

"MY God!" Ayres cried explosively. "He's brought somebody out!"

The body was limp. Two policemen ran toward an ambulance.

"Where's Steve?" Ayres demanded.

Alice shook her head. She was leaning, white faced, from the window, her eyes fixed wide on the gaping hole in the sidewalk through which her husband had disappeared. A dozen firemen surged about it. Where was he?

Another engine company charged up, set its Siamese pipe on a tripod in the street, two lines of hose trailing from the double nozzle.

The group of men broke away from the grating.

Steve's fingers appeared first. Then the tip of his borrowed white helmet. Then his lean face, blackened by smoke. The blue and white handkerchief was gone from his nose.

His comrades pulled him out. He reeled as his feet touched ground. The assistant marshal was pounding his back, shouting at him.

Steve was shaking his head. He staggered as he ran toward his own engine, righted himself, ran on, coughing, spitting out smoke. He spoke to his driver, then ducked about. Into the store on the corner he followed the serpentine hose of Engine Nineteen.

"By Jove!" Ayres was shouting. "He's gone in again!" He remembered Alice. "What the devil you crying about?" He pulled a chair from the desk. "Sit down!" he commanded.

"I can see better here," Alice answered.

Steve returned to the street in thirty more minutes. New engine companies had arrived, new crews set up their tripods and high-pressure turrets between the car tracks. The smoke thinned. It hung in faint-hearted wisps about the windows. Water poured in dirty rapids from doors and sills.

Steve removed the white helmet guiltily and passed it back to the battalion chief. Then, as if waking from a pleasant dream to unpleasant reality, he turned away from the smoked, steaming building front and looked up at Ayres, Inc. His wife still sat by the window. Walter Ayres stood beside her.

They heard him climbing the stairs in a moment. His feet dragged, scraped each step uncertainly, dropped heavily, picked up slowly. His shoes dripped muddy water upon the new rug. The odor of wet, charred wood trailed into the office after him.

"I'm going home now," he said in a croaking voice. "I can have supper ready, Alice—"

"Steve!"

She flung herself toward him.

"Steve, I'll go with you—"

"Oh?" He held her tight in his arms.

"Wait a minute!" Ayres broke in. "I can still find a place for you in this organization—"

Steve shook his head.

"I'm a fireman."

Alice buried her head on Steve's shoulder. She did not mind the smell of smoke that saturated his clothing. It belonged to Steve, was a part of him. His muddy arms streaked her new blue smock. Wet stains from his big hands soaked through to her skin.

She did not mind any of these discomforts—not in the least.

THE END

SILK Still Holds Its Own

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WE have been considering in past articles the fascinating subject of what each of the great French designers has contributed to the present mode, which is so very new indeed. With scarcely a change apparent, it yet seems revolutionized.

Of all the designers, Vionnet gives least external sign of having departed from her earlier conceptions. Yet she too has new styles. She was the one who started what we call "modernism" as it applies to dress. And, like the designers in all of the other fields of art, she reverted to the classic. She has occupied herself with perfecting her classic line.

She it was who introduced crêpe romaine to us and first made dresses that could be sent home in a veil box, so slinky they were both in quantity and quality of materials used.

One of my faraway recollections is of an army officer (sword belted at his side even after the war was a few months ended) as he sat in his suite at the Ritz in Paris one evening waiting for his wife's new dress to come home so that he could help her get into it.

When it arrived he thought it was her two dozen monogrammed handkerchiefs that were also to be delivered.

The contents of the box, in a single sheet of tissue paper, proved to be a black, slinky string of something that fastened with two hooks and eyes, one at the neck and one at the waistline. Evidently there were to be no more of the mid-Victorian struggles of getting into clothes.

That was one incident of a sort of preliminary introduction to America of the style that swept it, and incidentally put almost the whole world of fashion into mourning, so popular was the dead black from which the dress was made.

You remember the drooping weeping-willow outline of that model. It was cut with the collarless V-shaped neck that has prevailed ever since, extending even to coats, and it was hung round the skirt in tiers from the knees down with squares of the material like black handkerchiefs, caught in the center with their four corners left falling in points. It was the model that encompassed the world and began the long, slow change that has come over fashions.

Vionnet does amazing things with scarfs. Here is one of the designer's latest uses of this universal implement of coquetry and defense.

IN this dress in pastel blue crêpe de Chine Vionnet uses bands of hemstitching as the only trimming.

SHOWING the amazing things Vionnet does with scarfs. This one is of printed chiffon, like the dress.

A COAT of black and white bengaline from Lanvin, with an interesting treatment of the neckline.

VIONNET'S cape coat for summer, developed in dark colored silk, bound all round in self-cording.

The long scarf in the extreme left model is an immense rectangle of printed chiffon, which is the same material as the dress that it lifts to a place of high distinction among this season's creations. As a drape this scarf is really one of Vionnet's old handkerchief designs magnified to gigantic proportions.

Instead of being hung from the center with ends falling, it fastens by one corner on the left shoulder, crossing the throat at a point slightly below the chin, and falling down the back from the right shoulder in voluminous cascades—thus, after the manner of the season, bringing the trimming and any suggestion of fullness to the rear.

THE top model shows some of the old stern, uncompromisingly classic lines of Vionnet, modernized by the inset of a godet that flares at the end of a barren area of a skirt whose ancestral forerunner several seasons ago drooped and clung to one's figure and palpitated to one's footsteps with the fan of those old circular tiers of handkerchieflike draperies set in motion.

This dress has almost the only kind of trimming countenanced by Vionnet, which is inserting in the form of heavy hemstitching. In this frock it runs round the hips in three rows, and up one side of the blouse in a sunburst effect, paralleling the sunburst motif in the godet on the skirt.

The entire movement of the blouse draws upward and to the left side into a scarf which throws round the neck.

Every year Vionnet makes some kind of summer coat that is half cape. Last spring the cape went all round the wrap, and indeed seemed to be merely a piece of the material turned back from the neckline, which was without a collar. This season the coat follows very much the same conception, except that the cape is stitched to the main garment across the back, giving to it the effect of being a coat with cape sleeves.

The wrap is very effective for summer when done in dark blue serge or black silk. The original model, designed for the cool early spring, was made of beige homespun.

The other wrap is in black bengaline trimmed with white bengaline, three pieces of which are sewed together in a complicated manner that makes them overlap and fall in jabot fashion down the front.

A Premet frock of taffeta with collar, vestee, and ruffles of organdie.

Yvonne Davidson's jaquette of gold moiré is smart.

This coat of white kasha-tulla from Martial et Armand suits any figure.

Danger Lines

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, May 21.

THERE are danger lines—scare lines—hemming in almost everything that has to do with us or our lives. Every state has its boundary lines, which are also the danger lines marked "No Trespassing." The State of Happiness, of Morals, of Chic, and all other desirable states are surrounded by danger lines.

The danger lines beyond the boundaries of the State of Chic lead us into Exaggeration, Awkwardness, Dowdiness, and Ridicule—horrid states where no woman can be happy. And every dress, coat, or ensemble we wear is, in itself, a miniature State of Chic, or one—or perhaps, in extreme cases, all—of the terrible states enumerated above.

This season it is extremely smart to make a slender column of the upper body, and to contrast it with a skirt that flares. Our first photograph shows such a model, a black taffeta daytime dress from Premet. The distinction of this frock is apparent, but the line must be arranged for each woman.

For the long-waisted woman there will be an inch or so more skirt and that much less waist. This will also apply to her who is short and wants to look tall. For the short-waisted, long-legged woman more space will be given to the waist, and this works equally well for the woman whose hip measurement is more ample than chic.

The close fitting white organdie collar and the elongated V-shaped vestee are ideal for the long-necked, slender lady. They slenderize, too, her short-necked, robin-breasted sister. The mousquetaire cuffs edged with organdie are almost universally becoming. The skirt should end well below the knees.

Our second photograph shows a smart evening jaquette, which may be used to camouflage evening dress, to make the telltale waistline behave, and to serve as protection against the dangerous dew. Yvonne Davidson created this dinner jaquette of old-gold moiré.

It sometimes happens that in the straight coat silhouette one line will make all of the others safe from danger. Our third photograph shows such a coat. This is a white summer coat from Martial et Armand, made of kasha-tulla. The straight lines, the self-material belt, the *empiècement* which buttons at the hips over set-in pockets, all are smart and becoming to many figures. The raglan sleeves round angular shoulder lines and add grace to rounded ones.

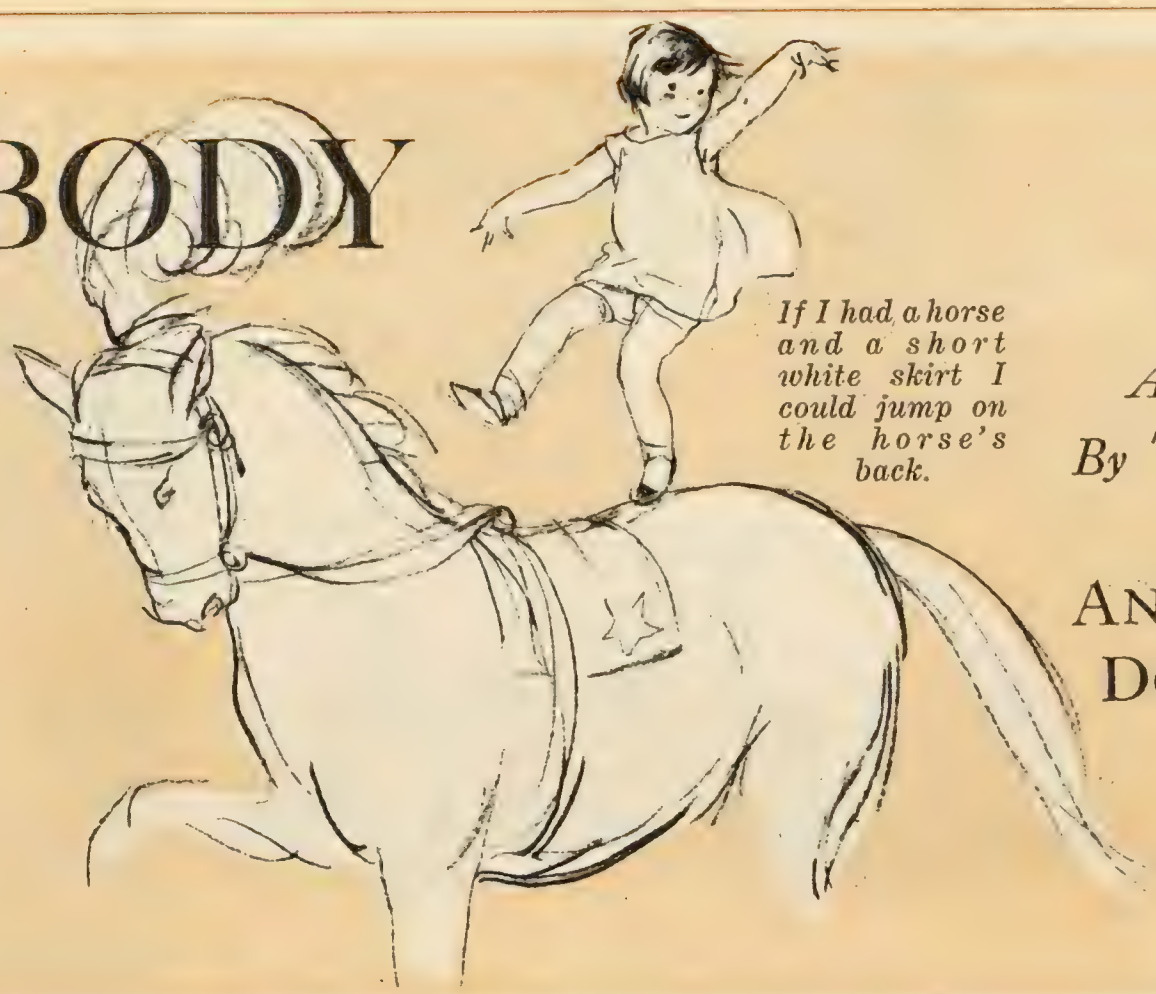
It is the scarf that makes this coat so universally becoming. Tall ladies twine it around the shoulders; short ladies let it fly full length; so do fat ones. It thus gives length and slenderness to lines. Get in front of the glass and work out your own problems.

Our fourth and largest photograph shows a printed frock for summer; the lines of which are suitable for most women, with minor adjustments. Lucien Lelong, who created this, is a wizard with lines, and he has made invaluable research. The bow on the shoulder of this brown and white polka-dotted frock would be left as it is for the woman of medium or more stature. For the short or fat it should extend below the hipline.

The set-in girdle should be left as it is, or raised or lowered. If you are medium or tall and slender, let it alone. If you are short, raise it. Too tall? Lower it a trifle. The very ample godets shirred to the hips may stand, and the hemline is quite perfect.

Polka dots of white on a brown ground make this daytime frock from Lucien Lelong. It includes many details of the purely feminine Paris mode.

SOMEBODY *Had A Grand Time*



If I had a horse and a short white skirt I could jump on the horse's back.

As Dictated By TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 33 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I've been to the Circus. Mary's been, too. Mom and Daddy also's been. We've all been. Mom tole Mrs. Williams she and Daddy took us. I'll tell you how 'twas. Then you'll know who was tooken.

When we got back home Daddy said it was the best time he ever had in his life.

"Me, too," Mom said. "It's a great show!"

I had a good time. Mary only had a good time also. We didn't have the *best* time because we didn't see everything. We missed some. The Circus was so big we could only sit at one end. We couldn't sit at both ends and in the middle, too. When we were seeing the monkeys riding horseback on the dogs at our end we couldn't see what they were doing in the middle or at the other end of it. And that wasn't all the why we didn't see everything. We had to look after Daddy and Mom. They said they'd been to a Circus before. You wouldn't think so if you'd been me and Mary.

You know the time when the horses go round so fast the lady on the white horse with pink stockings on has to hang on by her toes? Well, Daddy leaned so far out Mary screamed. We had to hold on to him by his legs. We only just got him back when the other lady on the black horse that didn't have pink stockings on made Whoop-ee-ee. Daddy thought she was calling him. He started over the box again.

We didn't see *Cin-der-ella*. We wanted to see *Cin-der-ella* riding in her coach. We wanted to see her gold dress that the *Prince* liked. And her in it that he liked, too. We wanted to tell her what dirty old sisters she had. And dirty old step-mother. *Cin-der-ella* was in the page-ANT. We didn't see the page-ANT.

When we got to where the Circus was at, there was a ter-RIB-ble crowd of people. Mom said we must not get sep-rated. I clung to Daddy's hand. But he got away from me. We had to wait a long time before we found him. He was looking at the pitchers of beauti-FUL ladies. They were in the hall just before the man took your tickets. Mom said to him: "Hey, Small Boy, you'd better stick with us or you won't see the Circus." He looked sheepish.

Then he said let's see the freaks first. Mom said all right and I want to see Emir, that big Tiger, and Mighty Martha, the hippo, I've been reading about. I said I want to see the Circus. Mary said I want to, too. But Daddy said let's give the tat-tood lady the once-over, anyway. I don't know what is a once-over. But we missed the page-ANT and *Cin-der-ella* and her gold dress and slippers that the *Prince* fell in love with.

And Mom had to tell Daddy to get him away from the tat-tood lady; that if he liked that kind so well why didn't he marry one? He said he was only trying to figure out what was that design on her arm. Mom said there wasn't anything on her arm. So he said let's see the bearded lady. She wasn't there. So he said the fat girl, then. Mom said, Say, this isn't a girl show. This is a Circus. Mary said and I want to see it. I said I did too. They said in a minute you will. Let's look at the animals now that we're here. We looked at the animals. And they looked at us. Emir didn't look pleased. Martha didn't look at all.

When we got to our seats the page-ANT was all over and some of the Circus. But we saw

Mary and I tried walking on sticks. Mary had the broom. I had the mop.

the monkeys riding on the dogs' backs. And the clowns. And the horses—

I wish I had a horse. If I had a horse and pink stockings and a short white skirt I could jump on the horse's back. And slide down his tail. And jump back up on it again. And turn summersalts like the lady with the red sash.

Mary and I tried walking on sticks when we got home. Only we didn't have sticks. Mary had the broom. I had the mop. 'Lizbeth took them away from us.

Then Mary said if she had a rope she'd show me how to walk on it like the girl with the para-sol in her bedroom slippers. So I said I know where one is. She said where? I said on the roof where 'Lizbeth hangs the clothes on. But the rope was too high to get up on.

So Mary said look I can reach it here. I'll be a swinger. I said what's that. She said didn't you see the lady swinger in the circus? She climbed up a rope and swinged like this. You count how many times I turn, Mary tole me. I counted One, Two, Three. But she didn't turn. She said she couldn't get her feet off the ground. So I said watch me. You count. She counted One. I don't know if she counted Two. I didn't hear anything for a few minits. My head was hurting where it bumped. So then we said we'd try something else.

But I'm forgetting to tell about Mom and Daddy. Just like they did to Mary and me at the Circus.

"Lookit that ele-phunt carrying the man round in his mouth!" Daddy yelled at Mom. Somebody behind him told him to Sit Down.

"Isn't it WON-der-FUL?" Mom said. "But lookit the fellow in the center. Dancing the tango on that rope. Didje ever—"

"Lookit those seals!" Daddy yelled again. The man behind said Sit Down forpetesake.

"Lookit the one throwing that lighted torch around. Lookit it! Lookit!"

And Mom said Lookit that horse walt-sing.

"Sit down, Lady, before I knock you down," said the Voice behind.

Mary said I want to go home. I said I did too. Don't you want to see the human butter fly, Mom said. I said NO. Mary said she didn't either. But we saw them. And we saw the house on fire. Daddy wouldn't leave till it was put out.

BEFORE we went—the day before it was—Daddy said the Circus is a great show for kids. I said what's kids? He said you and Mary.

When we came home Daddy said to Mom it's a great show for kids and Mom said yes isn't it? Mary and me didn't ask what's kids.

Only Mary said to me when we were eating our supper:

"The kids had a grand time, didn't they?"

And I said it's certainly a great show for kids—

And we laughed. Just Mary and me, I mean.

Don't miss reading about Toni's new neighbor and the Tough Kid in Liberty next week.

FASTER get-away—quicker stops, tear down the carcass and grind off the tread of any tire not built for today's driving conditions. It's not only the amount of rubber that counts—it's the kind. Not simply more rubber but more pure rubber. Today's low rubber prices make it easy to enjoy General's Dual-Tread, Proper-Size line.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

Coopers

REG. U.S.

Underwear Hosiery

Cleanliness is no Luxury

Follow the daily bath with Coopers —comfy, cool and clean. Then your grin will chase your grouch and you'll feel fit for anything—in

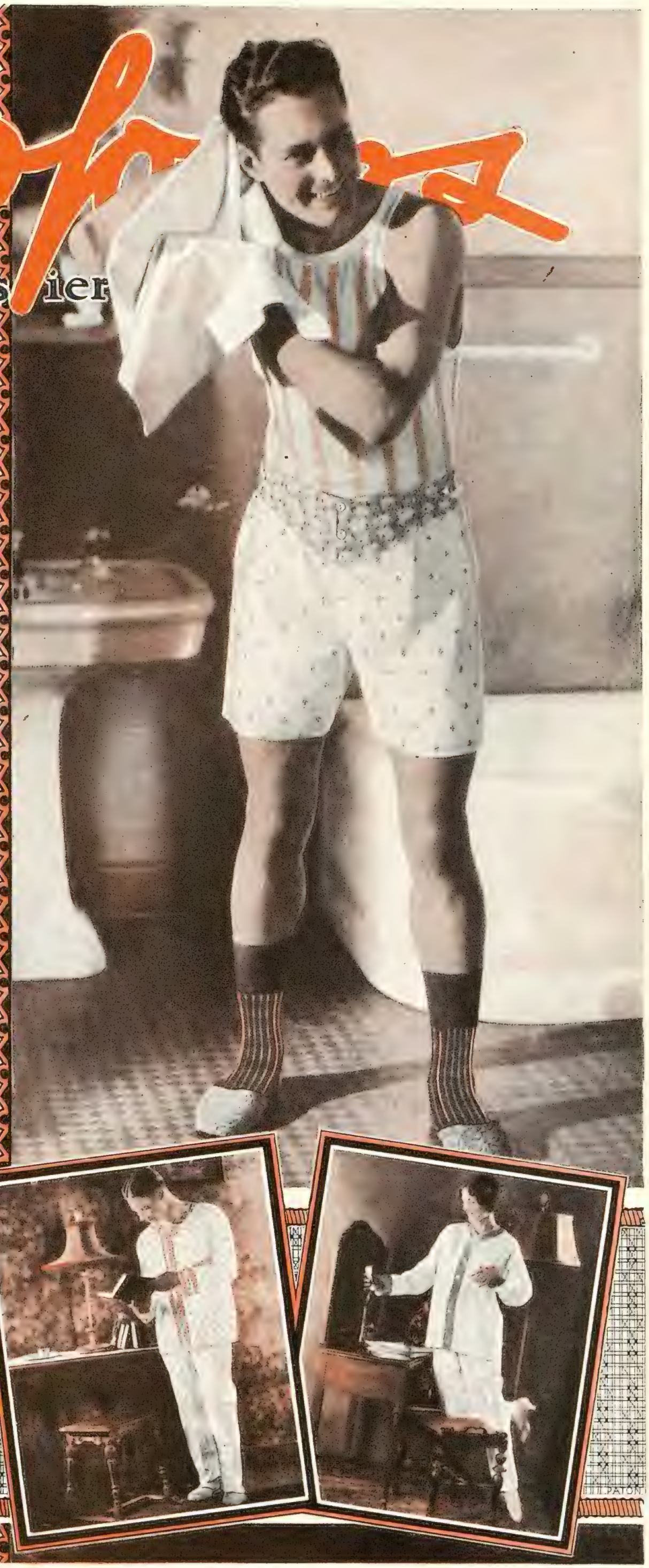
Coopers

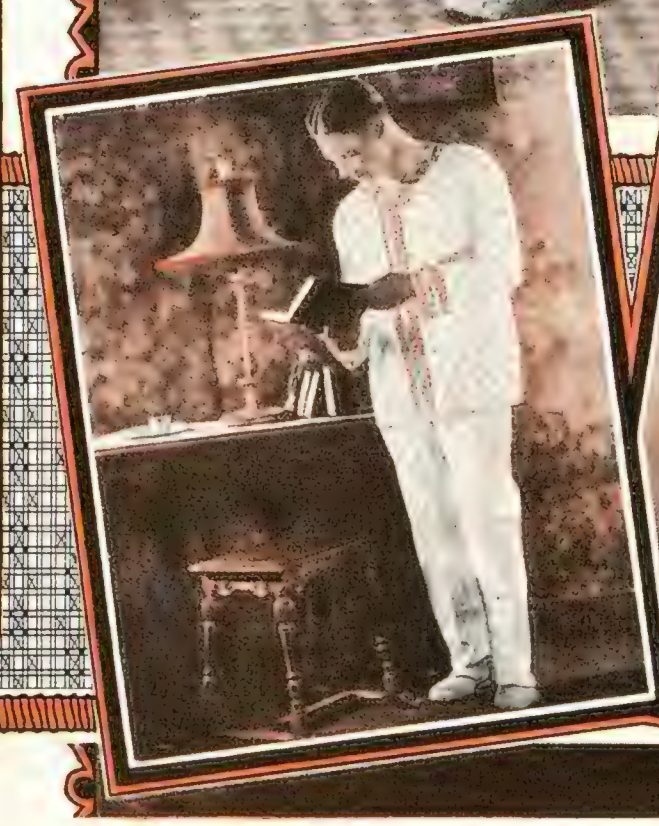
Shirts and Shorts

Go to your dealers—ask for Coopers. See where they differ—and why—and how. Then—buy Coopers by the box—and learn the joy of the daily change.

Coopers Shirts and Shorts, 75 cents to $2 each garment;
Coopers Knitsuits, $1 to $5;
Coopers Pajamas, $2.50 to $10;
Coopers Hose, 50c to $2.50.

Cooper Underwear Company
Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.





Line's Busy

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"YES, Lil's home again and she feels fine," Ma Morse was broadcasting to the minister's wife at the other end of the telephone wire. "And the baby is too darling for words. We'll arrange about his christening soon. . . . Oh, no, never cries! . . . The Morses' eyes—oh, yes! . . . Yes, Sandy's proud as a peacock. He was afraid it would be twin girls. Good-by—and let me know if you want me to pour tea after prayer meeting."

This Week's Cover Picture

Mrs. Morse said all this in one breath, and then hung up with an "Oh, my land, it's two o'clock!" She puffed out to the kitchen to boil a nipple for her grandson's 2 o'clock drink.

The baby was revolutionizing the Morse-Jenkins domestic circle. Friendly hellos had abdicated in favor of the paramount how's-the-baby-now slogan. And a thumb-tacked note over the front doorbell asked visitors to "Knock, Don't Ring!" Pop had given up whistling and door-slamming. Ma rattled pots only to drown the baby's periodic crying spasms, retaining a hushed, tiptoe silence *ad interim*.

"S-sh-sh! S-sh-sh! S-sh-sh!" She'd said this so much that her lips were in danger of retaining a deforming and permanent pout.

Lil? Since her return from the hospital, she'd acted as hostess at so many impromptu receptions that she felt like the First Lady of the Land shaking hands with the ambassadors from the six continents. All the neighbors had "just run in to see the new baby"! They'd all given out diet, bathing, and teething hints, bibs, bootees, rattles, and googoo lisping talk. And Ma had given out lemonade and cookies to each caller.

Sandy? He was just as important as the wall paper: he was right there, but nobody bothered to see him. He felt kith and kin to the cat and the canary. They formed a pitiful trio. No one seemed to care what opera the bird sang, how many mice Twinkie snatched out of the bread box, or how many diapers Sandy washed. Three forsaken domestic musketeers! The crying baby had swiped the limelight, so they took symbolic cheap seats in the last row of the top gallery.

"Waaaa-waaaa-WAAAA!" That was Sandy's young hopeful announcing what a terrible place he thought this world had turned out to be.

"Oh, has he a pin sticking in his back?" Lil called from the sun porch, where she was reading a spicy novel of wild life in New York. She didn't bother to get up.

"Pin? Did you say *a* pin?" Pop yelled. "It sounds more like a pin-cushion!" And he kept on with his Saturday afternoon linoleum patching job in the pantry.

"Pin?" Ma laughed. "The poor little cherub just wants to be picked up. Here, come to grandma, you tiny little tweakie-tweakie! Grandpa's gluing linoleum, mamma's reading a book, papa's down in the laundry wringing out clothes. There, there, see the birdie?"

Mrs. Morse really deserved a prize in a baby-soothing contest!

Yes, Sandy was down in the basement wringing out his son's wardrobe. A final wielding of the wringer, a dishpan filled with laundry, and with a clothespin-filled mouth he staggered up the steps and out into the back yard. Robins fled before the flapping array he hung up!

"Hey, faithful house-hubby!" Pop yelled from the window. "Line's busy."

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why All the Excitement?

Upon the advent of a new baby, Patricia was given the task of looking after the erstwhile baby brother as they played in the yard. He strayed into the street, whence a neighbor rescued him from being struck by an automobile and proceeded to lecture Patricia about her neglect.

"Don't you know, Pat, you must take better care of your little brother? He nearly got killed."

"Oh," said Pat, nonchalantly, "that's all right—we've got another one in the house."—Dorothy P. Lehman, Sparta, Wis.

* * *

The Long, Long Trail

Marie was taking an extensive automobile trip with her parents. Being very quiet, her father asked her if she were enjoying her long trip. To which she answered, "Why, yes, Daddy; but, will you please tell me, are we still in America?"—C. G. Hillebrecht, 896 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Are you GETTING *from Life* what YOU WANT?

"OH, HE'S been lucky. He's had all the breaks." Haven't you heard unsuccessful people talk that way about men who've made good? Passing the buck to Fate.

Then hear the other side of the story. Talk to a man like this successful banker—young, but already a name to conjure with in financial circles.

He started out with no more than any of his friends. Had his share of disappointments and hard knocks, too.

But he *knew* exactly what he wanted from life. And he went after it. Set a definite goal for himself. Mapped out his life, step by step, year by year.

His plan wouldn't permit of ill health, with loss of valuable time and efficiency. So he included a regular health regime, too. In spite of a sedentary life, irregular hours, frequent travel, he never let his system get sluggish or out of order. He's as regular as a healthy boy in all his bodily habits—thanks to Nujol, he says.

"I started taking Nujol when I was just a bank clerk. It was as new in those days as I was—just perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). We've kept together ever since. And both been successful, too."

It is a pure substance that keeps the body functioning normally and naturally under all conditions. It not only prevents an excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It's these poisons that sap your energy, kill your ambition, hold you back.

If you're feeling a bit discouraged—envious of the other fellow who's leaving you behind—pick up with the Nujol treatment. Buy a bottle today. Keep it up regularly for the next three months. It's a small enough investment. But more profitable than all the "get-rich-quick" schemes in the world.

What's a pair o' breeches, with a box o' Necco Choc Pepps at stake? Those tangy mint creams—richly coated with chocolate—just *pure goodness!* Eight big Pepps to a box—for a *nickel!* Try 'em today!

Cooler Kitchens for Clever Cooks

By

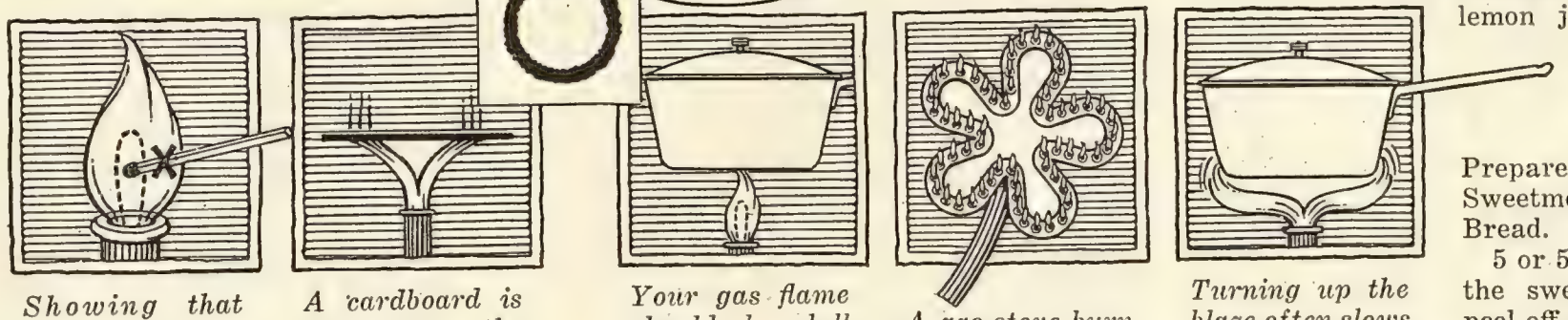
ETHEL SOMERS

IMPORTANT savings in fuel costs, food values, and health may be easily made through proper use of the cooking medium. Large and high flames are gas consumers, indigestion promoters, food wasters, and flavor destroyers. Poorly regulated or dirty yellowish flames are gas wasters and soot producers. Small flames reduced to a minimum, so as not to exceed the actual cooking need, are savers.

To establish a maximum fuel-saving program, start by noting and correcting the character of the flame. Every burner consists, when lighted, of many small individual flames, each of which should be in perfect adjustment. A perfectly adjusted flame lights easily and quietly. Each flamelet burns with a distinct inner cone of light blue-green unburned gas and an outer burning layer of dull blue purple with a somewhat hazy outer edge. There should never be any signs of yellow or white in the blaze. This indicates incomplete combustion and consequent waste.

If the burner back-fires when lighted, if the flame streamlets are not of uniform length, or if the lighted burner roars when burning, wasteful conditions prevail. Remedy the situation by boiling the burner in a strong washing soda or lye solution, and then rinse and dry before using. Should the flame still be imperfect, adjust the air shutter (after loosening the set screw) by turning it either to the right or left until a perfect blaze results.

The best cooks get superior results by using as little cooking heat as possible.



Showing that the bright blue central cone of a Bunsen burner is cool. A match takes fire at X before the sulphur ignites.

A cardboard is held over the flame until it begins to scorch. The charred circle shows only the outer ring has taken effect.

Your gas flame should be dull blue in color. The tips of the tiny flames should just touch the base of the kettle.

A gas-stove burner consists of many tiny flames. Each flame is comparable to the large flame of a Bunsen burner.

Turning up the blaze often slows up cooking, as it spreads the cool central cones of unburned gas over the kettle's base.

Simple Gas Economies

IN warm weather, when hot water is scarce, it is wise to keep a teakettle of water on the pilot burner. After a period of standing you will be surprised to note how hot this becomes.

Once any liquid used as a cooking medium starts to boil, reduce the flame as low as possible to maintain boiling, for no liquid can get any hotter than its boiling point.

Never turn a gas burner so high that the tips of the flame more than touch the bottom of the cooking vessel.

Use the pilot burner for melting fats, chocolate, etc., or for warming rising bread.

THE advice given on this page is particularly timely. Women are surely glad to learn of efficient methods that enable them to get good results in hot weather with as little heat as possible. Additional advice on proper cooking procedure may be found in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. Equip your kitchen with all three. Each book costs only 10¢; all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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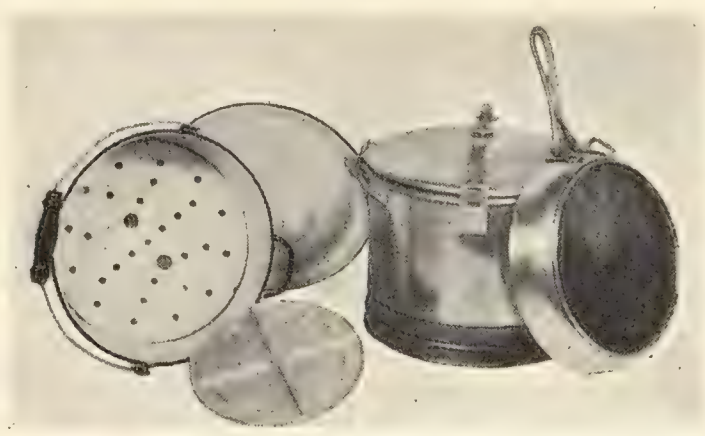
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
6-16-28



The many patent-bottomed kettles and plates to prevent burning indicate perhaps the average cook's carelessness in regulating her cooking medium.

Before heating water measure the exact amount you will need. This saves fuel. Never use both the oven and the top of the stove burners for one meal. This is extravagant.

Light the burner when the vessel is in place, and turn it out just before the food is completely cooked.

Keep the burners clean and properly adjusted.

Never use the giant surface burner unless the base of the kettle being used is considerably larger than the burner.

Learn to use the simmer burner. Its efficiency is often underestimated.

Do not have three or four burners going if one will do the work. Herein lies the value of triplicate saucepans.

Unless it is necessary to stir the mixture *always* cover kettles during cooking, as the steam contains considerable heat.

Plan your baking by the week for strict oven economy.

Cook by time and temperature, so as not to waste fuel or food.

A Summer Dinner Menu Cooked on the Simmer Burner

Pineapple Cocktail
Sliced Ham Sweetmeat
(Hot or cold)

Boiled Whole Carrots	**Sweet Potatoes**
Pickled Beets	**Cabbage Salad**
Date Bread	**Butter**
Orange-Milk Sherbet	**Coconut Sweetmeats**

Schedule for a Simmer Burner Dinner

1 P. M.: Put a 2½ or 3 pound ham sweetmeat, which is really a smoked ham butt, into a large kettle containing cold water to cover. No seasonings need be added to the water, as the ham is already flavorful and will season the liquor sufficiently to make the vegetables palatable. Place over a simmer burner turned very low. Cover tightly and cook. It is not necessary to watch the cooking process. The ham should be on by 1 or 1:30 if dinner is to be served at 6 P. M.

Prepare the cabbage salad and put it on ice. Prepare the orange juice, lemon juice, and sugar for the sherbet. Do not add the milk, but place on ice. Prepare the Coconut Sweetmeats and Date Bread.

5 or 5:30 P. M. Scrub the sweet potatoes and peel off a ½-inch strip of the jacket all the way around. Add to the hot liquor. Add the scraped whole carrots with the sweet potatoes. Turn the simmer burner up to high heat and continue cooking from 5 to 6 P. M. If the ham is to be served cold, it is not necessary to add the potatoes until 5:30, when the ham should be removed entirely from the liquor and placed to cool. The vegetables may be quickly boiled after the meat is removed and will then cook in the remaining 30 minutes.

5:30 P. M.: Add the milk to the sherbet and freeze. 5:45 P. M.: Set the table.

Orange-Milk Sherbet

1 cup orange juice	1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	1½ cups milk
⅛ cup lemon juice	1/16 teaspoon salt

COMBINE the fruit juices and sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add the milk just as the mixture is put to freeze.

Pack in ice and salt (8 to 1), and churn slowly until frozen. Serve soon after freezing. If the mixture is ready too long ahead of time and it is desirable to pack it for standing, better results are obtained if two stiffly beaten egg whites are folded in before the mixture is packed.

Coconut Sweetmeats

½ cup powdered sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups shredded coconut	2 teaspoons vanilla
¼ cup flour	2 egg whites

MIX the dry ingredients and then add the vanilla. Beat the egg whites stiff. Fold these into the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to a greased, floured baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes or until slightly browned. Remove from the baking sheet while *hot*. Cool on the rack.

Flavor
that makes
you hungry!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

THE triple goodness of toasted corn and cream and luscious fruit! Strawberries are on the market. Serve them tomorrow with your breakfast bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and enjoy a glorious treat!

Kellogg's are simply great these days—for lunch or dinner as well as breakfast. What zest their flavor and crispness adds to meals! Airy-light and wholesome—every crunchy flake. Exceptionally easy to digest. Never tough-thick—but extra crisp.

Eat them with milk or cream—and, for extra relish, add fresh or canned fruits or honey. Pears, prunes, bananas, raisins. Give them to the children at supper.

Order Kellogg's at hotels, restaurants and cafeterias. On dining-cars. At all grocers. Always oven-fresh in the inner-sealed waxtite wrapper. Look for the red-and-green package.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Kaffee Hag—"real coffee minus caffeine." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

H A V E A C A M E L

LIBERTY Paper *Does* Make a *Difference*

THE heavier stock on which LIBERTY four-color printing appears adds immeasurably to the effectiveness of the Camel advertising—an advantage which was not overlooked when LIBERTY was selected as one of the major factors in the national advertising of this cigarette.

The DIFFERENCE

All four-color advertising in LIBERTY is reproduced on *58 pound cover stock*—11 pounds heavier than the paper used by The Saturday Evening Post. The above illustration is an exact reprint of the Camel advertisement which appeared in the May 26th issue of LIBERTY. It is printed on the *same paper* and from the advertiser's own plates.

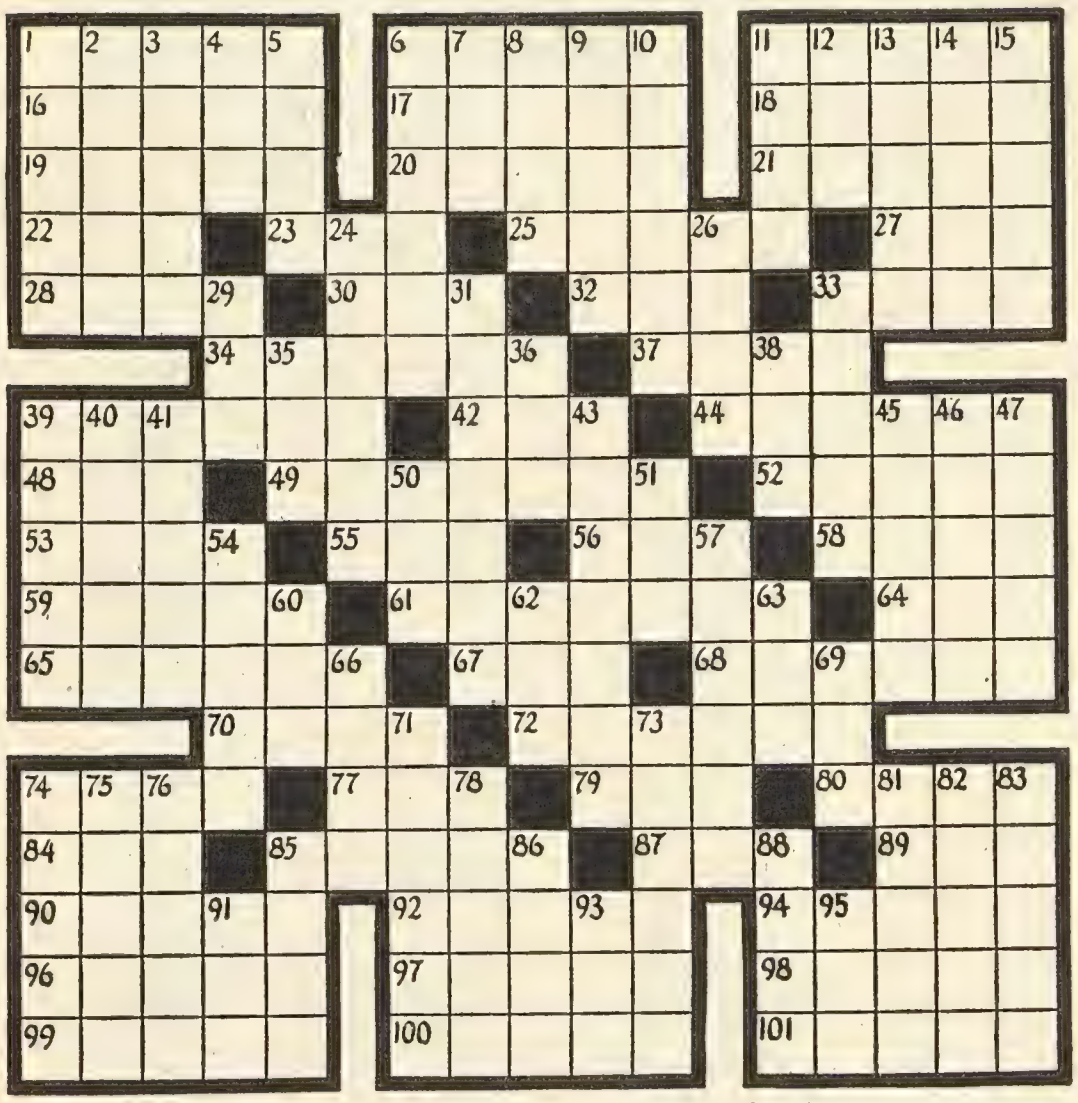
Camel advertising is prepared by N. W. Ayer & Son.
It appears regularly in

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

America's Fastest-Hitting Magazine!

BROKEN DIAGONAL PUZZLE

You should be able to romp through this in twenty minutes, or even less if you are not held up by the goddess at 76 Vertical or the bird at 85 Horizontal.



HORIZONTAL

1 Hinder by fear of consequences
6 Support enthusiastically
11 Mother of Ishmael
16 Arrange in a row
17 Declaim
18 Oval
19 Regards as of importance
20 Broom made of twigs
21 Citrous fruit
22 Poem
23 A tag
25 Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin
27 Compass point
28 Cozy place of abode
30 Mesh fabric
32 Fondle
33 Raised by cultivation
34 Melt and clarify, as fat
37 Mature
39 A globe
42 Drowse
44 Recount
48 Definite article
49 Oriental
52 Rigidity
53 A file
55 Shelter
56 Propeller
58 Fine soft plumage of birds
59 An item of one's belongings
61 Enveloped
64 Born
65 Pared
67 Sup
68 Patterns
70 An appendage
72 One of the tribe of Levi
74 Rotating pieces in machinery
77 Plunder
79 Roman god of the lower world
80 Showing the results of wear
84 Mother of *Peer Gynt*
85 A small bird
87 A tree
89 Pastry
90 Range of hills
92 Feminine personal name
94 Living
96 Mental images
97 Irritated
98 Tuned
99 Brute
100 Scorches
101 Pitchers

VERTICAL

1 One of two famous friends
2 Delete
3 Prongs
4 Terminus
5 Remainder
6 Cut short
7 Unrefined metal
8 Hop kiln
9 Condescend
10 To moderate
11 Hallowed
12 Hail
13 Pluckier
14 Make amends
15 Restore to a former state
24 To temper
26 Agitate
29 Italian word for three
31 Frame for stretching cloth (plural)
33 Icy
35 Prior
36 A deer
38 By
39 A thong
40 Aspect
41 State in southwest Germany
43 Dripped
45 Gone by
46 Cloth for drying
47 Eagles
50 Stitch
51 Sleep
54 Skin and fur of a beast (plural)
57 Negligent
60 Beverage
62 Suffer illness
63 Small mark
66 Dreadful
69 Atmospheric moisture
71 Causes to descend
73 Articles of food
74 One of an Indian tribe of Brazil and Guiana
75 To one side
76 Daughter of Æetes (Greek mythology)
78 Misrepresent
81 To think
82 Large stream
83 Requires
85 Nuisance
86 Woman's name
88 Detest
91 A fuel
93 Ever
95 Degraded

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Answer to last week's puzzle

Why Folks Get Fat

and how they lose it

Science, some years ago, found a cause of excess fat which is easy to correct. Scientists proved it on thousands of test animals, then on human beings. The results were reported in medical journals, and the use of this method has spread the world over.

Then a great medical laboratory embodied this method in Marmola prescription tablets. They have now been used for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. The use has grown to vast proportions through users telling others.

The results are seen in every circle. Slenderness prevails. Excess fat is much less common than it was. Now physicians everywhere are prescribing for obesity the chief factor in Marmola.

Abnormal exercise or diet is not required, not advised. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

The prescription is not secret. A book in every box gives the formula complete. It explains the results so you may know they are natural and helpful.

Learn how easy it is to get these results if you need them. New beauty, new health and vitality come when the fat departs. Few things bring more joys to men and women than reduction by Marmola.

Go get a box and watch effects. You will be delighted.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

BOYS! Baseball Equipment FREE!

HERE is a wonderful opportunity for you fellows to get all your baseball equipment absolutely free, besides earning a regular weekly income. You can win baseballs, bats, gloves, uniforms, and many other valuable prizes while earning your own pocket money. It's clean, easy work, right in your own neighborhood, in your spare time. We show you how and furnish everything. Just mail the coupon for full details and our big catalog of free prizes.

MAIL COUPON NOW

LIBERTY WEEKLY, Boy Sales Division 6-16-28
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

Quality Auto Seat Covers

Factory Sale
$2.50 Two Pass. Coupe and Roadster
$3.95 All Other Models

Perfect Fit
Excellent Quality
4 Fast Colors
Light Tan
Dark Tan
Light Gray
Dark Gray

Perfect protection for seats and back cushions against dirt and wear. Improves appearance of upholstery—doubles life of cushions. Protects clothes.

Quality Seat Covers of excellent seat cover material—carefully cut, and well made. Complete ready to put on, with no cutting or fitting. Covers can be reversed. Can be cleaned perfectly. Strong, rich-looking, long-life. A wonderful value at these low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.

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Sat another man
Who had awful nerve.
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Before he put on da lather."

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Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

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LEHN & FINK, INC. *Sole Distributors* Dept. 1058 Bloomfield, N. J.

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LIBERTY will pay $5 for every WORD GOLF hole that it prints, but there are no prizes for solutions.

Address entries to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., and please be sure that your name and address appear on every sheet of your copy.

Here are this week's winning holes:

CHARLES H. PLATZ
Paterson, N. J.

N	E	W	S
I	T	E	M

MARGARET HANKES
Aurora, Ill.

T	E	X	T
B	O	O	K

FLORENCE HURST
Princeton, Ind.

B	E	A	K
C	L	A	W

LEO COGHLAN
Coronado, Calif.

J	U	N	E
J	U	L	Y

H. A. LINDBERGH
Duluth, Minn.

T	O	O	T	H
P	A	S	T	E

MACK J. TODD
Yonkers, N. Y.

R	I	N	G
B	O	U	T

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

WHIST	PIGS	GOOD	SOUL	SHORE	BUSH
WRIST	PEGS	HOOD	SOIL	CHORE	BUST
WREST	PEAS	HOOK	BOIL	CHOSE	BEST
CREST	PEAK	LOOK	BOLL	CHASE	BEET
CHEST	PERK	LOCK	BOLD	CEASE	FEET
CHESS	PORK	LUCK	BOND	LEASE	FRET
			BONY	LEAVE	FREE
			BODY		TREE

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

1—A masterpiece.

2—Juneau.

3—An imperial gallon is about one-fifth larger.

4—To prevent rust.

5—Soldiers Three, and other tales of British Indian army life, by Rudyard Kipling.

6—One who has recently attained wealth or position beyond his birth or worth; an upstart.

7—Draughts.

8—Quakers.

9—A species of bat.

10—Calliope.

11—Executive, Legislative, and Judicial.

12—The Hoosier State.

13—On the southeast point of an island off the coast of North Carolina.

14—All are types of domestic fowls.

15—A system of principles and formulas designed to aid the memory.

16—General Henry Lee, a commander of cavalry in the Revolutionary War, father of Robert E. Lee, and once Governor of Virginia.

17—The combination in the same hand of the best and third best cards of a suit.

18—Raised dots representing the letters of the alphabet which enable the blind to read by the sense of touch.

19—In the Indian Ocean, southeast of British East Africa.

20—A Greek lyric poetess who lived in the seventh century B. C.

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U. S. Official photo

American marines of the Second Division on their way up to Belleau Wood and glory.

Ten Years Ago This Week

(Reading time: 18 minutes 20 seconds.)

Death and the Devil Dogs at Belleau Wood

An Article by
FREDERICK PALMER

HOW did we ever do it? How near we were to not doing it! Disaster hung on a hair-trigger balance in that touch-and-go month of June, 1918.

It was the month of the fourth German offensive—when Paris was being evacuated, unknown to our people at home; when the wicked fighting in Belleau came through to the light out of the darkness of the hellish patch of woods at the month's end.

Through the spring of '18 the drama had kept unfolding to the climax of June. After reverses, the Allied statesmen and generals always met in grave discussion.

So many conferences there had been in the war; so many patched-up compromises of conflicting Allied interests to assure future Allied harmony; so many partings with hopes raised again!

After the March, '18, drive broke through for a thirty-five mile gain, wiping out Gough's British army, the remedy had been unity of command at last, with Foch as generalissimo: one mind and one army against the German one mind and one army.

Again the Supreme War Council met at Abbeville on May 1 and 2. It faced the bitter results of the second German drive in Flanders. All the hard won victories of the new British Army had been canceled. There was Allied harmony at Abbeville in a chorus of appeal:

"Give us American troops! Let our weary men see them going in at their side!"

Had Pershing lost his long siege to make an integral American army instead of having our men fed in as recruits into the Allied ranks?

A stranger, he had been getting acquainted with the ways of the old nations. He had become used to appeals, to all the play of intrigue, flattery, arguments, back-fire to Washington—and to more than appeals—to threats and "squeezing."

The British had wanted the American soldiers trained in their way, and the French wanted them trained in theirs. Out of the geeing and hawing of advice, as the Allies poured partisan views into our ears, Pershing, lone counselor sitting in with the Allied generals and the Allied statesmen, had to win the privilege of forming an army on the lines of American and not of British or French character.

He understood that this was the only means to final victory. It was bound up in human nature and national psychology.

Good friends out of office hours—but business is business, especially grim war business. Do it your way, Marianne, and yours, John Bull, but our ways are ours. When we mixed our battalions with the British and French, the *entente cordiale* broke down. So did it when British or French were mixed, or Canadians or Australians with British.

The demand for our own army did not spring from the top, but up through the silent ranks which saluted and could not talk back. All fine, thought our doughboy, this war for civilization, with civilization's brothers, arm in arm, against the Kaiser to save democracy.

But when he got down to the rough, hard realism of it, away from the high-flown propaganda, he was more of an American than he ever had been, and fighting for America.

As the latest crisis of the drama unfolded at Abbeville, it looked as if events had the hope of an American army in a vise. Pershing's March offer of all he had, as Foch would use it in an emergency, still held good.

"A stubborn man, this General of yours," old Clemenceau would say in caustic irritation.

And stubbornly Pershing held to his army plan. Of average height, there were times when he was nine feet tall. He was that at Abbeville. He took the lead. He made the vise into a wedge.

THE British, who had borne the brunt of the first two German drives, had the direst need of more reserves. In this urgent call they could find transport for our troops, which had hitherto been wanting.

They were to have six of our divisions from home assigned to their army for training and use in a crisis. But there the bargain was struck. They and all other American divisions in France were to be kept as divisions—28,000 men each—a third the size of Lee's army at Gettysburg—and not fed in as small units.

It was agreed that as soon as the present

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

French and British side by side in France.

German prisoners helping British stretcher bearers to remove wounded from a dangerous shelled area.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Continued from page seventy-seven]

emergency was over, "in order to carry the war to a successful conclusion, an American army should be formed as early as possible under its own commander and own flag."

The end of the "present emergency" would come when the Germans were held, Paris safe behind the French, the Channel ports safe behind the British. We must have an unbreakable steel wall behind which to form our army. We could gain our plan for our own army by fighting for it.

IF the Supreme War Council had not agreed to meet again a month later at Versailles, on June 1 and 2, it would have been summoned. Here was a new present emergency—the worst yet.

It was there on the Paris road this side of Château-Thierry in the third German drive, which won a depth of thirty miles in five days. If it kept on at that rate, in another week it would have Paris under its guns.

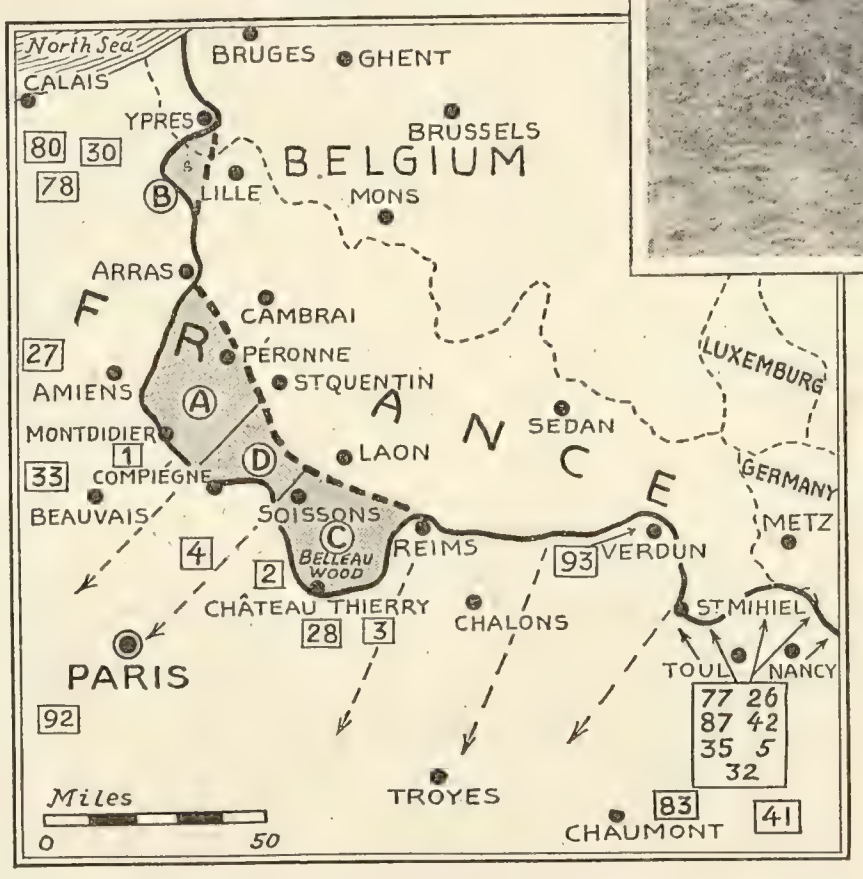
Statesmen's eloquence never had been at so low an ebb; politicians' cunning never at such a discount; propagandic optimism never so voiceless.

Even Premier Lloyd George of England had lost his bounce; even Premier Orlando of Italy had ceased to be sonorous; and Clemenceau's debonair cynicism was a poor mask for his fears for his beloved Paris.

These spokesmen of the millions of soldiers of their nations felt a common civilian helplessness which could not add an ounce of strength to armed resistance. Well they might ask, with assumed nonchalance that was a mockery, where the mighty Supreme War Council would meet next.

Thought of history's way of repeating itself attuned ears to the jingle of spurs of German military boots on the polished floor of the palace of Versailles. Here, in 1870, German victory had crowned old William I as Emperor to "Hoch! Hoch!" as German swords flashed from their scabbards.

The Council might meet next at Brest—or Bordeaux, far south of Paris. But there was one bit of cheerful news. It was known on the evening before the day of the meeting that our Second Division was going in across the Paris road this side of Château-Thierry.



The map shows the month of mortal suspense to the Allied command (June, 1918). A—Germany's March gains; B—The April drive; C—The third drive in May; D—The June 8th drive. The heavy line shows the position of the German armies after the drives. The Allies feared their armies must retreat (as shown by dotted arrow lines) to new positions south of Paris. Figures represent positions of American combat divisions, totaling 500,000 men—the Second Division being at Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood.

What word at dawn tomorrow? Dawn was the zero hour for the advancing Germans, reorganized and refreshed and re-enforced overnight, and guns brought up, to take another stride.

Every dawn since that of May 27 had brought the same message; every sundown written the incredible but brutal fact of another deep German slash on the map.

Dawn comes early in June, long before Premiers are up. There would be four or five hours of fighting before Premiers had their breakfast and met around the council table. Five, 6, 7, 8, 9 o'clock, and this morning the Germans were not advancing. They were stopped on the Paris road.

Did that end the crisis? Foch, who was there, knew that it did not. He was thinking of the next German drive, by which he would not be caught napping as he had been by the third. The unit thought was the same as at Abbeville. Orlando, with the Italians facing an Austrian offensive on the Piave, was sounding it for his front, as well as Clemenceau and Lloyd George for theirs:

"Send us Americans!"

If Pershing had looked nine feet tall at Abbeville, he now looked twelve. And that appeal would have justified him as a prophet at home and in France, if the censorship were dealing in that kind of news.

Recall that eleven months before, on July 6, 1917, soon after his arrival in France, he had cabled to our War Department that it should prepare to put 2,000,000 men in France, and that he was going on the principle of 3,000,000 to end the war. Three million—note that!

At the end of 1917 he had cabled:

"The Allies are very weak, and we must come to their relief in this year 1918. The year after may be too late. It is very doubtful if they can hold on until 1919 unless we give them a lot of support this year."

THE British already had their six divisions agreed to at Abbeville. Others were tumbling in at Brest to re-enforce the French.

We were draining our home training camps. Draft boards were busy refilling them. Another Liberty Loan was being floated. Munition workers were being made such heroes to speed their efforts that when the soldiers of the A. E. F. were to return, few laurels were left to dispose.

And, with more than 700,000 Americans in France or on the way, Lloyd George, Clemen-

ceau, and Orlando, speaking on the authority of Foch, signed their names to this appeal to Washington when the war was almost four years old:

> In France, 162 Allied divisions now oppose 200 German divisions. . . . As there is no possibility of the British and French increasing the number of their divisions (on the contrary, they are put to extreme straits to keep them up), there is great danger of the war being lost.
>
> To avert the immediate danger of an Allied defeat in the present campaign, owing to the Allied reserves being exhausted before those of the enemy . . . and to foresee ultimate victory . . . the total American force required for this is . . . 100 divisions.

AND 100 of the big American divisions, plus all the men in the service supply, would be more than the 3,000,000 that Pershing had foreseen a year before. How long before we would have the 3,000,000 together in our own army to strike the decisive blow? In 1919? Or would it be 1920?

However, the issue of the moment was again how to prevent disaster. The morale of the Allied soldiers was low—its improvement a prime concern.

Coming divisions were to be scattered behind the Allied lines as a support, instead of learning team play as an army in their own sector. Before starting another drive the German staff announced that, in their third drive, they had taken 650 guns and 55,000 prisoners—or the number of troops we could pack on the great Leviathan in five trips.

Our divisions that had just arrived were just bunches of soldiers in a strange world. The home training of some was unfinished. All were unacclimatized, knowing nothing of trench routine, nothing in practice of co-operating with expert Allied divisions in a battle line.

Cannon fodder, children of unpreparedness, who might be thrown into a breach to stick their awkward best. So the Allied veterans saw them. These war-wise, war-hardened fighters did not take the rosy view of the desk propagandist of the value of mounting American numbers.

They were getting a bit fed up with the "all right" stuff, not to mention American bluff. "All right now," when the British New Army went in. "All right now," when Italy and Rumania went in. "All right now," when American rookies were being spilled ashore.

"All right! Blimey, look where we are!" as a British Tommy said.

He knew what had happened to the division of the new British army, splendid in its courage, when it was put in at Loos even after it had trench experience. It was Loos stuff the Yankee tourists had to face.

After the mauling the Allied veterans had been through in recent months against superior German numbers, they were asking John J. Pershing of Missouri to show them. When another punch from the old German champion might be a knockout, it was not very stiffening to their morale to know that a man from the sand lots who had never been in a roped arena was at hand.

The brilliant offensive on a narrow front by the First Division at Cantigny on May 28 had been submerged in the disaster from the third German drive. The trench actions of our divisions in our own sector had hardly reached veteran ears.

"Give us more troops, more money, more munitions," from the statesmen. But from the fighting men: "Give us Yanks in battle's test. Let's see if they are too proud to fight, and if they are not, how they fight."

"Righto," Mr. Atkins. "*Regardez!*" Mme. France.

Please look in the direction of our Second Division, which is across the Paris road:

The regular brigade of the Second, under Brigadier General E. M. Lewis, had the south side of the road. The marine brigade, under Brigadier General James G. Harbord, had the north side. Rising from the ranks, a hard student, he had been Captain Harbord when we entered the war.

Nothing indefinite about Harbord: a broad-gauged man of decision, who rang the bell with clear strokes. As chief of staff, he had been Pershing's right hand in the pioneering of the A. E. F. No one except Pershing knew the gamut of its problems and troubles so well through the winter's Valley Forge to spring days. When we were ready to go in, he was sent from his desk to the front.

"I am giving you the best vacancy I have," said Pershing. "If the marines will not fight—"

THE marines looked over their new commander, himself a regular. A pleasant voiced man—but that chin.

Even the marine chin had better be stretched a little to be sure to be in form. That Harbord chin meant fight—and to a finish—though the Harbord voice spoke the word as softly as he passed a routine decision at G. H. Q.

The brigade of the Second on the south side of the road had suitable ground for digging in. It must wait on the marine brigade, to the north, whose position was overlooked by high ground. Inviting to the Harbord chin was the patch of woods sloping up to the crest of a ridge. Have that and the way to the Paris road was bastioned in that direction.

"Now, we marines!"

There is a thing that is called *esprit de corps*—pride of the corps—rah-rah of the football eleven, the spirit that made every division think itself the best.

"Who in hell would be a marine?" had been the jesting taunt of bluejackets and regulars.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Come on, Devil Dogs! Counterattack of the marine brigade on June 8, 1918, in Belleau Wood.
(From a wartime drawing by Georges Scott in L'Illustration.)

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[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
[Continued from page seventy-nine]

The marines' chance for a terrible task; their chance to answer the "Show me, Mister Marine," of our army, and the "Show me" of the Allied veteran!

Pershing knew his onions. He knew what an account they would give of themselves, long trained, hard trained, their mettle on edge, led by the Harbord chin.

Rivalry not only of marine with regular—rivalry of the Second with the other pioneer division, the First. Now the First had nothing on the Second. Now the Second was not following in the steps of the First, taking its place in the trenches. It was breaking its own ground.

About a mile square, that Belleau Wood. A pleasant grove to look upon, a patch of restful green, until you got into it. Then you found it scattered with big boulders, the underbrush thick.

"*Gott im Himmel!* What is this? Do these Americans think — Get out of our woods!"

"Get out of *our* woods!" replied the marines.

Here was a little difference of opinion. More was at stake than a patch of woods.

The Harbord chin stood for the American plan of training, for the squared shoulders, the discipline, and eyes front. It meant the "no soldier on earth can lick me" conviction carried through. The American must prove he was master over the old champion and all his prestige. And the German could not afford to let him be master.

WITH veteran cunning and skill, the Germans kept feeding in machine guns and shrewd veteran fighters. No lines of trenches with no man's land between; a hugger-mugger in a weaving battle between fox holes and from behind boulders; vicious—group against group, man against man.

Behind their end of the woods the Germans had a secure harbor for reserves and to bring up supplies. Back of the Americans was a deadly area of shellfire. Wounded being brought out of the woods, re-enforcements going in, and relays feeding in food and ammunition had to run hell's gamut.

Devil dogs! Slashing bull terriers with a bulldog grip, slashing and digging among tree roots, creeping up on machine guns, using their rifles against anything that moved. All in this little area when there was a lull in the long battle line as the Germans marshaled their shock divisions for their fourth drive in another sector.

Where the First Division's success at Cantigny had missed the spotlight, the marines had it at Belleau. They were doing a solo in the center of the world's stage. They provided a thrill for homes from the valley of the Sacramento to the valley of the Tiber.

Allied propaganda made the most of the news; the press hungered for it. Who said the Americans were too proud to fight? They were pictured as recklessly brave as Mohammedan fanatics, stripping to the buff to get free swing, the German helmet the red rag to their bull rage, fighting with their fists when rifles were knocked out of their hands.

Lloyd George recovered his bounce; old "Tiger" Clemenceau had the grin of a cat feasting on cream; Orlando became sonorous again.

And still they cried: "Give us more Americans!"

ONE man who was not surprised by our showing at Belleau was John J. Pershing. Some of the doughboys thought he had a poor opinion of them from what he said on inspection; but he had no such views before the Supreme War Council when he was fighting for an American army.

It was on the trench opinion of the long battle line that the Belleau fighting had its effective result. The Allied veterans knew what woods fighting was; they had the professional measure of what was going on in Belleau as the new champion braved the old.

Not an "all right" of the rosy hue of political promise, but an "all right" of the guts and steel coming from behind to hearten their spirits—an "all right" that bade them hold to the death, for real help was coming.

Against that call was the Kaiser's to the German veterans:

"Three big successes. Now one more to finish it!"—finish it before the Americans get in effectively in large numbers.

Time! The balance of hours, of two or three resolute divisions at a critical point, might bring the decision in that mighty struggle in which millions had been engaged for four years.

Ludendorff hastened his fourth drive. He struck with fifteen shock divisions, five in reserve, on a twenty-five mile front from Montdidier to Noyon. His object was to get the "gateposts" of the Marne salient he had won. This would give him purchase for the final push on Paris.

U. S. Official photo

One house that remained standing in the inferno of shot and shell at Belleau Wood.

When his guns thundered on the morning of June 8, it was the climax of the drama. Let him repeat the success of his third drive, and it might not be the Americans who would be celebrating the Fourth of July in Paris, but the Kaiser.

The evacuation of Paris continued. Foch's arrangements contemplated an emergency which staff insiders could envision, if not the world at large, to whom it would come out of the blue as the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

direst news yet. Its prospect was an army caught on the hip so it must retreat to save itself from rout and complete disaster. It held the picture of the railroad center of Paris lost; of the American sector evacuated; of great depots of material and munition factories lost; of the life-giving sinews of war mangled.

American divisions would be falling back in the company of French divisions in the confusion of disordered transport and refugees enveloping them. Weary battalions seeking billets would find the very yards and fields crowded with women and children who had left crops and cattle behind as food for the German army which had been fighting against starvation for its people.

All that the French had had to do after the German invasion of 1914 would have to be done over again: a new battle line formed; new trenches dug; new roads and railroads built.

What news to hearten the Austrians against the Italians on the Piave and the Bulgarian and Turkish allies of Germany; to convince the Italians that the time had come to strike a peace bargain with the Kaiser; to convince the Rumanians, the Serbs, and others in the Allied fold to give up the fight; and the Poles to yield, as all hope of a free Poland had passed!

One wall falling, the whole structure would tumble. Then, if we were to win the war, which had become now so distinctly the American burden, we must regain all that had been lost of France in '18 and then all that had been lost in '14 before we were on German soil to dictate peace.

FOCH was not taken by surprise by this fourth German drive, as he had been by the third. He knew where it was coming. But the Germans attacked with this high prize beckoning them.

They gained three miles on the first day in places. The next day, when the drive should slow up, they gained six. Foch had to evacuate a salient. Drastic measures were now taken for the defense of Paris.

The French veterans were taking toll skillfully, at their supple best in defense. They knew the new German infiltration tactics now.

And then General Mangin—he of the great protruding jaw, a savage fighter trained in fighting savages in colonial wars—at a critical moment led five French divisions of reserves in a counterattack Foch had shrewdly timed and planned.

"This must end the defensive battle," was Mangin's summons to his men, who went in with the spirit that had saved Paris in '14. They won ground, and held it.

The Allies took a long breath of relief after the mortal suspense. Ludendorff had failed to get the gateposts.

There was now 100 miles of live battle front from Reims to Mesnil. The Germans were still thrusting for vantage points. On the 13th they massed against Belleau.

"Not your woods, as we've told you before," replied the marines—not after all they had endured in that week's slugging to earn the woods! They could guard as well as thrust. Bulldog grip as well as bull-terrier slash!

U. S. Official photo

General James G. Harbord wearing a French helmet. A captured German officer, being searched, is seen in the background.

A regiment of the Third Division came to give them relief in the thick of the mess. This served prompt notice that the fighters of the third pioneer division were of the same mettle as the other two.

More than ever that patch of woods had become a point of pride between two armies; a symbol of mastery for both sides. The Harbord chin was still on the thrust. More news to stiffen Allied morale. On June 25, after a final lunge, the marines could report, "The wood is entirely ours."

Yes; at last the bastion covering the Paris road in that direction was theirs. They had lost 955 killed, and 3,038 wounded, and taken 700 German prisoners.

SO much for the Third, the marine brigade of the Second Division. So much for Belleau Wood, which had become so famous.

German veterans had had a taste of us in scrimmage battle tactics. On July 1 the regular brigade of the Second on the south side of the road was to give an exhibition of another sort. It was the thoroughly prepared offensive, after heavy artillery bombardment, rehearsed in every detail.

Skill—just sheer skill and pains! Take note of this, Field Marshal Ludendorff. The regular brigade gobbled 600 German prisoners in such a clean sweep, such a neat job of mopping up, with such light losses, that it seemed incredible.

As the days of the latter half of June wore on, Allied confidence was restored. The people were returning to Paris. More American divisions were arriving; more appearing in the trenches from Belgium to Switzerland. Allied veterans had visual proof of our numbers.

When the fifth German offensive came in July, our defensive was to meet attack with attack. America was in, and in great and ever growing force, and to stay in, attacking and attacking to the end.

By the July fighting Pershing won his siege for an integral American army. Negotiating with the statesmen was over. The doughboy had the ball.

THE END

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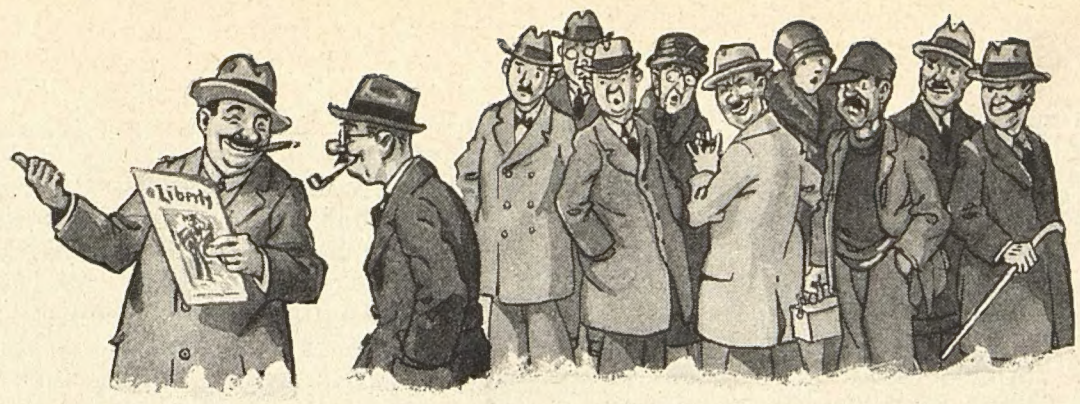
VOX



POP

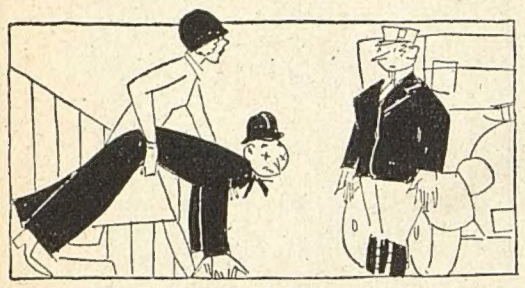
A Viva for Viña

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Viña Delmar's stories are causing our dormant thinking apparatus to function occasionally. More power to anyone or anything that is instrumental in showing us the true perspective on war, sex, and religion!—*W. Wirt Hatfield.*

Also a Couple of Tuts

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Recipe for getting a husband, compiled after reading Viña Delmar's story "Companionate":

First pick a man you like. If he doesn't like you, 's all the same. Ask him to your home. Just before he



arrives, fill six whisky glasses with rye and put them in a row, on a long table. Have a taxi waiting below.

When he comes, put him at one end of the table. Stand at the other end. Start him toward you, drinking as he goes. When the last glass is empty and his heart is full, hurry him into the taxi. Drive to the city hall, and, before he comes to, get right down to the day's work, and *marry* him.

Thus can a sensible girl win a permanent home and a permanent hubby.

Tut, Viña. Tut, I say. Tut.—*J. L. B.*

Aw, You're So Statistical

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Ye gods! The versatility of that demure, underfed, little slip of a girl, *Nancy Topsfield*, is astounding.

In "Bonnie Anne," the child shoves her tidy little fortune of £100,000—in gold bars, grains, flakes, lumps, and dust, tied up in sacks—over the taffrail into the mud, etc. A little while later, the miss returns and carries the sacks aboard the canoe in which she makes her escape from *Mr. Maynard's* sloop.

When it is considered that £100,000 in bar gold weighs about 2,000 pounds avoirdupois—a ton, if you will—it is clear that little *Nancy* is no ordinary lassie. More power to her!

If she doesn't get *Mr. Ross*, and by chance loses her fortune, send her to Indianapolis, where she will be offered a number of positions in coal yards, handling ton lots.

Just the same, Mr. Chambers has done the best work of his career in this series.—*A Reader.*

(1) They Sure Are (2) He Sure Does (P. S.) You Sure Do

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Those pirate stories by Robert W. Chambers sure are good. I was wondering why you didn't put something in for interest of the kids except that "Love o' Lil" and "Toni, Jr." bunk, and then you published those pirate stories.

Norman Price sure knows how to draw.

Let's all give a cheer for Robert W. Chambers, a darn good writer—Whoopee!—*A Girl Reader of Twelve.*

P. S. I know my onions.

More Next Week

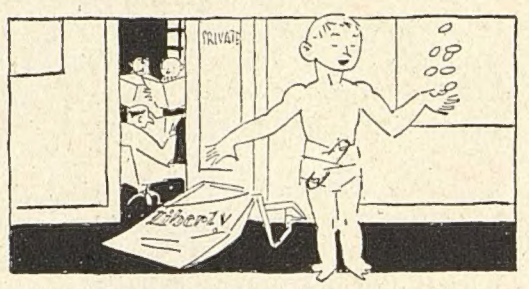
KERNERSVILLE, N. C.—Print more stories like "The Woman in Black," by Ada Patterson. Yes, keep running "Memories of a Yellow Journalist" and I'll want LIBERTY.—*T. Stuart.*

Cash Customers Only

DALLAS, TEX.—Talk about your salesmen! I saw one today that takes the cooky.

This salesman of whom I speak is only four years old, and his line is LIBERTY. A certain public utility association was holding its convention in Dallas recently, and a party of twenty men were holding a conference in a room marked "Private."

The four-year-old salesman is a weekly sight at the building, and the word "private" means nothing to him. He bravely opened the door and passed among the surprised men.



When he emerged he had sold sixteen LIBERTYS, and said the only reason he had not sold twenty was that the other men were broke.—*Wm. Warriner.*

O, Yeh?

LEXINGTON, VA.—Just read your editorial, "Prize Fighting, Etc.," and think you are entirely in the wrong.

Prize fighting is *not* atavistic: the fighting instinct is as alive today as it ever was in the make-up of every real man.

And the people who attend prize fights are not indulging their lowest instincts. They are indulging their fighting instinct—the instinct that has made progress possible in every line of endeavor.—*Hay Watson Smith, Jr.*

Wise Crack for the Week

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Under separate cover I am sending you a 10,000-word article entitled, "The Future of the Air Service in the Transportation of Freight."

Of course I know nothing about the air service—indeed, I have never been in an airplane—and the transportation of freight is a subject of which I haven't the faintest idea. And had I any knowledge of freight I couldn't connect it with the air industry.

Moreover, I have no conception at all as to just what is the future of the air and transportation business. Therefore you will agree that I am entirely incompetent to write on such a subject.

Because of this I expect to see my article in an early issue of LIBERTY. —*James McCormack.*

Enlightening the World

DURHAM, N. C.—Some time past, on coming out of Tibet, we discovered that a new weekly had entered the five-cent field. Since that time, whether in Alaska or Muggstown, we have bought every issue of that magazine as regularly as possible.

We have found your priceless (and yet reasonably priced) little "mag" in Shepheard's in Cairo, in the Grosvenor in London, and in the hotel at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa. Everywhere is your messenger of 100 per cent Americanism.

Please publish more—much more—of Elliott White Springs, who is to be congratulated for having flown Camels and lived to write of it.—*Adams Neely, M. C.; James Maclyn Dawson, D. S. O.—erstwhile pursuit pilots with the Royal Air Force.*

Glad You're Satisfied

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—The more I glance at the Vox Pop page, the more I am convinced that the whole page is a lot of hocus-pocus, and while you furnish the names of places all over the United States and Canada, and wind each article up with initials, I feel satisfied that the whole bunch of junk is written by your own staff of writers.

On the face of it, to me, it looks like bologna.—*J. N. G.*

Well, Don't Act Hastily

HOUSTON, TEX.—One thing can be said about your recent articles on the war: Billy Mitchell knows his asparagus. The Germans thought they had the war won, but they were as far off as I am from my third million.

I did owe allegiance to Al Smith, but now I think Al and I will yell: "Elect Mitchell and forget us."

I know that is all right with Al, and I think it is with me.—*C. R. Rishmiller.*

Dry Humor

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I got quite a kick out of the hair splitting indulged in by our two Senators from Dixie, trying to show the world how the South lives up to the letter but not to the spirit of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

All of which means that Dixie has found a way to nullify these two amendments. The North holds that the Negroes are citizens with the right to vote; the South admits this in principle, but has found a way to evade it in practice.

Then why, in the name of justice, is Dixie allowed to send representatives to Washington for the disenfranchised portion of her population?

But what particularly gave me a great big pain in these articles was that pure, downright bunk about the dry South. Why this hypocrisy? If you can't get enough booze in the North, then move down South and your troubles will be over. All you want and no questions asked, if you are a white man.—*V.*

Cross Words

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have been a cross-word fan for over a year, and I used to take extreme delight in the puzzles in your magazine, because they taxed one's brain to a fair extent to accomplish.

Since you have discontinued your prize puzzles, and are only publishing those that are either made by yourself or a few of your staff, I think they have really become childish and hardly afford much of a test to anyone with brains or a fair education.—*John H. Evans.*

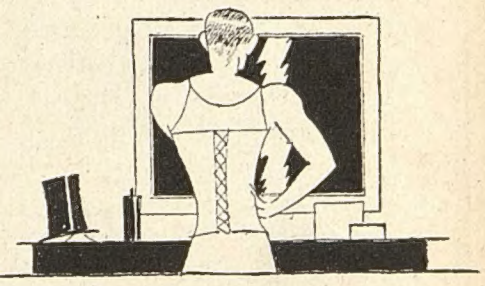
We Got the Flu from Europe, Too

NEWARK, N. J.—I note that a Vox Pop letter signed "Two Rufnecs" and written in reply to T. Marmaduke Jacobson's attack on "The Manassa Mauler," had this to say: "We would like to know if he advocates step-ins for men."

I am not Marmaduke, but in answer I would like to say that, although your male readers may not have tried step-ins, they have missed something if they have not experienced the pleasurable sensation of wearing a well made, close fitting corset.

For the last three years I have been engaged in technical work in France and Austria. In both these countries the wearing of corsets by men is becoming more and more common.

For my own part, I began wearing corsets shortly after my arrival in Paris, and have had no cause to



regret the step. I have several different models for different occasions and never feel completely dressed without one.—*J. H. Randolph.*

But We Charge 5c

TOLEDO, OHIO—A great many of the Vox Pop writers are not unlike the small boy who went into the store with a penny. In trying to find what he wanted, the clerk asked him if he wanted the whole world with a red fence around it for a cent.

The youngster thought a moment and then replied:

"Let me see it."—*Mrs. L. L. H.*

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Pajamas by Glover! Here is a new luxury for you. Satisfying to the full an elemental masculine instinct — the hunger for color so long restrained.... How perfectly they express the spirit of this new age! Freedom — informality — color — youth. And how much they add to your enjoyment of leisure hours! For Glover's are more than just sleeping garments. They are lounge suits as smart as your day clothes! Wives approve them enthusiastically.... In homes — around the radio, at the late Sunday breakfast, on the porch of a warm evening — in famous clubs, hotels, college dormitories — in the Pullmans of crack trains — at fashionable beaches. Everywhere you see these Glover Pajamas — worn by the leaders of the age. Everywhere, their dashing European styles — their distinguished tailoring, in the famous Glover manner — their varied patterns and colors that meet every individual taste.... There's a real thrill just in wearing Glover's. Why not treat yourself to it — tonight? Just ask to be shown Glover Pajamas at your favorite store.

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MAYFAIR, $5 Blue, Helio, Tan, White *(upper figure)*

ST. GERMAIN, $5 Helio, Blue, Green, Navy *(center figure)*

TWILIGHT, $3 Assorted black figures *(lower figure)*

WINDSOR, $4 Tan, Blue and Slate *(upper right)*

TROCADERO, $7.50 Green, Rose, Helio, Blue *(center right)*

CONTINENTAL, $4.50 Blue, Black, Navy, Tan *(lower right)*

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